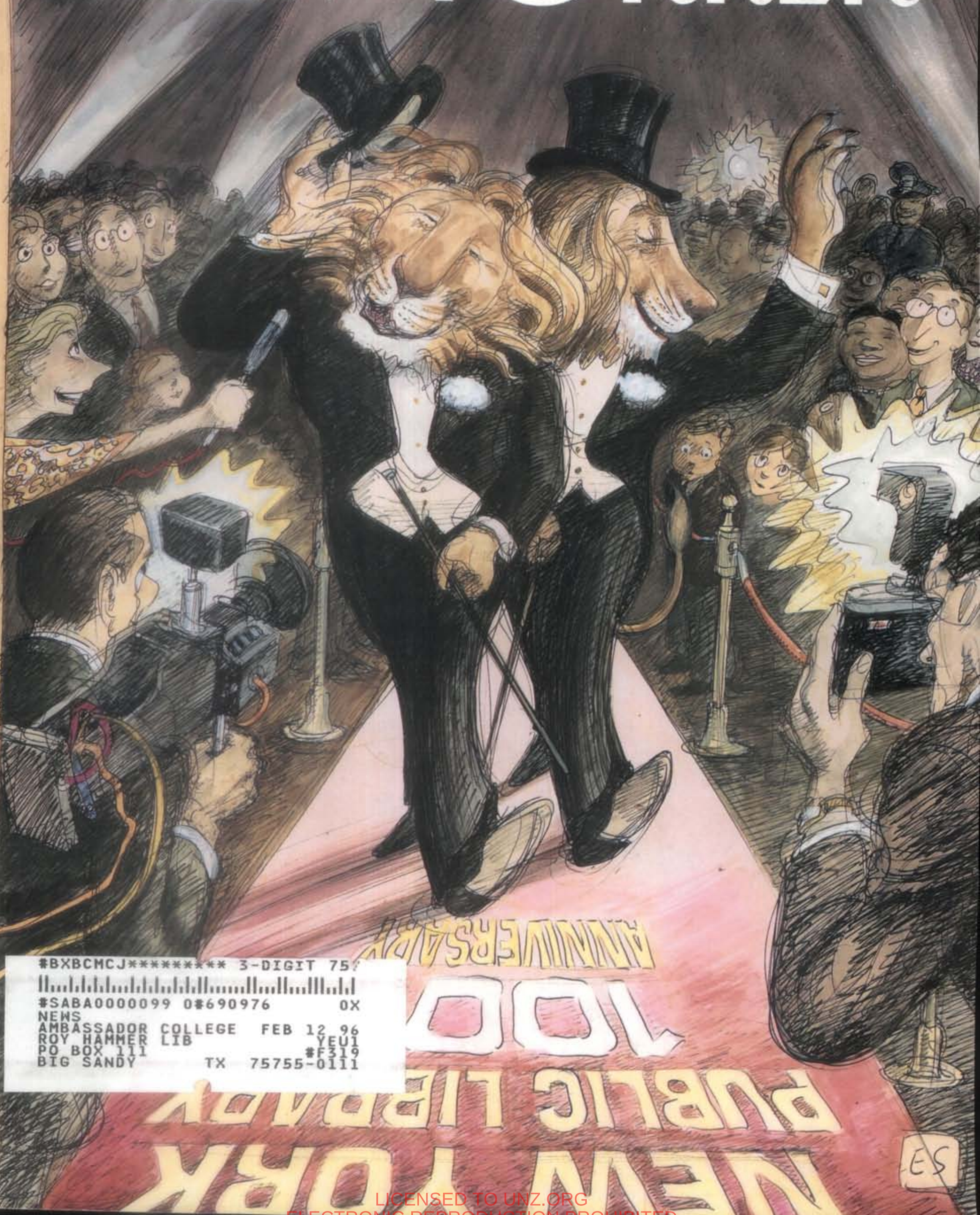
May 22, 1995

THE NEW YORKER

Price $2.50


ANNIVERSARY
100
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ES

#BXBCMCJ********* 3-DIGIT 75
#SABA0000099 0#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE FEB 12 96
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #F319
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

finiti I30
the I30, a $30,000 luxury car that forever raises the standards of mid-priced luxury sedans.

The
Infiniti's innovative technology, revolutionary design and sophisticated thinking brings yo

$30,000

is a lot of money.

Too bad the other

luxury car companies

don't think so.

Introducing the Infiniti I30. Flagship styling, space and performance for around $30,000.

Never before has a company worked so diligently to create a mid-priced luxury sedan that incorporates the styling, space, performance, safety and luxury of their flagship model. Witness the extraordinary Infiniti® I30.™

Through innovative technology, revolutionary design and sophisticated thinking, Infiniti has created a true luxury car for around $30,000.* One that doesn't sacrifice performance for luxury. Or luxury for performance.

Step inside the I30 and you'll experience a luxurious interior conceived to blend sophistication and comfort with state-of-the-art ergonomics.

The I30 actually has a larger interior than the Lexus ES 300, BMW 5 Series and Mercedes E Class luxury sedans. It even has more head room and front leg room than the Rolls Royce Silver Spur III.

But where the I30 truly redefines the mid-priced luxury sedan is under the hood. It possesses a revolutionary 190-horsepower, low-friction V6 that can out-accelerate many luxury V8s. In fact, its 0-to-60 time is faster than the BMW 740i, Mercedes-Benz S420 and Lexus LS 400.**

For around $30,000, most luxury car companies will offer you a car that only looks like their most expensive model. One that is under-powered, under-spaced, and under-appointed.

Infiniti thinks you deserve more. That's why the I30 is dedicated to giving you flagship styling and safety, with more performance, more space and more luxury than you ever thought $30,000 could buy.

INFINITI®

If there's something missing from your $30,000 luxury car, you'll probably find it in ours.

Some mid-priced luxury sedans simply don't have the same standards of luxury and performance as their higher-priced siblings.

But not the Infiniti I30.

The I30 has a luxurious interior with all the amenities. A six-speaker Bose® audio system with CD and cassette, and driver and front passenger power seats are just a few.

The ergonomically designed cabin also features an optional Integrated HomeLink™ Transmitter.† An innovative remote control system, it can be programmed to control radio-operated garage doors, gates and security systems.

Simply glance under the hood and you'll find a remarkably compact 190-hp, V6, all-aluminum engine that allows for a more spacious interior cabin.

Study the I30 and you'll see that it's engineered with rear Multi-Link Beam™ suspension for a smooth ride and superb handling. The I30 is also equipped with 4-wheel anti-lock brakes, dual air bags, and protective steel side door guard beams.

But the most rewarding component in the I30 is the personal and attentive service bestowed upon all members of the Infiniti family. Every Infiniti owner enjoys The Total Ownership Experience,® 24-hour Roadside Assistance and a free service loan car.§

Unlike other luxury car companies, Infiniti recognizes $30,000 is a substantial amount of money. That's why the I30 meets the highest standards of luxury and performance ever imagined for a mid-priced luxury sedan.

For more information on the luxurious I30 or any of the other Infiniti luxury sedans, call 1-800-663-1267 and ask for the I30 video and brochure.

INFINITI®

*© 1995 Infiniti Division of Nissan Motor Corporation U.S.A. Bose is a registered trademark of Bose Corporation. *Estimated Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price at time of printing for 1996 I30 base model including destination charges, excluding taxes, title, license and options. Dealer sets actual price. **Automatic V8's versus I30 standard. †Standard on leather-appointed and touring models. ††1995 EPA Fuel Economy Estimates 21 mpg city/26 mpg highway with manual transmission. Use these estimates for comparison only. Actual mileage may vary. §Loan cars subject to availability at participating dealers with scheduled service appointment during new car basic limited warranty.*

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

THE NEW YORKER

MAY 22, 1995

COMMENT Room 315 at 100 . . . . *David Remnick* 4
A century of open books and open minds at the library.

IN THE MAIL 6

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
The right goes weekly; the spymaster and the militias;
young Churchill sells out; Mary Bingham remembered; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Annals of Communications The Consigliere . . . . *Ken Auletta* 33
Does it seem strange that both sides in the MCA deal are
consulting the same man? Not when he's Herbert Allen.

Annals of Epidemiology Back in the Hot Zone . . . . *Richard Preston* 43
The deadly virus in Zaire finds medical experts risking
their lives to fight it—as they have in recent isolated cases.

The Sporting Scene Called Strike . . . . *Roger Angell* 46
Baseball came back, but the fans remain wary, so the
owners and the players are looking for a new pitch.

A REPORTER AT LARGE A Death of One's Own . . . . *Andrew Solomon* 54
Right-to-die issues became real for the author when
his mother's illness became too much for her to bear.

SHOWCASES BY RICHARD AVEDON

The artist formerly known as Prince . . . . *Hilton Als* 60
Jerome Robbins . . . . *Brendan Lemon* 78

LIFE AND LETTERS Notes from Offstage . . . . *Alan Bennett* 70
From the diaries of the author of "The Madness of George III."

FICTION "Jealous Husband Returns in Form of Parrot" . . . . . *Robert Olen Butler* 80

THE CRITICS

Books The next wave against the Internet . . . . *James Gleick* 87
Scott Spencer's "Men in Black" . . . . *Hal Espen* 89
Recommended Reading 91
Dancing Twyla Tharp, Irène Hultman, and others . . . . *Arlene Croce* 92
The Current Cinema Three romantic comedies . . . . *Anthony Lane* 96

POEMS

"January, Daughter" . . . . *Sharon Olds* 49
"Tell Me, What Is the Soul" . . . . *Jean Valentine* 56
"Boys in the Square at Bologna" . . . . *Dave Smith* 64
"Pot Nomads" . . . . *Amy Clampitt* 72
"Different" . . . . *Frankie Keller* 98

SHOUTS & MURMURS Doing the McNamara . . . . *Christopher Buckley* 100

COVER *The Roar of the Crowd, by Edward Sorel*

DRAWINGS *Jack Ziegler, Tom Cheney, Mick Stevens, Sam Gross, Mike Twohy, Arnie Levin, Warren Miller, Roz Chast, Danny Shanahan, Robert Mankoff, Michael Crawford, Mort Gerberg, J. B. Handelsman, Michael Maslin, Donald Reilly, Richard Cline, Victoria Roberts, Bernard Schoenbaum*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for four combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last two weeks of February, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXI, No. 13, May 22, 1995. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $36.00; two years, $60.00. In Canada, one year, $77.00 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $85.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

A classic reminiscence
of growing up in a
small town in the 40s.

WILLIE MORRIS

My
Dog
Skip

"Marvelous."
—*The Washington Post Book World*

"Good dog, Skip! Only a misanthrope would begrudge Mr. Morris's pride in Skip....[he] seems every bit as unique and memorable as Mr. Morris thinks he is, and I'd take him home in a shot."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Takes us back to a Huck Finn America, a time when boys and dogs spent endless days in irreverent play and serious joy. With true artistry and exquisite writing, **Morris portrays an America rich in the tradition of decency and good humor.**"
—Winston Groom,
author of
Forrest Gump

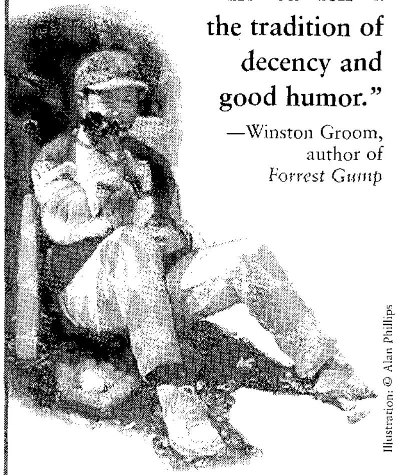
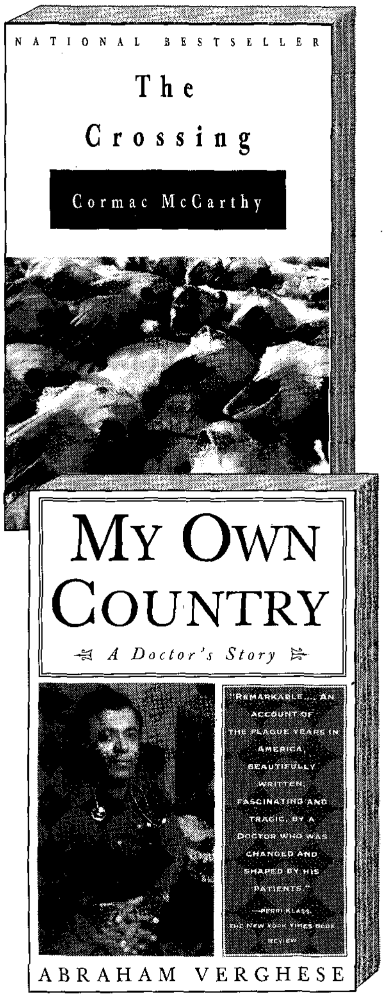


Illustration: © Alan Phillips

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

RANDOM HOUSE


NATIONAL BESTSELLER
The Crossing
Cormac McCarthy
MY OWN COUNTRY
A Doctor's Story
"REMARKABLE... AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLAGUE YEARS IN AMERICA, BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN; FASCINATING AND TRAGIC, BY A DOCTOR WHO WAS CHANGED AND SHAPED BY HIS PATIENTS."
—PERRI KLASS, THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW
ABRAHAM VERGHESE

The best in paperback under the sun

"A masterwork...an American original" (*The New York Times Book Review*)–from the author of the National Book Award–winning *All the Pretty Horses.*

"A remarkable account of the plague years in America, beautifully written, fascinating and tragic." —Perri Klass, *The New York Times Book Review*

VINTAGE BOOKS

Reading Group Guides available

COMMENT

ROOM 315 AT 100

It's the most democratic public space there is.

In "Democratic Vistas" and "Specimen Days" Walt Whitman continued in prose the rolling American catalogue he had begun in "Leaves of Grass." Travelling through slum, battlefield, and meadow, he set his lens on every face, every scene and building—on "the splendor, picturesqueness, and oceanic amplitude and rush of these great cities"—on the Brooklyn Ferry and Central Park, the Patent Office and the White House by moonlight. It seems remarkable that there is no mention of a place that would have appealed to him beyond all others: the most democratic room in New York—Room 315, the Main Reading Room of the New York Public Library. It is easy to imagine Whitman sitting there—just come in out of the cold, his beard still misted with snow—glancing up from his lamplit book and out at all the other faces: faces varied in shape, age, and color, yet similar in their look of knotted, concentrated pleasure.

But Whitman died in 1892, and Room 315 and the Library itself were not even envisioned until three years later. The creation of America's most important literary institution came *after* America's literary renaissance. A hundred years ago this week—on May 23, 1895—representatives of the Tilden Trust (two and a half million dollars from the fortune of former Governor and almost President Samuel J. Tilden) and of two small and mostly inaccessible libraries, the Lenox and the Astor, agreed to "establish and maintain a free public library and reading-room in the City of New York." The site would be that of the former Croton Reservoir, at Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets. Dr. John Shaw Billings, already an eminent bibliographer, was named director, and he quickly sketched out what would take until 1911 to build: a magnificent reading room over seven floors of stacks, and a delivery system that would quickly get books into the hands of whoever cared to ask for them.

In the past century, the Library has acquired many documents, objets d'art, and bibliographical baubles that justifiably emboss its reputation: a 1493 copy of Columbus's letter announcing his discovery of the New World; Jeffer-

---

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; John R. Campbell, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, creative-services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company, 5 Piedmont Center, Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR, 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585 Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy; Mike Romano & Associates, 6017 Pine Ridge Rd., Suite 178, Naples, Fla. 33999; Nicole V. Pinelli, 76 bis Av. de Suffren, 75015 Paris, France; Towmar, Presa de la Angostura 8, Mexico, D.F. 11500; Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong; 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. *Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354.* For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1995 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

son's handwritten copy of the Declaration of Independence; Washington's final draft of his Farewell Address; the first Gutenberg Bible to cross the Atlantic; Eliot's manuscript of "The Waste Land," with Pound's marginal comments. There are Talmuds and penny dreadfuls, a ninth-century Koran and nineteenth-century baseball cards. But it is the Reading Room, Room 315, that is the Library's supreme treasure. This is not a museum; it is an inclusive—*wildly* inclusive—house of knowledge and art and information.

There are no restrictions on the use of Room 315. Here, in contrast to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, say, or the Russian State Library in Moscow, no letters of reference or official permissions are needed. This is wonderful, but, in just one sense, a pity: we will never know the names of all those millions who have sat at the burnished tables (their edges worn browngold and silken by millions of sweatered forearms); there is no way of telling what books have been written there at the tables and under the lamps. We do know of some. Alfred Kazin, who turns eighty on June 5th, recalls in his memoir, "New York Jew," coming to the Reading Room to do the work that led to his first great celebration of American literature, "On Native Grounds":

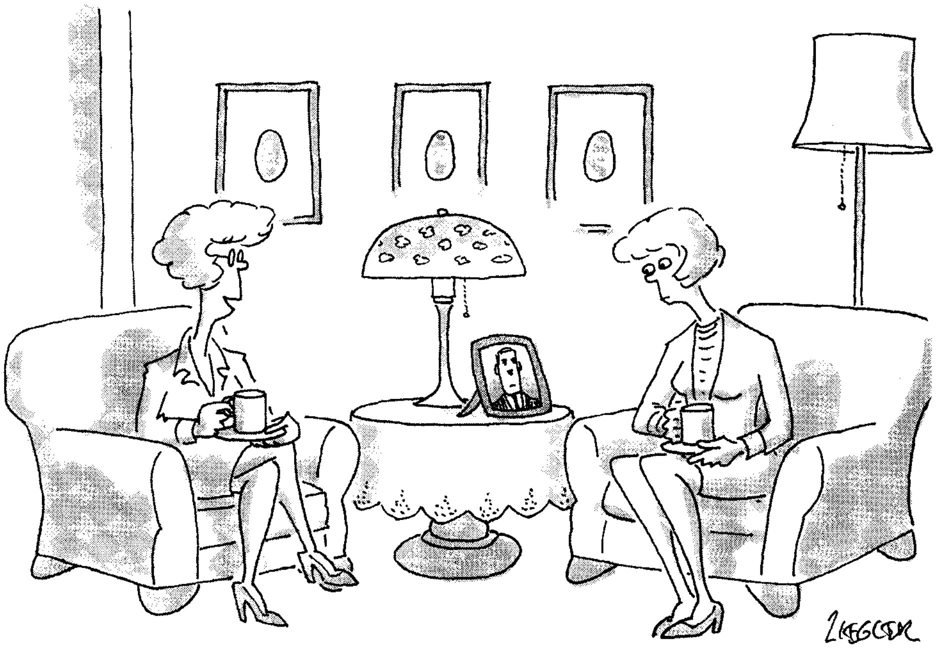
> I liked reading and working out my ideas in the midst of that endless crowd walking in and out of 315 looking for *something;* that Depression crowd so pent up, searching for puzzle contests, beauty contests, clues to buried treasure off Sandy Hook; seeking lost and dead rich relatives in old New York books of genealogy and Pittsburgh telephone books. . . . There was something about the vibrating empty rooms early in the morning—light falling through the great tall windows, the sun burning the smooth tops of the golden tables as if they had been freshly painted—that made me restless with the need to grab up every book, press into every single mind right there on the open shelves. My book was building itself.

For Kazin and generations of New Yorkers, the Library at Fifth Avenue (and, just as important, its eighty-two branches around the city) has been a central part of their consciousness of themselves as Americans. Amid so many trivial symbols of civic belonging, so many garish slogans of citizenship, the Library is genuine, tangible, inexhaustible—an accessible, available institution that practically begs to be exploited and revelled in. If the Statue of Liberty is the city's gate and welcome sign, the Library is its horizon, its sense of possibility: gain hope (and power and pleasure), all who enter here.

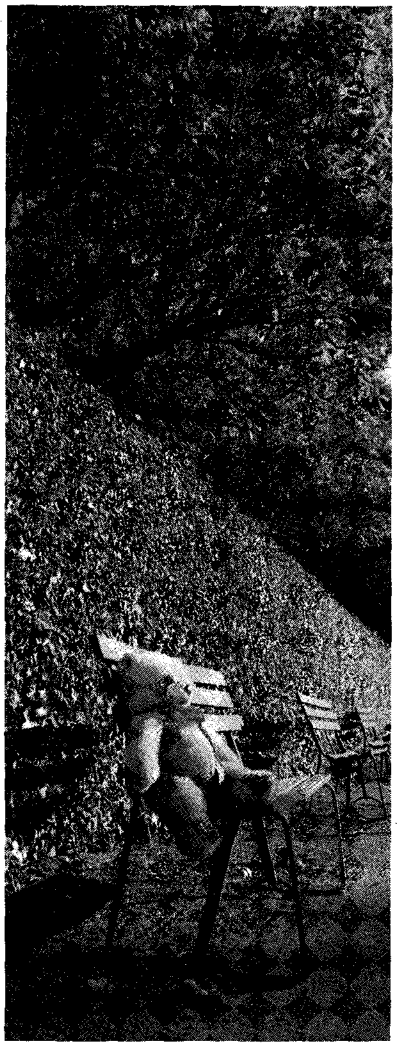
Not long ago, the current president of the Library, Paul LeClerc, an unassumingly brilliant administrator and Voltaire scholar, issued a questionnaire asking users, "Has the Library made a difference in your life?" Nancy Donner, who works with Mr. LeClerc, sent over a sampling of the responses, and they are no less eloquent than Kazin's. The elderly write of staying active and alive in books; children recall their thrill and sense of possession after getting their first library card at their neighborhood branch. A resident of West End Avenue, the historian Marvin E. Gettleman, writes about visiting the Slavonic Division and seeing Aleksandr Kerensky, the head of the short-lived Russian Provisional Government of 1917, working at one of the tables. Rosemary Rodriguez, of Manhattan, says that she had once been "homeless, jobless, friendless, and hopeless" and that as she started on the road back toward a normal life she began visiting the Library and reading about film and literature. Timothy Guerrera, of Queens, who had never known his father, describes his search for his family's history: "I'll never forget the day, after months of research, that I sat in front of the microfilm view screen with tears in my eyes as I linked myself with my past." His father, it turned out, had played a role in the discovery, in a barn in upstate New York, of some of Herman Melville's papers—papers that, as it happened, ended up in the Library.

Mr. LeClerc says that his latest challenge is "to find a way to bring the Library into the twenty-first century": to exploit computers and the latest technologies so as to make its books and its other treasures even more available, not only to the visitors at Fifth Avenue but to the student in Council Bluffs, the scholar in Tashkent. Whatever progress may be made in that direction, the luckiest users are those who can walk inside: free, no questions asked.

"Here on 42nd Street it was less elegant but no less strange," a young novelist wrote in the early fifties. "He loved this street, not for the people or the shops but for the stone lions that guarded the great main building of the Public Library, a building filled with books and unimaginably vast, and which he had never yet dared to enter." The passage is from "Go Tell It on the Mountain." James Baldwin was one of many who got over their fear, their awe of the lions and the marble and the grandeur. He, too, walked in, and he left behind his books, a shelf of gifts in a palace of many millions. —DAVID REMNICK



"He would have disappeared long ago had I not had the foresight when we first married to have a tracking device implanted in his left buttock."



SOMETIMES

OUR GUESTS LEAVE

SOMETHING SPECIAL

BEHIND...

SO WE HELP FIND IT.

We do almost anything

for our guests.

Even some things

you would never expect.

THE REGENCY HOTEL

A Loews Hotel

Park Avenue at 61st St., New York, NY
(212) 759-4100
For reservations call the hotel direct,
your travel expert or (800) 243-1166.

IN THE MAIL

EASTER UPRISING

I was deeply offended by Art Spiegelman's cover "Theology of the Tax Cut" (April 17th), depicting a Crucifixion scene superimposed on a tax form. The use of Crucifixion imagery in whimsical political commentary is inappropriate, to say the least, particularly during Holy Week. Furthermore, the cover's message could be construed as an attack on the income tax, not just on the complexity of the tax system. As a citizen, I am proud to pay taxes to support the common good. In short, the cover was both sacrilegious and anti-government. You owe your readers an apology.

ELIZABETH USEEM
Merion Station, Pa.

The cover on your April 17th issue was in poor taste. We have, over the years, rightly become sensitive to the cultural and religious persuasions of minorities. I wonder if it is too much to ask that such tolerance be extended now to Christians as well, particularly during the most important festival in their church calendar.

COLIN G. BREZICKI
St. Catharines, Ont.

The only trivialization of suffering that I can imagine to equal Art Spiegelman's Easter bunny crucified on a tax form would be a cover depicting business-suited mice with briefcases and little yellow stars marching under a sign reading "Work Makes You Free" on their way into a big brick building with the legend "I.R.S.—This Way to the Audits." It is as morally vacuous to compare the taxation process to crucifixion as it would be to compare it to the Holocaust. The creator of "Maus" disappoints me.

GEORGIA CALDWELL
Charles Town, W. Va.

As the mother of three young boys, I need to let you know that I am deeply saddened by your cover. I consider myself an open-minded and nonjudgmental person who tries to adhere to the maxim "Live and let live." But I am also a practicing Episcopalian, as are my children; and they happen to believe in the Easter bunny.

Is nothing sacred, Mr. Spiegelman? It is a shame that I now have to be on guard for *New Yorker* covers that could offend me and shatter my children's illusions.

AMANDA BROOKS HUNTER
Falmouth, Maine

SPECIAL FORCES

In an era of paradoxes, surprises are rare. Yet *The New Yorker* has been full of them, most recently the April 17th issue pairing Art Spiegelman's Easter cover with one of the best articles on the United States Army Special Forces in the group's forty-three-year history. In "The Siege of Mirebalais" Tracy Kidder's description of Captain Jonathan Carroll's A-Team 323 as "overtrained, underpaid teachers" is not as far-fetched as conventional wisdom, popular culture, and political correctness have conditioned us to believe. The use of trained, versatile, dedicated teams to effect social, political, and, of course, military change hasn't worked as often as it should have, and both civilian and military politics have contributed to failure far too often. But the fact remains that Special Forces have been effective when success has seemed unlikely—and at relatively low expense. It is wonderful that Mr. Kidder has acknowledged their achievements in *The New Yorker*.

THOMAS A. GASKIN, M.D.
Birmingham, Ala.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

What's on your PowerBook?

Samuel L. Jackson
Actor

Character biographies
Scene studies
Script changes
Potential film projects
My résumé, Rev. 16
A list of my favorite golf courses
All my golf scores
Links Pro
Final Draft 2.0
Hong Kong film library
My agent's phone numbers
My manager's phone number
My publicist's phone number
My daughter Zoe's school schedule
New York house information
L.A. house information
My LoJack number
My wife's wish list
eWorld
Apple Remote Access
Ezekiel 25:17

Wendy Finerman
Producer

Photographs of my kids
Script notes on all my films
Directors list
Writers list
Actors' credits and availability
Project status reports
My schedule for the next three months
School auction list
The Treehouse for my kids
Early Math for my kids
Putt-Putt's Fun Pack for my kids
FileMaker Pro
eWorld
My favorite Thanksgiving recipes
Our earthquake insurance policy
Contracts
Pediatric AIDS Foundation help list
Flight schedules from L.A. to New York
Our summer vacation itinerary

© 1995 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved.

IST
LA·BOHEN
TOSCA
FM

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23				

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Cameri Theatre of Tel Aviv—The company brings two productions to the Brooklyn Academy of Music: Hillel Mittelpunkt's "Gorodish" (May 17-18 and May 20) and Yigal Even-Or's "Fleischer" (May 23-25). Both will be performed in Hebrew with simultaneous English translation. (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

Chronicle of a Death Foretold—Lincoln Center Theatre presents a musical adaptation of Gabriel García Márquez's novel, directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. Previews begin May 18. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Crumbs from the Table of Joy—A family of Southern blacks moves North in the nineteen-fifties in pursuit of a better life. Written by Lynn Nottage and directed by Joe Morton. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Ensemble Studio Theater—The second series in this year's six-week one-act marathon runs May 17-28 with Craig Lucas's "Credo," Garry Williams's "Rain," Stuart Spencer's "Water and Wine," and Bill Bozzone's "Sonny DeRee's Life Flashes Before His Eyes." The marathon ends June 11. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

The Good Woman of Setzuan—The Independent Theatre Company's production of Brecht's parable opens May 17. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter—Theatre for the New City reprises its 1993-94 production of Carson McCullers' 1940 novel, adapted and directed by David Willinger. Previews May 18-19. Opens May 20 at 8. (155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109.)

Lady-Like—Laura Shamas's play about the love affair between two women, Lady Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, who fled Ireland in 1778 to live together in Wales. Previews begin May 18. (Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 741-6436.)

Loose Lips—A comedy revue, featuring the National Transcript Players, based on records of spoken blunders by the Prince of Wales, Clarence Thomas, President Clinton, and other public figures. Previews through May 17; opens May 18 at 7, with Harry Shearer as the first in a series of guest narrators. (The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Prisoner of Love—The New York Theatre Workshop presents an adaptation of Genet's last novel, with music by Philip Glass. Directed by JoAnne Akalaitis. In previews. (79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

The Radical Mystique—Arthur Laurents' new play centers on the planning of a Black Panthers fund-raiser by two Greenwich Village friends in 1969. Previews begin May 18. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Shabbatai—A new musical by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin, about the false Messiah of the seventeenth century; starring Maggi-Meg Reed. Opens May 17 at 8 and runs through May 21. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's new play, directed by John Tillinger, stars Blythe Danner, Sarah Jessica Parker, Charles Kimbrough, and Derek Smith. Previews through May 21. Opens May 23 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Twelve Dreams—James Lapine wrote and directed this play, inspired by a case study from Carl Jung's "Man and His Symbols." In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

2—Romulus Linney's portrait of Hermann Goering, set in 1945, when Hitler's No. 2 man was on trial in Nuremberg. Previews through May 17. Opens May 18 at 8. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

OPENED RECENTLY

The Acting Company—Presenting "Othello" and "A Doll House" in repertory through May 25. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510.)

After-Play—Anne Meara's play, recently seen at Manhattan Theatre Club, is in previews at a new venue, with Ms. Meara in a starring role, along with Barbara Barrie, Larry Keith, and Merwin Goldsmith. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Amphitryon—Those myths have staying power. Eric Overmyer's colloquial adaptation of the story of Alcmena—whom Jupiter tricks into thinking he's her husband, Amphitryon, and who ends up giving birth to Hercules—is based on Kleist's reinterpretation of Molière's version, and it's still not the least bit stale. The witty director, Brian Kulick, and his very funny cast pull off a spirited production that combines the best elements of all the previous incarnations. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

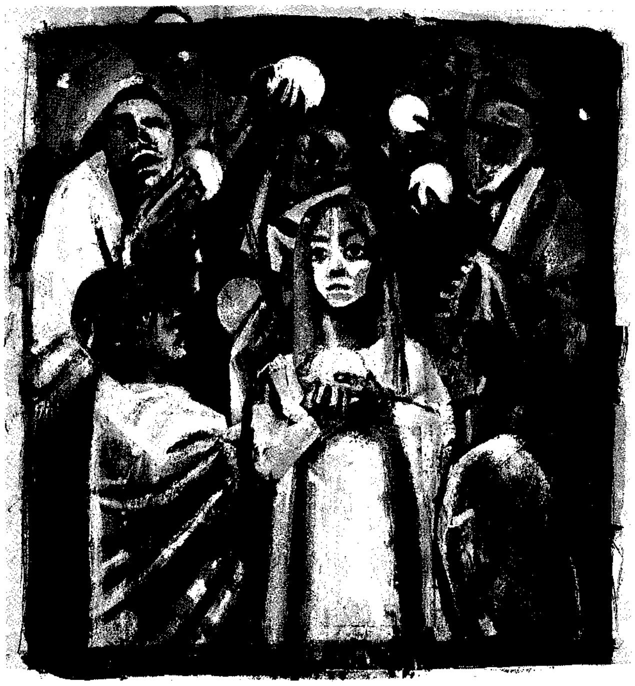
Angel Levine—A musical by Phyllis K. Robinson, set in late-forties Harlem, about a Jewish tailor who has difficulty accepting his black guardian angel. Based on a work by Bernard Malamud. Presented by the Jewish Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Arcadia—Despite some casting glitches, the American première of Tom Stoppard's 1993 play, which shuttles between 1809 and the present, is an elegant production of an enormous theatrical feat. In a kind of intellectual mystery story, Stoppard provides the audience with the exhilarating illusion of omniscience, allowing us to solve a riddle of history from clues and connections that the characters, caught in time, do not see. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/95.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—This slapstick hour-and-a-half romp through the Bard's oeuvre, carried out by three fine young gentlemen in high-tops, is utterly sophomoric and a complete waste of time—like some of the best things in life. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Cryptogram—David Mamet's new play, which dramatizes a child's emotional abuse from the child's point of view, ranks with his best work and leaves an enormous aftershock. The actors in this excellent production are Ed Begley, Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane; Mr. Mamet directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Damn Yankees—Jerry Lewis, the King of Comedy and the King of France, is now, in his Broadway début, the Prince of Darkness—the Devil himself. The old pro delivers the goods. And Charlotte d'Amboise, a sensational Lola, delivers the goods and then some. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)


"Shabbatai," at the American Jewish Theatre.

ANDREA VENTURA

Death Defying Acts—Three subpar one-act comedies, by David Mamet, Elaine May, and Woody Allen, that have the words "Written to Order" stamped all over them. (3/20/95) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Dog Opera—In Constance Congdon's new comedy, Kristine Nielson and Albert Macklin portray a pair of insecure city dwellers looking for love. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes May 21.)

The Donahue Sisters—Alma Cuervo, Terry Donnelly, and Carolyn McCormick play siblings reuniting at their family's ancestral home in Ireland, in this play by Geraldine Aron. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Ecstasy—Mike Leigh's play is set in a dismal North London flat in the winter of 1979, and like some of his movies it has the kind of grungy bed-sitter realism in which light bulbs are always bare and the top sheet never matches the bottom one. The late-seventies costumes and set are depressingly perfect, and the actors bring the six working-class characters to life with great specificity and vitality. (Smokeophobes take note: the theatre is tiny, and there's a whole lotta smokin' goin' on.) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Hamlet—London's Almeida Theatre has brought over a postmodern production whose refusal to risk inter-

PICTURES PRESENTS

James Woods **Mercedes Ruehl**

The charges were so shocking,
the truth didn't matter.
McMartins:
e 'model fami
hat ran Califo
nightmare nur
LOS ANGELES, Jan. 17 – The Los Angeles District Attorney today dropped charges against five of the seven teachers and administrators at the McMartin Preschool in a child case, saying the evidence "was incredibly weak". the District Attorney took week

Indictment

The McMartin Trial

HBO PICTURES presents an IXTLAN production in association with ABBY MANN productions and BREAKHEART FILMS a MICK JACKSON film JAMES WOODS MERCEDES RUEHL INDICTMENT THE MCMARTIN TRIAL SADA THOMPSON HENRY THOMAS and LOLITA DAVIDOVICH music by PETER RODGERS MELNICK produced by DIANA POKORNY executive producers OLIVER STONE JANET YANG ABBY MANN written by ABBY MANN & MYRA MANN directed by MICK JACKSON

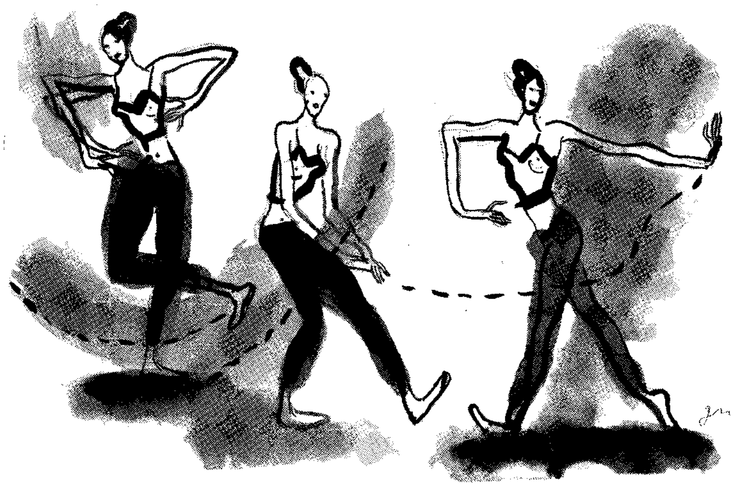
SUNDAY **HBO®** MAY 20, 8PM ET/PT

1995 Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

pretation reflects Britain's current bland and winded state. Ralph Fiennes, an intelligent, reticent player with a drop-dead matinée-idol profile, seems almost as unwilling to enter the vortex of Hamlet's torment as Hamlet himself is to take action. Directed by Jonathan Kent. (5/15/95) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Having Our Say—Sadie and Bessie Delany, two sisters who have passed the hundred-year mark, presented their vivid life stories in a 1993 best-seller; the book has been adapted beautifully from the page to the stage by Emily Mann, who also directed. Gloria Foster and Mary Alice are brilliant as the sisters, who were taught by their family to "reach high" despite the dogging of Jim Crow. (4/24/95) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square," directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Cherry Jones, who plays the title character, is exquisitely—almost unbearably—vulnerable. And the wonderful Frances Sternhagen is touching and funny as a widowed aunt. (3/20/95) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)



How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—In this revival of Frank Loesser's 1961 musical, Matthew Broderick has polish and good timing, but he doesn't have the crazy gene that makes a musical star. Lillias White's gospel solo in "Brotherhood of Man," however, lifts the audience into a zone of joy; as a paradigm for the Broadway musical's con game—winning the public's heart while picking its pocket—her display of guile made glorious is as good as it gets. (4/24/95) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Indiscretions—Aside from the set, which wonderfully evokes the airiness of Parisian interiors, the brightest spot in this production of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles"—a dark comedy about the perversities of desire in family life—is Eileen Atkins. She plays a severely wise spinster with her usual magnetic minimalism, and it's such an overpowering performance that it threatens to throw the play off balance. Kathleen Turner, as a hysterically possessive mother, is an unfocussed sprawl with a distractingly unplaceable accent. Roger Rees, Cynthia Nixon, and Jude Law also star, under the direction of Sean Mathias, in this import from London's Royal National Theatre. (5/15/95) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

A Language of Their Own—Chay Yew, a twenty-nine-year-old Singaporean playwright, makes his New York début with this drama about two gay Asian-Americans in Boston who break up and go on to form new relationships. Yew uses words that are plain and simple to get at love's rich complications, especially the way the past persists in the present. Three "M. Butterfly" alumni—B. D. Wong, Francis Jue, and Alec Mapa—and David Drake make up the cast. (5/8/95) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes May 28.)

London Suite—Neil Simon knows how to cater to his audience, but he's serving leftovers: these four one-acts are painfully dated in both their substance and their execution. The main pleasure in this production is Carole Shelley, who provides some much needed comic muscle tone. Also with Paxton Whitehead, Kate Burton, and Jeffrey Jones. Daniel Sullivan directed. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The eight gay men in Terrence McNally's beautifully written drama connect in ways that almost any nuclear family would envy. Under the nimble direction of Joe Mantello, the actors present humbling evidence of what love is and can be. (11/14/94) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Lust and Comfort—In this meditation on long-term relationships and desire, Peggy Shaw plays a rich American cross-dresser who moves to London to begin a new life as a man. Lois Weaver is her seductive servant. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes May 27.)

The Mathematics of Change—Josh Kornbluth's comic monologue about his encounters with calculus at Princeton. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes May 28.)

A Month in the Country—Turgenev's drama, set on a Russian estate in the eighteen-forties, is a tale of selfishness and self-delusion in the sphere of love. As Natalya Petrovna, the central character, Helen Mirren leaves no aspect of middle-aged romantic foolishness unplumbed. It's a breathtakingly funny performance, well supported by those of Ron Rifkin and F. Murray Abraham. Scott Ellis directed. (5/8/95) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes June 4.)

Night and Her Stars—Moviegoers who have seen "Quiz Show" will experience an unpleasant déjà vu watching Richard Greenberg's play about the nineteen-fifties game-show scandals. It's even harder the second time around to stomach Charles Van Doren as a tragic hero. By the time Greenberg tries a fresh angle, in the second act, it's too late—you're already fretting that Ralph Fiennes is just around the corner, playing Hamlet. Presented by Manhattan Theatre Club. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes May 30.)

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me . . .—Dan Butler offers a procession of characters from the real world of contemporary gay culture, moving seamlessly from one monologue to the next in a one-man show that is by turns hilarious, infuriating, sad, and uplifting—a charmer. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 307-4100.)

Party—Seven gay men get together to play a strip version of truth or dare, with hilarious (if occasionally didactic) results. The characters in David Dillon's comedy are stereotypes, more or less, but the solid cast makes them believable, and in the end you've had a look at some enduring friendships (and some nice bodies), as well as a very silly evening with what one of the men calls "the Brady Bunch on Fire Island." (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

The Professional—Fritz Weaver is a retired policeman and Jonathan Hogan is a publisher in this work by Dusan Kovacevic, which is set in an Eastern European publishing house. (Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200.)

Rob Becker's Defending the Caveman—A hundred-minute standup routine. Some of Becker's examples of discontent between the sexes are very funny (a lot of vigorous nodding goes on in the theatre—never by men and women at the same time), but a fair number of them are shopworn. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

The Rose Tattoo—Tennessee Williams's paean to sexual passion—he called it his "love-play to the world"—has returned to Broadway. As the central character, the alternately pious and hot-blooded Serafina, Mercedes Ruehl is funny and affecting (and she looks great in a black slip), and Anthony LaPaglia brings a sweet openness to the role of the young man who puts the bloom back in her cheeks. Robert Falls directed. (5/15/95) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Show Boat—Harold Prince's epic-size production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Smokey Joe's Café—The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—A feast of early rock and roll, performed by a cast with Grade A lungs and legs. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Sunset Boulevard—Glenn Close continues her triumphant run as Norma Desmond. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

Travels with My Aunt—Giles Havergal, directing his own witty adaptation of Graham Greene's novel, has captured the book's amusingly puzzled tone with his playful, inventive (though overlong) staging. Four wildly different actors—Brian Murray, Jim Dale, Martin Rayner, and Tom Beckett—all play Henry Pulling, the staid retired banker whose eccentric Aunt Augusta drags him into her international adventures. Dale doubles as Aunt Augusta, and the other three skillfully handle some twenty additional parts, large and small, ranging from a Cockney cabdriver to an Irish wolfhound. The jowly, growly Murray impersonating a teen-age girl is a sight to behold. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Word of Mouth—James Lecesne's remarkably varied solo show. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

ALL IN THE TIMING: John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. Closes May 20. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP / TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **AN INSPECTOR CALLS:** Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JACKIE MASON: POLITICALLY INCORRECT:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes June 3. . . . **JELLY ROLL!:** Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **THREE TALL WOMEN:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

GERARD NICOLAS

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—May 17 at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Cruel World," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ May 17 at 8: "Paquita," "A Brahms Symphony," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ May 18-19 and May 22 at 8, and May 20 at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: "Paquita," "States of Grace," and "In the Upper Room." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 17.)

New York City Ballet—May 17 at 8: "Mozart Piano Concerto," "Episodes," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ May 18 at 7:30, the spring gala: "The Four Seasons" and "West Side Story Suite." . . . ¶ May 19 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ May 20 at 2: "Square Dance," "Firebird," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ May 20 at 8: "Square Dance," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ May 21 at 1: "The Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "West Side Story Suite." . . . ¶ May 21 at 7: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "West Side Story Suite." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

Parsons Dance Company—Former Paul Taylor dancer David Parsons brings his ten-member troupe to the Joyce for some upper-echelon collaborations: with pianist Billy Taylor and his trio, for "Step Into My Dream"; with painter Alex Katz, for "Mood Swing: Prozactic Variations"; and with composer Richard Peaslee, for "Ring Around the Rosie," a piece about the fourteenth-century plague. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 17-20 at 8 and May 21 at 2 and 7:30.)

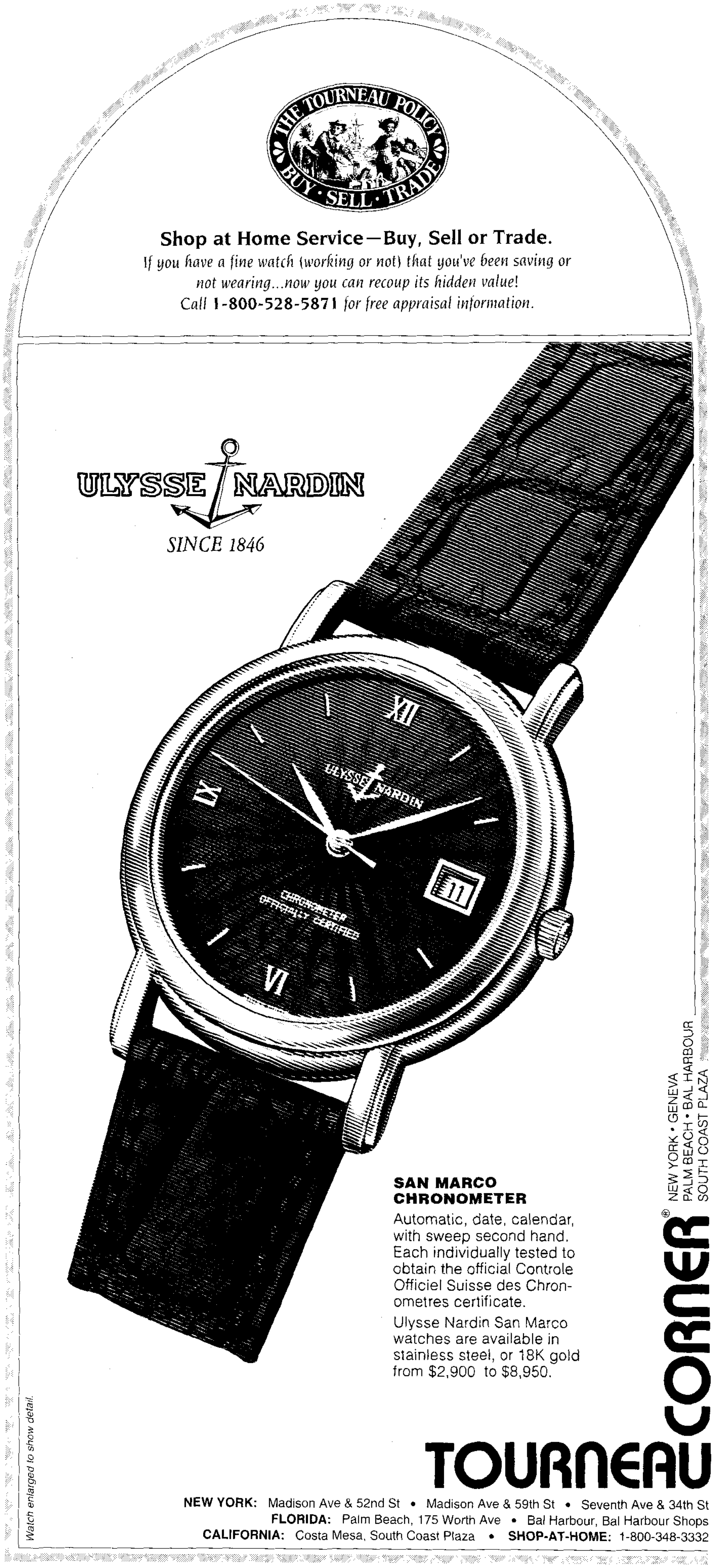
"Wickedness"—First performed as a work in progress in the Great Rotunda of the Nebraska State Capitol, this docu-dance epic, choreographed by Janet Lilly in collaboration with composer Andy Kirschner and playwright Erika Block, tells the story of a blizzard that swept across the Great Plains in 1888. Based on "Wickedness," from the short-story collection "Nebraska," by Ron Hansen. (St. Marks In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. May 18-21 at 8:30.)

DanceAfrica America—A program at BAM titled "Honor the Source—Africa the Motherland" includes performances by the Dinizulu African dancers (ceremonial dance), Roots of Brazil (capoeira, samba), Paka (a blend of folk dance and hip-hop), D'Joule African (lamba, sosané), and Rennie Harris's Pure Movement (hip-hop). In conjunction with the dances, BAM will sponsor a three-day outdoor bazaar. (30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. May 19 at 7, May 20 at 2 and 8, and May 21 at 3.)

"Short Stories"—The choreographer Ronald K. Brown and his five-member company, Evidence, present excerpts from the narrative dances "Dirt Road," "Combat Review," and "Lessons." (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St. May 17 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Ordinary Festivals"—Sara Pearson and Patrik Widrig, who usually rely on improvisation, here present an evening-length work of more strictly choreographed—even unison—movement, for twelve dancers and nearly two hundred oranges. The inspiration is still mysterious, though Pearson cites the influence of Italian folk music and her desire to evoke a prewar innocence. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. May 18-21 at 9. Through May 28.)

"Tango and Folklore Argentino"—The Thalia Spanish Theatre performs traditional tango along with Argentine country dances: zamba, chacarera, and the gaucho dance, malambo. (Queens Theatre in the Park, Flushing Meadow–Corona Park. 1-718 760-0064. May 20 at 8 and May 21 at 3.)



Shop at Home Service—Buy, Sell or Trade.

If you have a fine watch (working or not) that you've been saving or not wearing...now you can recoup its hidden value!
Call **1-800-528-5871** *for free appraisal information.*

ULYSSE NARDIN
SINCE 1846

SAN MARCO CHRONOMETER
Automatic, date, calendar, with sweep second hand. Each individually tested to obtain the official Controle Officiel Suisse des Chronometres certificate.

Ulysse Nardin San Marco watches are available in stainless steel, or 18K gold from $2,900 to $8,950.

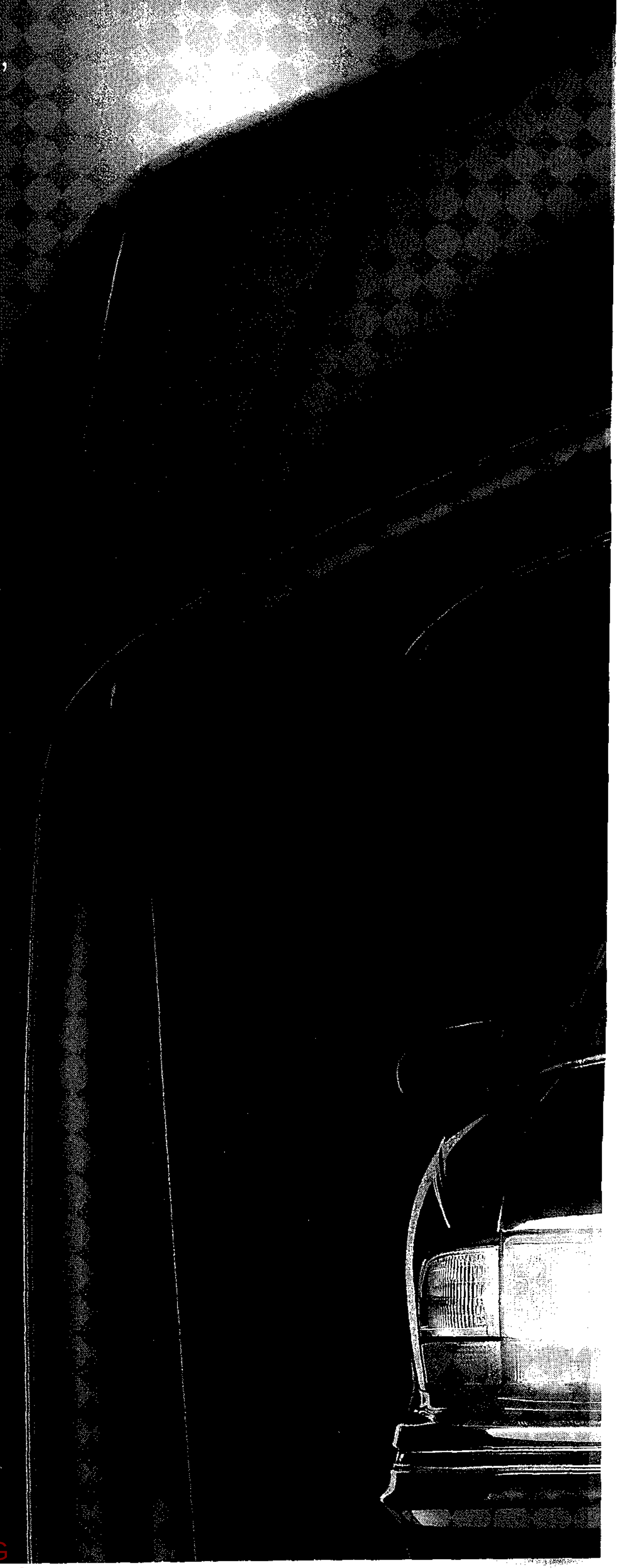
Watch enlarged to show detail.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK • GENEVA
PALM BEACH • BAL HARBOUR
SOUTH COAST PLAZA

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

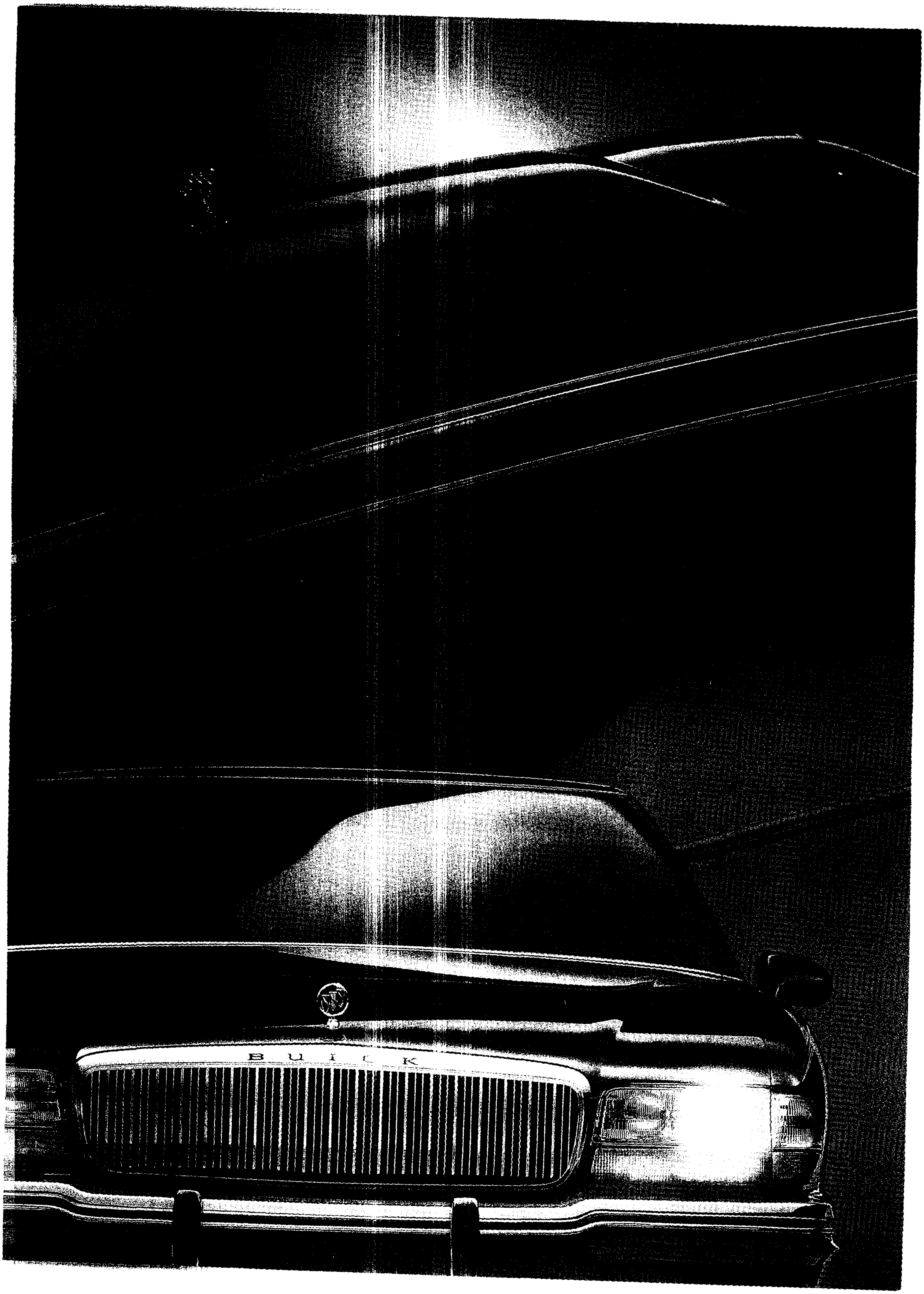
Park Avenue Ultra.
The view from the top.

Self-assured elegance. The quiet confidence of every driving amenity, at your fingertips. Luxury personified by leather seating areas, and six-way power seats. And Buick's reliable 3800 V6, supercharged for seamless acceleration and passing power. To get a better idea what the view from the top is like, call 1-800-4A-BUICK.



BUICK®
The New Symbol For Quality
In America.

GM ©1994 GM Corp. All rights reserved.
Park Avenue is a registered trademark of GM Corp.
Buckle up, America!


BUICK

NIGHT LIFE

See More Glass

OVER the past twenty-five years, Philip Glass has churned out everything from string quartets to full-blown operas. His work is widely performed, and he has more than two dozen enormously successful records. But one nagging problem remains: a lot of people think all his music sounds the same. Glass takes the rub in stride. "I used to think the same thing about Shostakovich and Rachmaninoff," he said recently. "So when people say that about me, I think, 'Yeah, they're probably right.' "

This week, Glass is doing something unusual: on May 17-20, he will give a series of solo piano recitals at the Knitting Factory. The heavy-lidded former cabdriver from Baltimore is not generally known as a solo artist—his work is usually commissioned by other ensembles (most notably the Kronos Quartet), or he appears as a member of his own group—but Glass is sanguine about the solo thing. "I probably play my music better than most people. These pieces fit my hands; they fit the way I sit. There's no point in my doing a concert of Mozart or Schubert—it wouldn't be worth anybody's money."

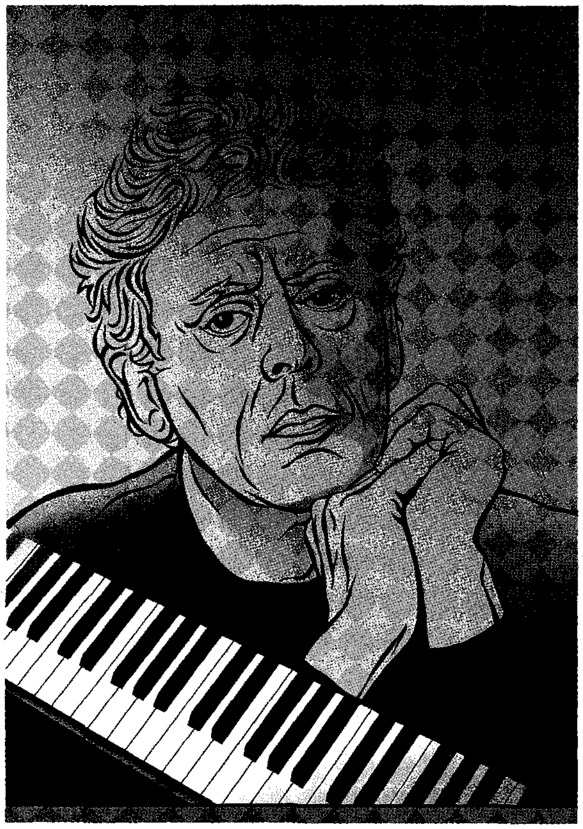
CONCERTS

THE NUDES—Singer-guitarist Walter Parks met cellist-vocalist Stephanie Winters through a *Village Voice* ad a few years back, and together they formed the tallest duo in pop. The band played their first gig in 1991; they've been making beautiful, jazz-inflected folk music ever since. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. May 17 at 8.)

ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND—When they started out in 1969, the Allmans already seemed like a troop of battle-scarred veterans. Which is why, despite the periodic feuding, splinter groups, and devastating deaths, these grizzled midnight riders are still soldiering on. Before anyone unfurled the Southern-rock banner, the Allmans were juggling blues and jazz—two musical forms known for resilience. This stand finds them on the warmup side of one of their endless tours; it seems that the road does indeed go on forever. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. May 18-20 at 8.)

"THE KITCHEN AT TOWN HALL"—The avant-garde holding pen presents music for eight guitars by Rhys Chatham, digital sampling by Nicolas Collins, and scratching by DJ Spooky the Subliminal Kid. (123 W. 43rd St. 997-1003. May 18 at 8.)

AL GREEN / FONTELLA BASS—Sometime in the late seventies, Green turned his back on worldly pleasures and returned to his gospel roots. (The move allegedly had something to do with a spurned woman and a plate of boiling grits.) But in the past few years he's been working the secular stuff back into his act. He is notoriously fickle in concert, but with that sensuous tenor and divine falsetto, he delivers a love song like nobody else. Bass, best known for her 1965 hit, "Rescue Me," is another R. & B. veteran driven by hard times to reaffirm her faith. Her new album, "No Ways Tired," is overflowing with gospel warmth. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. May 19 at 8.)



Philip Glass, performing solo at the Knitting Factory.

FRITS DONKERS

JOHN RENBOURN & ROBIN WILLIAMSON—One of the great guitarists—a master picker who blends folk, blues, Elizabethan airs, and jazz—and a harpist who explores the mysteries of Celtic music. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. 545-7536. May 20 at 8.)

STONE ROSES—A few years ago, when Manchester was cool, the Roses ruled. Then something funny happened: our heroes dropped from sight, and Manchester more or less dropped off the map. The Roses' new record, "Second Coming," is a lead-guzzling monster that parps along on the fumes of old Hendrix and Zeppelin riffs—but it manages to evoke a bit of the old glory. (Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 307-7171. May 20 at 8.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **JULIE BUDD** is at work in the Oak Room through May 20. May 22: A cabaret "cavalcade," featuring **KT SULLIVAN, MARGARET WHITING**, and a host of saucy singers. Dining.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An able, quick-witted guitarist, **JOSHUA BREAKSTONE** (May 19-20) has a twisted sense of humor—something that jazz could use more of. On his last recording, he reinvented two cheesy classics from the sixties: "Walk Don't Run" by the Ventures and "Telstar" by the Tornadoes. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through May 21: The **SADAO WATANABE** quartet. Japan's major jazz export covers everything from note-perfect Charlie Parker to high-speed fusion rambling. With guitarist **STANLEY JORDAN**. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through May 20: **KENNY DREW, JR.** He may share a name and an instrument with his father, but that's where the similarities end. Where Drew, Sr., was a well-mannered stylist, his son is a keyboard wild man, and his performances are exhausting. Dining.

CAJUN, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through June, the great **BOBBY SHORT**. Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tinkling; nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. A fixture at the Carlyle, he can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening. . . .¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

THE COOLER, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender-and-stainless-steel dungeon deep in the heart of the meat district. May 19: **JOHN ZORN'S MASADA**, the saxophonist's ongoing klezmer project; and **ANTHONY COLEMAN'S SELFHATERS ORCHESTRA**. Tuesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spinoffs.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—May 16-21: The **HERB ELLIS** trio. This guitarist keeps the link between Charlie Christian and the Western-swing-band tradition alive. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with fine jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. May 17-21: Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL.**

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. Through May 17-20: piano and bass with **RAY GALLON** and **RON CARTER.**

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Through May 20: **PHILIP GLASS** on piano. May 22: The **DAVID MURRAY** big band.

LE MADELEINE, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA**, a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—The preëminent interpreter of the great American songbook, **MARY CLEERE HARAN** (in through late May) is an artist of almost supernatural poise. For this engagement, she turns her unblinking eye to the wonderfully tart love songs of Lorenz Hart (1895-1943), who is best remembered as Richard Rodgers' first collaborator. Unlike many club singers, Haran knows the value of understatement; she uses her smile not to wow the room but to light her songs. She also loves to talk, and some of her monologues turn into pocket essays (she may be the only singer who can work Proust and Mel Brooks into the same sentence). It doesn't get much better than this. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—A new contender in New York's ever-changing jazz topography, this aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—With his green-apple tone, saxman **OLIVER LAKE** (in through May 21) has fashioned the avant-garde impulse into a language all his own. A mainstay of the World Saxophone Quartet, he asserts his allegiance to the work of Eric Dolphy and Ornette Coleman in his own projects. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The **ILLINOIS JACQUET** big band is currently in the midst of a two-week run. Now in his seventies, the tenor saxophonist is a journeyman survivor whose career highpoints include his famous solo on Lionel Hampton's recording of "Flying Home"; his appearance in Gjon Mili's short film, "Jammin' the Blues"; and his screeching, stomping tenor "battles" in the fifties, as a member of Jazz at the Philharmonic. In 1983, he decided to put together a big band, and it has become a smooth, highly popular Basie-like combo, easy to dance to and most notable for its leader's sumptuous sound.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through May 21: **MARCUS ROBERTS.** Parading his talents like a trained puppy, Roberts is a tad too self-conscious. He displays a great historical knowledge from stride to bop but can't pull any of it off with aplomb or conviction. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—While most sax players double on the soprano, **DAVE LIEBMAN** (May 17-20) devotes his full attention to that horn, and reveals new depths of passion and lyricism. May 23: Trombonist **ED NEUMEISTER** (a member of the Vanguard Orchestra, an aggregation that harbors some of the most highly individual players in town) pays a visit. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through May 20: Piano and bass with **MULGREW MILLER** and **RICHIE GOODS.** Dining.

ROCK, ETC.

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—**MATTHEW SWEET** stops by on May 18. Sweet's new album, "100% Fun," isn't quite the box of folk-rock candy that "Girlfriend" was in 1991, but his new rawness is interesting. When he hits the bull's-eye, as he does with "Sick of Myself," he can almost make your hair stand up. May 20: **ADAM ANT** stands and delivers. The face paint and pirate gear are history, and on his new single, "Wonderful," a mature Mr. Ant claims he's "tired of packaging the anger." (For concert information, call 307-7171.)

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Hip-hop, jazz, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. May 19: **MOON BOOT LOVER, PIMP DADDY,** and **VENUS FOR BREAKFAST.** May 20: **PROFESSOR SPOON.**

Bar d'O, 29 Bedford St. (627-1580)—Low sofas, moderne ottomans, long mirrors, and venetian blinds make this plush living room the perfect spot for late-night love (keep in mind that the joint is named after Pauline Réage's heroine); burnt-orange light helps you negotiate your impeccable cocktail. Most nights, the music is up-to-the-minute seventies, but Tuesdays and Sundays, gender channeller **JOEY ARIAS** sets the ceiling fans awhirl.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. May 19: **TONY DE MARCO,** a County Sligo-style fiddler.

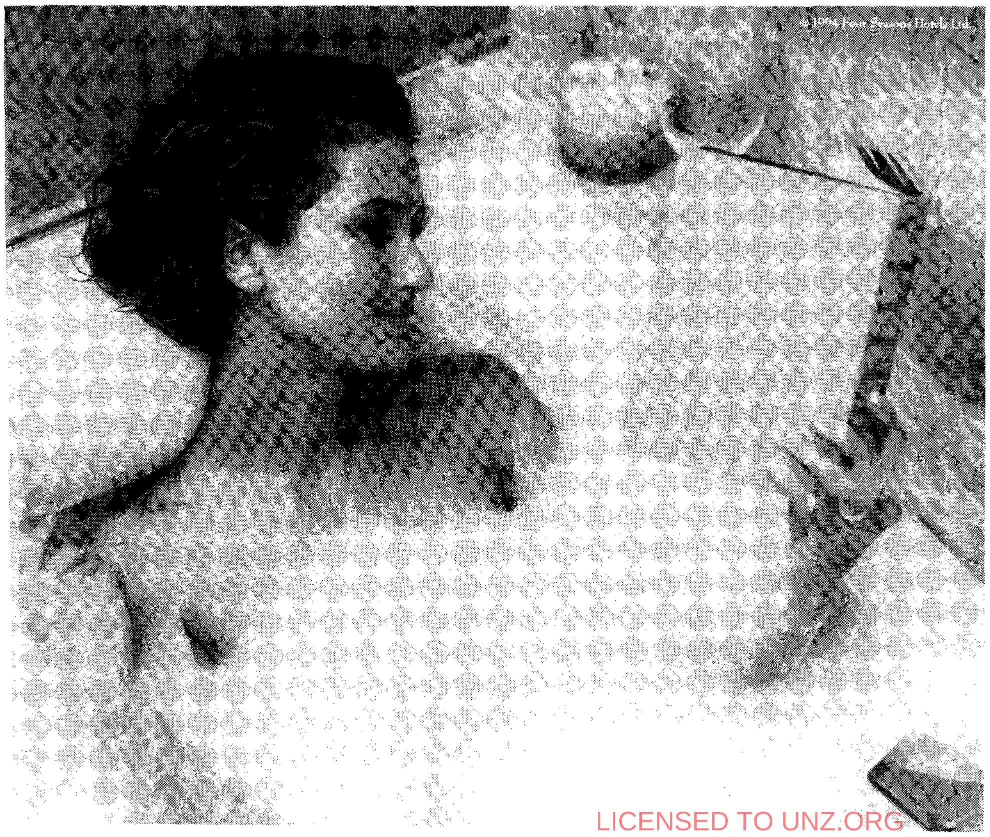
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. May 19: A night of "No Risk Listening," featuring the wonderful singer-songwriter **DAR WILLIAMS.**

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. May 19: Former Revolting Cock **CHRIS CONNELLY** gives an acoustic performance. May 20: **TOSHI REAGON.** May 23: The **CANDY BUTCHERS** and the **INNOCENCE MISSION.** The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—May 17: the **ROOTS.** May 18: **WOLFGANG PRESS** and **SUDDENLY TAMMY.** May 20: **G LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE.** This dynamite trio from Philadelphia plays amazingly loose and swinging rap songs—funky odes to John Lee Hooker, hoops, beer, and other low-down pleasures. With Jeffrey Clemons (on drums) and Jimmy Prescott (on standup bass), vocalist-guitarist G Love has molded a distinctive combination of chicken-shack hip-hop grooves and bluesy riffs in a rap market crowded with busy, overproduced gangsta records. May 22: **MOBY.** A high-profile artist in a faceless genre, this modern-day one-man electronic band is a Connecticut native, a vegan, a practicing Christian, and the great-great-grandnephew of Herman Melville. He humanizes techno by broadening its base: elements of punk, blues, speed metal, hip-hop,

---

"I'm arriving tonight and I have no time to pack. How much do I have to bring?"



© 1994 Four Seasons Hotels Ltd.

How much would you like to bring? Our valets can press your suit—or a week's worth of them—in an hour. Our spacious rooms offer hairdryers and thick bathrobes; our health clubs, gear from running shorts to aerobics sneakers. And our 24-hour concierges are poised to provide anything you intended to bring, but didn't—from a sales presentation on a disk, to a best-seller. Hard cover or audiotape. In this value-conscious era, the demands of business demand nothing less. To reserve, phone your travel counselor or call us toll free: 1-800-332-3442.

FOUR SEASONS HOTELS
FOUR SEASONS · REGENT
HOTELS AND RESORTS

Four Seasons · Regent. Defining the art of service at 40 hotels in 19 countries.

classical, and ambient music show up on his latest release, "Everything Is Wrong." . . . ¶ Soul Kitchen, the original seventies funk and R. & B. party, goes down (late) every Tuesday. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here Sundays, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Kaptain Banana, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Three drag queens and eight dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Dining.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—The rock-and-roll church. May 21: Hardcore, Queens-style, with **SICK OF IT ALL.** May 23: Industrial noise, Hamburg-style, with **KMFDM.** Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—An unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can drink cheap and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Match, 160 Mercer St. (343-0020)—This hip SoHo *boîte* is the place to be every Sunday night, thanks to the **SHORTY JACKSON LEGACY BLUES BAND.** Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken *(1-201 798-4064)—**IVY** and **KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION*** entertain on May 19. **MAGNETIC FIELDS** radiate on May 21. Fields mastermind Stephin Merritt recently enlisted a Who's Who of alternative-rock vocalists for a side project called The 6ths, but he claims to have no affinity for the genre. Instead, he likens his sophisticated, spare synth-pop to seventies-era Elton John and Abba. He's become one of New York's most revered underground artists and a reluctant antihero whose work is as catchy as his dour bon mots are clever.

Matthew Sweet, at the Academy.

GEOFFREY PARKER

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Past the long bar, you'll find an exposed-brick room and a stage packed with some very hip rock acts. May 18: **DAVID BROZA.** May 19: **F.S.K.,** featuring David Lowery, late of Cracker. Lowery, who apprenticed with the California band Camper Van Beethoven in the late eighties, has a great voice for modern rock: he often sounds a little tired, but he manages to sneer, registering irony without losing the intensity that makes rock sound real. Cracker's last record, "Kerosene Hat," had that disreputable offhand grace that messed up albums like "Exile on Main Street" and "London Calling." May 20: **HELIUM** makes a very loud sound.

Nell's, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** plays on Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, cha-cha. May 20: A double bill featuring **RAY SEPULVEDA** and **TITO RODRIGUEZ, JR.** Dining.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. May 22: **LA INDIA.** Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—May 19: **YO LA TENGO.** This literate outfit, headed by the husband-and-wife team of singer Ira Kaplan and drummer Georgia Hubley, has a flair for crisp, three-minute pop songs and for interminable feedback experiments. In between, they occasionally dip into blissful folk-rock, as heard on "Fakebook" (1990), a gorgeous collection of (mostly) covers. Concertgoers never really know which band they're in for. May 23: **LITTLE FEAT.** Since the death of Lowell George, this band has been a shadow of its former glory, but the remaining members still know how to make chicken-fried boogie.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. May 22: The **STONE ROSES** swing over from the Manhattan Center Ballroom. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—May 19: The **AUTHORITY** is in charge. May 22: **TINSELTOWN REBELLION** pays the music of Frank Zappa.

ART

Ars Immaculata

On entering "No More Stains!," the new installation by the Greek artist Konstantin Kakanias (at Postmasters, 80 Greene Street; through May 27), you encounter what appears to be a Greek village woman in a shapeless black dress and black kerchief, shuffling about in orthopedic shoes and patiently tidying up the gallery or whitewashing the eleven small "houses" that make up the exhibition proper. At once funny and scary, she is Kakanias himself, reminding us of the root meaning of "catharsis": a cleansing, a purging.

The houses are lit from within by votive candles, creating an atmosphere of sacramental mystery; the artist has painted the interiors with surprisingly merry scenes of sexual license, infantile aggression, torture, murder, and incontinence. His style and his themes suggest a wide range of precedents, from the frescoes of Pompeii to Goya's "Caprichos" to the febrile etchings of Félicien Rops. Playing on the tensions between cleaning rituals and the unsanitizable realm of the unconscious, Kakanias has given form to a place in the imagination where pleasure and terror lie excruciatingly close together.

5 TONY® AWARD NOMINATIONS
including
BEST PLAY

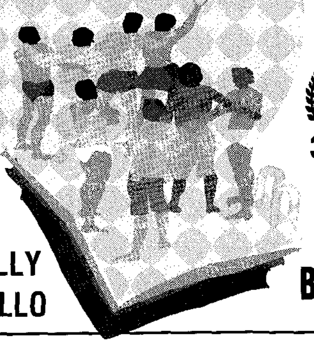
LOVE! VALOUR! COMPASSION!

New Block of Tickets Available thru Sept. 2

6 DRAMA DESK AWARD NOMINATIONS
including
OUTSTANDING PLAY
by TERRENCE McNALLY
directed by JOE MANTELLO

WINNER!
3 OUTER CRITICS CIRCLE AWARDS
including
OUTSTANDING BROADWAY PLAY

Call Tele-charge® Today 212-239-6200 • Outside Metro NY 800-432-7250 • Tickets: $45, $35, $20, $15
Walter Kerr Theatre 219 West 48th Street



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum" includes immense stone reliefs with court, battle, and hunting scenes, small ivory carvings, embossed bronze bowls, and clay tablets with cuneiform script, all dating from the ninth to seventh centuries B.C. . . . ¶ Another show of Assyrian antiquities, these excavated at the site of Ashur, on the Tigris River, comes from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, in Berlin. . . . ¶ Portraits of George Sand, Delacroix, Baudelaire, Berlioz, and a very young Sarah Bernhardt are among those on view in an exhibition of works by the master photographer Nadar (Félix Tournachon, 1820-1910). Through July 9. . . . ¶ "An Egyptian Bestiary," a large non-petting zoo of falcons, baboons, hippos, and ibis, in stone, ivory, gold, bronze, and wood. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden is open, when weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Bruce Nauman." A massive exhibition that shows off the artist's talent for avoiding a signature style while conveying, again and again, his signature emotion: nameless dread, expressed with inscrutable equipoise. While a few years ago there was evidence of a satiric sensibility, even of a puritan conscience, in his austere mobiles of broken cast-wax animal bodies, his dead-end-corridor installations, and his large neon pieces, in this show there is a relentless and exhausting unhappiness. Through May 23. . . .¶ "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection," thirty-six paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Kandinsky, Picasso, Monet, Seurat, Braque, Degas, Rodin, and Moore. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Selections from the permanent collection are on view. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—An exhibition of Gary Hill's video installations. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1995 Biennial exhibition. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; and Fridays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6 and live music and performances in the lower gallery.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Spiders!" Are you ready for this arachnorama? Twelve live tarantulas are at the center of the web. You can also get caught up in anatomical diagrams, habitat dioramas (who knew?), exoskeleton models, and courtship videos (yecch). Through June 4. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb," a series of sixty gridded paintings with Native American, Freudian, Joycean, and other imagery, in free-associative compositions. . . . ¶ The museum has impressively reinstalled its African holdings. The art works and artifacts span a millennium and encompass scores of cultures. Much is beautiful, and much is familiar, but it's the weirder stuff that really catches the eye—for example, a gilt "linguist staff" from Ghana. . . . ¶ "A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker." Through July 9. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Monkeys acting like humans, monkeys in their natural state, and monkeys as divine figures: these images grace sculptures, prints, and objects from India, Southeast Asia, Tibet, China, and Japan in a show called. . . "Monkey.". . . ¶ "New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics from the Meiyintang Collection." Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Division of Labor: 'Women's Work' in Contemporary Art." Fifty pieces, by both women and men, that use unconventional techniques (sewing, knitting) and have nontraditional subject matter (domesticity, housework). The artists include Judy Chicago, Mary Kelly, Miriam Schapiro, Charles LeDray, Yayoi Kusama, and Kiki Smith. Through June 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.—Three exhibitions mark the reopening, after a two-and-a-half-year renovation, of the hundred-and-ninety-year-old institution. In "Treasury of the Past," an object or a set of objects representing each year from 1750 to 1950 is on view. . . . ¶ "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue" offers a promenade via prints, photographs, maps, and other objects, past the mansions, stores, hotels, parks, and churches that thrived from the 1840s to the 1920s. . . . ¶ As part of the Public Art Fund's "Lost: New York Projects," the installation artist Christian Boltanski has created "Inventory," a display of the belongings of an anonymous contemporary New Yorker. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Happy birthday! The N.Y.P.L. turns one hundred this week, and three exhibitions, starting May 20, kick off the centennial festivities. "What Price Freedom" features twenty objects, from a Jefferson draft of the Declaration of Independence to a student handbill distributed in Tiananmen Square. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.). . . ¶ Part one of "The Collecting Adventure, 1895-1995" examines the way the library has documented and preserved avant-garde and pop culture. (Salomon Room.). . . ¶ The librarians have chosen a hundred and fifty books, ranging from rare editions to dog-eared paperbacks, as the "Books of the Century." (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—If you don't love Guston's abstractions from the fifties—and love them rapturously—you're just not looking hard enough. This mini-retrospective from the artist's great decade crescendos from cool, understated near-monochromes to massive, shifting forms in boldly contrasting colors. A velvety explosion in rose and tangerine (on loan from MOMA), magically combining serenity and complexity, is alchemy in pigment. Through June 3. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Odd Nerdrum—This Norwegian artist has distilled three hundred and fifty years of European painting into big, portentous canvases that favor a sunset palette of rose and gold. Among the standouts are a startlingly Rembrandtesque self-portrait in Biblical raiment and a horrifying murder scene with a grisly quotation from Caravaggio's "Medusa." Through May 26. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640)—Small and medium-sized paintings and oil sketches: portraits, allegorical scenes, and religious subjects, all of superlative quality. Through May 19. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—Paintings, drawings, and silkscreens of nudes. Through June 16. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.). . . ¶ More Warhol. Through June 3. (O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Picasso^3—Three exhibitions for the Picassophile. At Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St.: "Picasso

•ARUBA • BERMUDA • BOSTON • CURAÇAO•
FRENCH QUARTER/NEW ORLEANS • KEY BISCAYNE/MIAMI • SANTIAGO • EGYPT • THE NILE • JERUSALEM•

Satisfying
demanding
New Yorkers
since the
Lindsay
Administration.

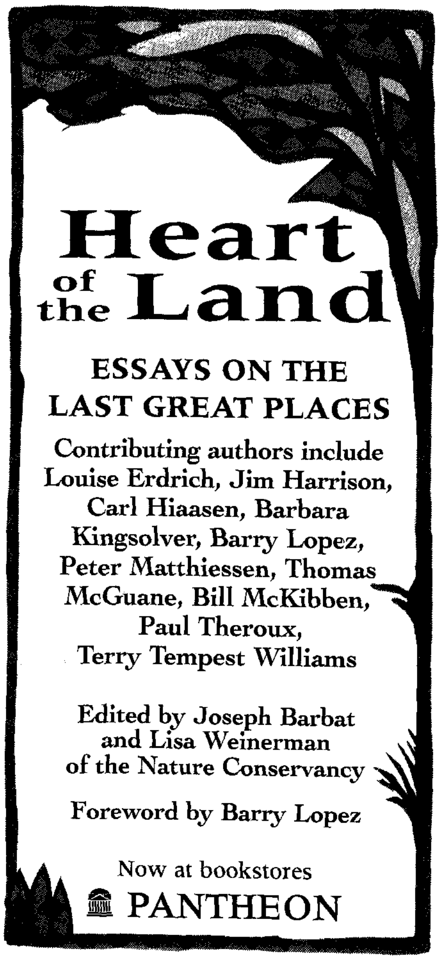
Sonesta

Hotels, Resorts
& Nile Cruises

Small Chain.
Big Reputation.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
1-800-SONESTA

•COMING SOON: COSTA RICA IN 1996•
SONESTA INTERNATIONAL HOTELS CORPORATION, 200 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, MA 02116



Heart
of
the Land

ESSAYS ON THE
LAST GREAT PLACES

Contributing authors include
Louise Erdrich, Jim Harrison,
Carl Hiaasen, Barbara
Kingsolver, Barry Lopez,
Peter Matthiessen, Thomas
McGuane, Bill McKibben,
Paul Theroux,
Terry Tempest Williams

Edited by Joseph Barbat
and Lisa Weinerman
of the Nature Conservancy

Foreword by Barry Lopez

Now at bookstores
PANTHEON

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LOS ANGELES HOUSE
CONTENTS
MID-CENTURY MODERNISM
TWO POSTWAR DECORATORS
RECENT MODERNISM
CONTEMPORARY DECORATORS
INDEX
THE LOS ANGELES HOUSE
DECORATION AND DESIGN IN AMERICA'S 20TH CENTURY CITY
TIM STREET-PORTER

THE MUST-SEE BOOK OF THE YEAR

One of America's foremost authorities on architecture and decoration reveals the depth and daring of L.A.'s contribution to 20th-century style, in the most eagerly awaited design book of the year.

Yours at a

20% DISCOUNT

MADONNA and Frank Lloyd Wright, Frank Gehry and Bette Midler: all have left their mark on what author-photographer Tim Street-Porter sees as "the country's quintessential 20th-century city." In this lavish, stimulating new volume, you share his vision of Los Angeles as a vast drawing board on which architects and dreamers uniquely etched their visions of a fantasy future. In 376 beautifully composed color photographs, you get an enthralling, first-of-its-kind tour through the city's unique private treasures: from the lustrous Art Deco interiors of the Dolores Del Rio house to a hidden Noguchi landscape; from a sprawling Provençal-style farmhouse to Dennis Hopper's windowless corrugated metal studio.

TO ORDER The Los Angeles House call toll free, or send check or money order for $48—that's 20% off the cover price of $60—plus $4 for shipping and handling, together with your name and address to:

The Condé Nast Collection
P.O. Box 10214, Dept. 705061-070,
Des Moines, IA 50336

252 pages • Large 10" x 11" format • 376 color photographs • Hardcover

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-438-9944

and Drawing," a hundred and twenty-five works on paper and on canvas, mostly from American and European private collections, arranged chronologically from 1898 to 1970. Through June 2. . . . At Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Eight oil paintings and four large works on paper made in his Rue des Grands-Augustins studio, in Paris, between 1939 and 1947. Through June 24. . . . At Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.: "Sketchbooks 1900-1905," including studies for "The Absinthe Drinker" as well as for children playing and dance-hall girls, along with large drawings from the same period. Through June 17.

Short List—**LUIS CRUZ AZACETA,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 2. . . . **WILLIAM GLACKENS** and **ALFRED H. MAURER,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 16. . . . **KEITH HARING,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 9. . . . **ROBERT MOTHERWELL,** Long, 24 W. 57th St. Through June 3. . . . **JOHN NEWMAN,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; through June 3. . . . **TOM WESSELMANN,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through June 10. . . . **TIMOTHY WOODMAN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 3.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Mark di Suvero—With Sol LeWitt at Ace and Richard Serra at Marks, it's been a great spring for monumental sculpture; these three massive works help fill out the picture. "For Kepler" (1995), a breathtaking cadmium-red steel behemoth with one beam extending more than thirty feet into empty space, is a vision of awesome daring. The two smaller sculptures have moving parts and resemble menacing pieces of playground equipment. Through May 27. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Rosalyn Jacobs—Colorful, thickly textured French landscapes. Through May 27. (Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St.)

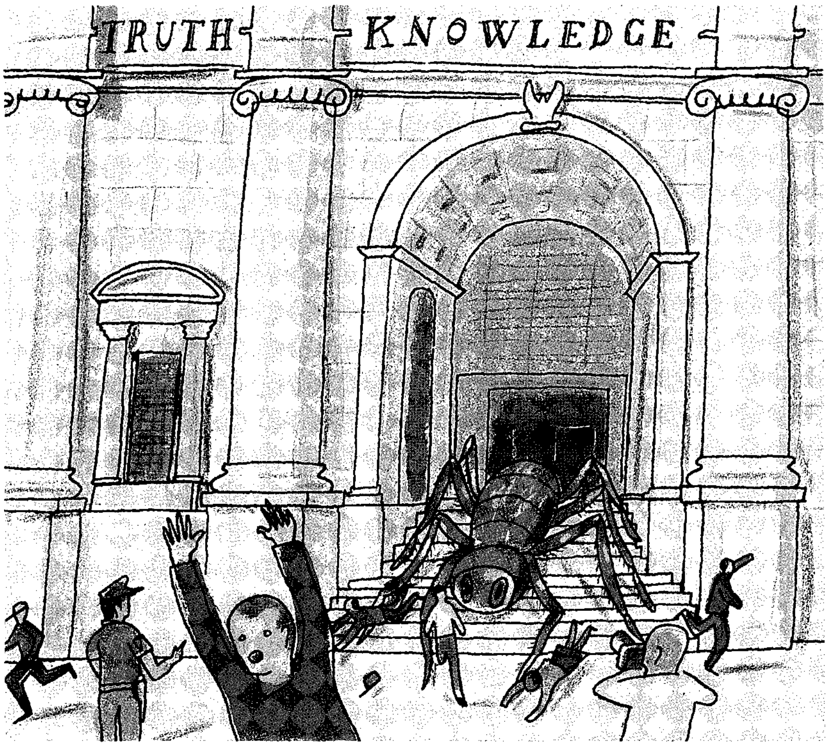
Sean Landers—Call it "Return to the Planet of the Apes": Landers, one of the trailblazers in the pathetic (or loser) art movement, here underscores the similarities between the raucous activities of chimpanzees and his own as an artist. The show includes paintings emblazoned with Landers' characteristic rambling and funny monologues; an unfired clay sculpture of a simian couple; and a video of a chimp cavorting in the artist's studio. Through May 20. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Sol LeWitt—"New Structures," a daunting series of mortared cinder-block towers at a suitably gargantuan gallery. With his faint pencil wall drawings and his lattice sculptures, LeWitt was one of the sixties progenitors of dematerialization. But in these dark, hulking, sublime works, he seems to be taking a leaf from Richard Serra's book. Through May 31. (Ace, 275 Hudson St. Opens at 1.)

Joyce Pensato / Scott Burton (1939-89)—Monolithic paintings and drawings of cartoon characters stretched and tortured with Abstract Expressionist gestures and drips. A massive charcoal Mickey Mouse, rubbed directly onto the gallery walls, looms like a balloon from a Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade in hell. Another Mickey, in enamel on canvas, has been nearly obliterated with swaths of white (very Franz Kline), leaving a skull-like shadow of a smile. / Cool, tasteful sculptures in granite, steel, and sandstone. Through May 27. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Elaine Reichek—"Form Security Administration," an installation based on black-and-white photographs of Southern churches (three by Walker Evans, one by Martha Roberts). Reichek has enlarged the original photos, hung them upside down (thus stressing their formal compositions), and superimposed texts by Baudelaire, Flaubert, Marx, Evans himself, and others. Next to each photo is a knitted re-creation of the building, right side up, in white, black, and gray. Playing art against documentation, romanticism against modernism, she invites us to consider the use of poverty and misery as aesthetic subject matter. Through May 26. (Klein, 40 Wooster St.)

Richard Serra—"To Whom It May Concern" (1995) is the master of scary gigantism's latest monumental sculpture, and, unlike some of his other works, this one doesn't beat you into submission. Nine freestanding Cor-ten steel slabs, each twenty-two feet long and eight inches wide—only the heights are different—form an open, non-claustrophobic labyrinth through which visitors can stroll. Through June 25. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)



"Spiders!," at the American Museum of Natural History.

TOBY MORRISON

John Waters—"My Little Movies." Clever, funny photomontages in which the reigning genius of crimes against taste and decency pays homage to the sources that nourished his sensibility (Sirk, Antonioni, Grace Metalious, Swedish soft-core, etc.) and reviews his own film career. Among the most outrageous works is "Zapruder," a series of images from Waters' 1966 movie, in which the eighteen-year-old Divine played Jacqueline Kennedy on that fatal day in Dallas. Through May 20. (American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

Short List—**JENNIFER BARTLETT,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Through May 31. . . . **DOROTHY CROSS,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway. Through May 27. . . . **JIMMIE DURHAM,** Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. Through May 27. . . . **MALCOLM MORLEY,** Boone, 417 West Broadway. Through June 24. . . . **CATHERINE MURPHY,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway. Through May 27. . . . **ROXY PAINE,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Through June 3. . . . **ALEXIS ROCKMAN,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through June 10. . . . **KENNY SCHARF,** Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Through June 3. . . . **LINCOLN TOBIER,** Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; through June 25.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Christie's—May 17: Latin American art, including works by Diego Rivera, Rufino Tamayo, and Wifredo Lam. . . . ¶ May 18: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ May 23: French furniture. . . . ¶ May 24: American paintings. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1119.). . . **NOTE:** Christie's East, 219 E. 67th St., will hold auctions of lower-priced Old Masters (May 17) and American paintings (May 23).

Sotheby's—May 17-18: Latin American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Rivera, Tamayo, and Frida Kahlo from the IBM International Foundation collection. . . . ¶ May 20: French furniture. . . . ¶ May 23: Native American art from the recently disbanded Perls Galleries. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Other Auctions—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture and decorative arts. (Doyle Galleries, 175 E. 87th St. 427-2730. May 17 at 10.). . . ¶ Rare books, especially Oziana and other children's literature. (Swann Galleries, 104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. May 18 at 10:30.)

Metropolitan Antiques—Native American objects. (110 W. 19th St. 463-0200. May 19-21.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Tina Barney—New, funny, sometimes caustic pictures of the artist's family, this time loosely centered on couples. Through May 31. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Robert Riger—Electrically eloquent pictures of a hall of fame's worth of athletes and their games. Riger's photographs capture an event from all sides; his stadium shots catch the collective excitement so viscerally that you can almost smell it. Through May 20. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Short List—**MARIO DE BIASI,** Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. Through May 20. . . . **BIRNEY IMES,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Through May 20. . . . **DALE KISTEMAKER,** Lowinsky, 578 Broadway. Through May 27. . . . **JEROME LIEBLING,** Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Through May 20. . . . **INGE MORATH,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Through May 20. . . . **HILMAR PABEL,** Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon; through May 24. . . . **JO ANN VERBURG,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through June 24. . . . **JEFF WALL,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through June 10. . . . **JAMES WELLING,** American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St. Through May 20. . . . **JOEL-PETER WITKIN,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Through June 24.

(See the museum listings for a photography exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

American Opera Scenes—Four companies take turns, presenting scenes from Dinos Constantinides' "Antigone," Philip Hagemann's "The Aspern Papers," Jeffrey Lependorf's "Say It with Flowers," and Kirke Mechem's "John Brown." (Milbank Chapel, Teachers College, Columbia University, Broadway at 120th St. May 19 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts a week of program permutations at Avery Fisher Hall. May 18 at 8: Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, Barber's "Second Essay for Orchestra," and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ May 19 at 8: Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ May 20 at 8: Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture and Symphony No. 7, as well as Barber's "Second Essay for Orchestra."

Opera Orchestra of New York—Mezzo-soprano Olga Borodina and baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky are featured in arias and duets by Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Saint-Saëns, Donizetti, and Rossini. Eve Queler conducts. (Carnegie Hall. May 17 at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—André Raphel Smith conducts John Adams' "Short Ride in a Fast Machine," Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 (with Stella Xu), and Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2. (Alice Tully Hall. May 17 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Concordia—The chamber orchestra, joined by pianist Dick Hyman, focusses on music by African-American composers Scott Joplin, James P. Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton, and Duke Ellington. Also on the program are Mr. Hyman's "Ragtime Fantasy" (for piano and orchestra) and the screening of two silent films, with live accompaniment. Marin Alsop conducts. (Alice Tully Hall. May 18 at 8.)

BachWorks—Richard Erickson directs the choir, soloists, and period-instrument ensemble in music performed at the seventeenth-century Swedish court, including works by Buxtehude and Froberger. (St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, 315 W. 22nd St. May 21 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Orchestra of the S. E. M. Ensemble—Petr Kotik conducting. May 21 at 8: An avant-garde grab bag. (Willow Place Auditorium, 26 Willow Pl., Brooklyn.) . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: Works by Ben Neill, Earle Brown, Christian Wolff, Jon Gibson, and Mr. Kotik. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. For information about tickets to either concert, call 1-718 488-7659.)

Jupiter Symphony—Works by Mozart dominate the program: his A-Major Violin Concerto (with Daniel Heifetz), G-Major Piano Concerto (K. 453, with Claude Frank), and two arias (with soprano Désirée Halak). Jens Nygaard conducts. (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. May 22 at 2 and 7, and May 23 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson leads a program of American song classics, with appearances by Jerry Lewis, Phyllis Newman, Jonathan Schwartz, Liz Smith, and Margaret Whiting. (Carnegie Hall. May 22 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Concerts Champêtres—Two of the most accomplished ensembles of the new generation of string quartets play lunchtime concerts in Bryant Park. May 17 and May 19 at 12:30: The Borromeo String Quartet, with violist Misha Amory assisting. . . . ¶ May 22 at 12:30: The St. Lawrence String Quartet. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd Street.)

HOPE
CHARITY
SEVENTH ON SALE
7
FAITH

Seventh on Sale, at the 69th Regiment Armory.

MARK GAGNON

Jeffrey Kahane—The pianist performs works by Mendelssohn, Ravel, Brahms (his "Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel"), and Chopin (his Scherzo No. 4). (Stuyvesant High School, 345 Chambers St. May 17 at 6:30. Tickets, which are free, will be available at the door beginning at 5.)

In the Organ Lofts—May 17 at 8: Harry Huff, Paul-Martin Maki, and William Trafka take turns on the bench of the city's largest pipe organ (a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-rank Aeolian-Skinner) to play a benefit recital. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 248.) . . . ¶ May 21 at 4: Miranda Loud, in recital. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520.) . . . ¶ May 23 at 12:30: Donald George performs Nicolas de Grigny's "Veni Creator" and Anton Heiler's "In Festo Corporis Christi" in a free lunchtime concert. (Church of the Transfiguration, 1 E. 29th St.)

Women's Works—May 18 at 7:30: The Aviva Players in songs and chamber music by Fanny Mendelssohn, Mana-Zucca, Nadia Boulanger, Maria Theresia von Paradis, and Mira J. Spektor. (Congregation Rodeph Sholom, 7 W. 83rd St. For information about tickets, call 362-2277.) . . . ¶ May 19-20: Roundtables, lectures, and concerts (at 7:30 both evenings) of music from the nineteen-eighties, by Thea Musgrave, Mary Jean Van Appledorn, Elisenda Fábregas, and others. (Bloomingdale House, 323 W. 108th St. 663-6021.)

Colin Carr—Bach's six cello suites are thought to be the first unaccompanied works for the instrument ever written by a non-cellist. Though they are revered today, they were generally ignored until Pablo Casals championed them at the beginning of this century. A renaissance in the composition of solo cello music followed, with the appearance of important works by Reger, Kodály, Hindemith, Dallapiccola, Henze, Britten, Xenakis, Penderecki, Bernd Alois Zimmermann, and George Crumb. In this recital, Mr. Carr will perform two of Bach's suites (the Third, in C Major, and the Sixth, in C Minor), as well as two of their descendants: Kodály's Sonata (Op. 8, from 1915) and Crumb's Sonata (1955). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. May 18 at 8.)

Artis Wodehouse—The pianist performs music by Gershwin and his jazz-writing contemporaries, and also pushes the buttons of a Yamaha Disklavier playing digitized transferrals, prepared by Ms. Wodehouse, of Gershwin's own pianola-roll performances. (Weill Recital Hall. May 18 at 8.)

Anonymous 4—The women's vocal quartet explores the music and writings of the medieval abbess Hildegard von Bingen—specifically, works relating to the legend of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virginal disciples. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. 678-5432. May 19 at 8.)

Lenny's Legacy—On May 20, the Metropolitan Museum brings biographer Humphrey Burton on board to host a daylong series of films and performances relating to the conducting and composing career of Leonard Bernstein. At 1: "The Art of the Conductor," a documentary tracing thirty years of his career. . . . At 2:45: "The Other Ninth," in which Bernstein discusses and conducts Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony. . . . At 4:15: "Bernstein's Beethoven," with the Vienna Philharmonic. . . . At 7: New York Festival of Song members Kimberly Parker (mezzo-soprano), William Sharp (baritone), and Steven Blier (pianist) perform works by Bernstein and composers in his circle, including Copland, Blitzstein, Bowles, Poulenc, Britten, and Sondheim. . . . At 8: "The Gift of Music," a ninety-minute biographical documentary. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Offering a program of instrumental works by composers remembered chiefly for their operas, including Massenet's "Valse Très Lente," Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Puccini's "Crisantemi," and Donizetti's Flute Concertino and Clarinet Concertino. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. May 20 at 8.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Violinist Scott St. John is featured in concertos by Haydn and Mozart. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. May 21 at noon.)

Bang on a Can Festival—A daylong program exploring the cutting edge of music, including compositions by Louis Andriessen, Frederic Rzewski, Annea Lockwood, Steve Martland, Mikel Rouse, Alvin Singleton, and Victoria Jordanova. (Alice Tully Hall. May 21, from 2:30 to 10:30.)

Kyung Sun Lee—In her New York début recital, the violinist performs works by Bartók, Ravel, Benjamin Godard, Isang Yun, and her accompanist (and husband), Brian Suits. (Weill Recital Hall. May 22 at 8.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

Michael Boriskin: Pianist, with clarinettist David Dworkin and violist Cynthia Phelps. (New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. 873-3400. May 17 at 8.) . . . **"The Elixir of Love"**: Donizetti's opera, curtailed, semi-staged, and in English. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. May 18 at noon. Admission by contribution.) . . . **Da Capo Chamber Players**: Music by Martinů, Janáček, Carter, Rzewski, and Crumb (his "Voice of the Whale"). (City University Graduate Center, 33 W. 42nd St., third floor. May 18 at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . **Bargemusic**: Chamber music by Britten, Tchaikovsky, and Dvořák. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. May 18 at 7:30 and May 21 at 4.) . . . **Louise Schulman**: Violist, in music by Bach, Brahms, and Bloch (whose daughter, the lutenist

Suzanne Bloch, will offer reflections about her father). (Civic Center Synagogue, 49 White St. May 18 at 8. For information about tickets, call 777-0563. A benefit concert.) . . . **YURI KIM:** Pianist, performing Mozart, Beethoven (his C-Minor Sonata, Op. 111), and Schumann. (Alice Tully Hall. May 19 at 8.) . . . **OPERAS ABOUT ORPHEUS:** Semi-staged performances of Marc-Antoine Charpentier's "La Descente d'Orphée aux Enfers" and Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers." (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 496-8524. May 19 and May 21 at 8.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** Final performances of "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. May 20 at 7:30 and May 21 at 2:30.) . . . **METROPOLITAN GREEK CHORALE:** Performing (among other works) Mikis Theodorakis's "Zorbas," a concert version of the composer's score for the film "Zorba the Greek." (Alice Tully Hall. May 20 at 8:30.) . . . **CROSSTOWN ENSEMBLE:** Performing Feldman's "Instruments II" plus works by Webern, Wolpe, and Thelonious Monk (as arranged by Eric Grunin). (Tribeca Hall, 111 Franklin St. 966-0300. May 20 at 8.) . . . **BOHUSLAV MARTINŮ PHILHARMONIC:** Presenting Mozart's C-Minor Mass and a concert version of Mascagni's opera "Silvano." (Carnegie Hall. May 21 at 3.) . . . **NOMOS DUO:** Violin-and-piano sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven. (Bloomingdale House, 323 W. 108th St. May 21 at 3. No tickets necessary.) . . . **SCOTT ST. JOHN AND ILAN RECHTMAN:** The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Beethoven (his Seventh) and Brahms (his Third). (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. May 21 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **RUSSIAN CHAMBER CHORUS OF NEW YORK:** Performing works by the Siberian composer Yuri Yukechev. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. May 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 928-1402.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

COUTURE AT COST—Fashion Avenue designers are donating more than five million dollars' worth of clothing, accessories, and home furnishings for four days of sales at the 69th Regiment Armory. A ticket lets you shop for two and a half hours—wholesale—and the proceeds go to HIV/AIDS-awareness programs. (Lexington Ave. at 25th St. 307-7171. May 18, from noon to 9:30; May 19, from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; May 20, from 9 to 4; and May 21, from 9 to 6:30.)

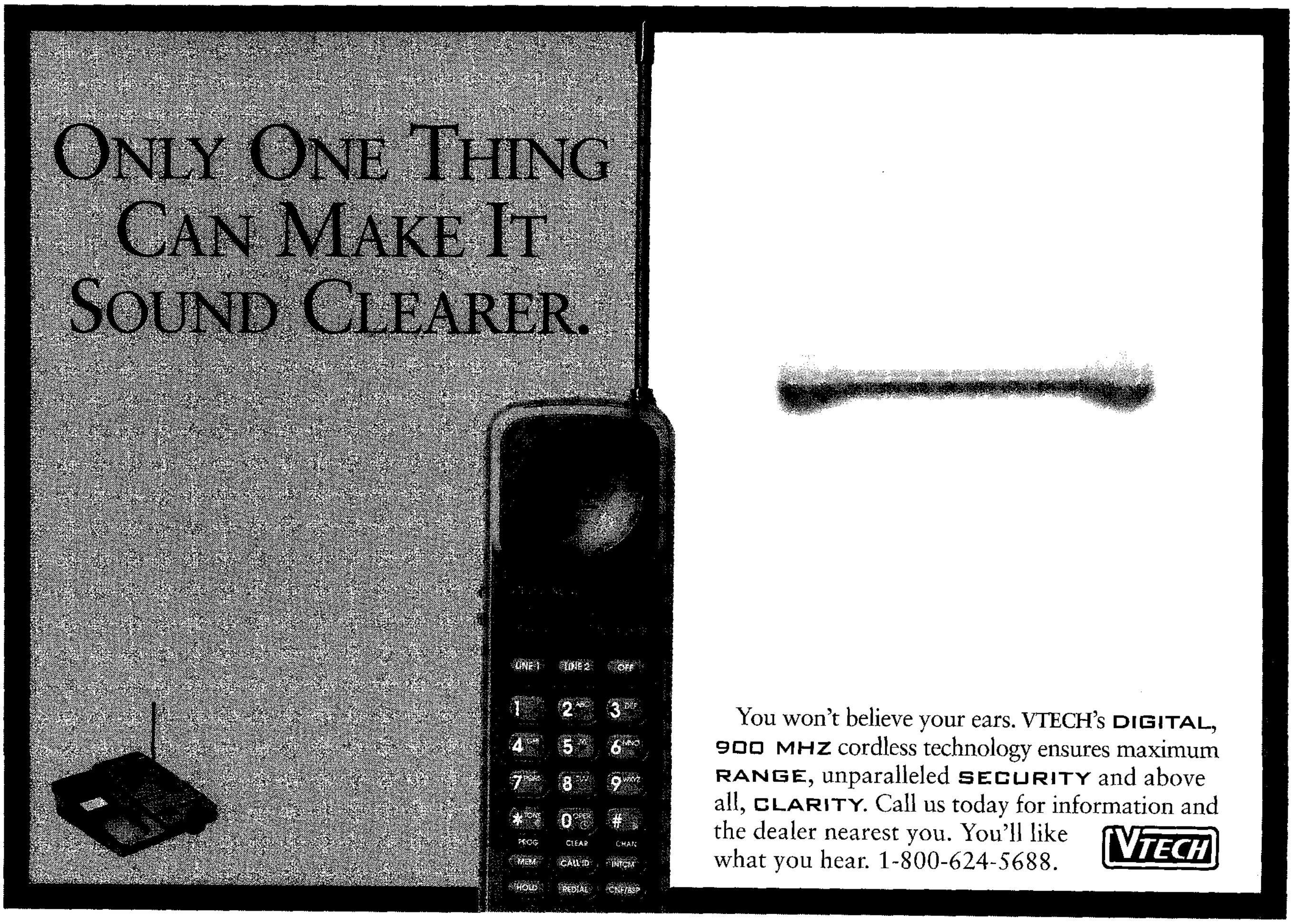
ALTERNATIVE ROCK—Rare alpine blooms, including the spiny alyssum, the wild blue gentian, and the lavender Lewisia of the Pacific Northwest, reach the peak of extravagance this weekend at the New York Botanical Garden's modestly named T. H. Everett Rock Garden (which also has a waterfall, flowering trees, and a stream meandering through the garden-variety rocks). The efflorescence will be celebrated with tours, at 1 and 3, led by N.Y.B.G. curator Bob Bartolomei; a performance, at 2, by the Tokunaga Dance Company; and a choice of afternoon workshops (in one, young rock fans can fashion gardens of their own; in the other, muddier sorts can dig around in pond and meadow). (Bronx Park. 1-718 817-8700. May 20-21, from 10 to 6.)

POST-GRAD WORK—If the variety of events at the Fifty-Plus convention is a fair barometer, there are a lot of decisions to be made in one's golden years. The slate of seminars is daunting: you can consider autobiography through drama, seek tax shelters, cure ailing houseplants, build a wardrobe, practice Tai Chi, learn to spot a con man, work out with a hunk, or have your gait analyzed by walking experts at the foot-comfort center. Definitely not a theme party. (Sheraton New York, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. May 21, from noon to 6, and May 22, from 9:30 to 5. For more information, call 736-0404.)

READINGS—May 17 at 8: Joel Lewis ("House Rent Boogie") and Lynn Crawford ("Solow") read from their work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ May 18 at 8: In a tribute and reading, poets Julia Budenz, Mary Jo Salter, and Richard Wilbur, along with critics Bonnie Costello and Harold Bloom, measure the influence of Amy Clampitt on their work. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 22 at 7:30: Jayne Anne Phillips introduces a dramatic reading of her recent novel, "Shelter," with Peter Russo and Patricia Randall. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.) . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: Nobel laureate Octavio Paz takes the stage in the season finale at the Unterberg Poetry Center. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

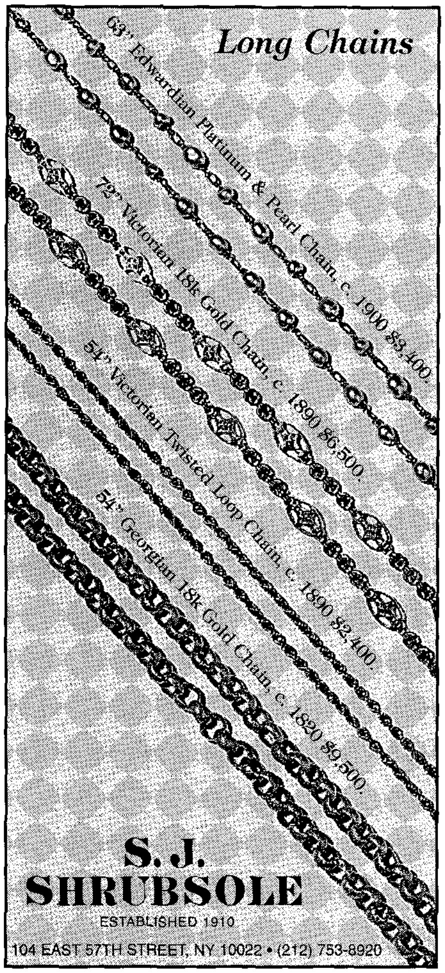
TALKS—May 17 at 6:30: Barbara Crossette, the United Nations Bureau Chief of the *Times*, reports on current threats to Buddhist culture in its traditional stronghold, the mountains and plateaus of the Himalayas. (The Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742.) . . . ¶ May 19 at 6: Mary Robinson, the President of Ireland, delivers the keynote speech at N.Y.U.'s international conference on hunger, a two-day event marking the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Irish famine. (Loeb Student Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. For schedule information and registration, call 998-3966.)

TOUR—May 21 at 11: Historian John Kriskiewicz covers the industrial waterfront of Brooklyn's Sunset Park, with its rail yards, terminal buildings, and skyline vistas of Lower Manhattan. For more information, call 1-718 624-0890.

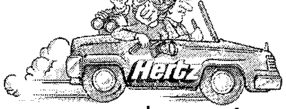


You won't believe your ears. VTECH's DIGITAL, 900 MHZ cordless technology ensures maximum RANGE, unparalleled SECURITY and above all, CLARITY. Call us today for information and the dealer nearest you. You'll like what you hear. 1-800-624-5688.

VTECH


Long Chains
63" Edwardian Platinum & Pearl Chain, c. 1900 $8,400
72" Victorian 18k Gold Chain, c. 1890 $6,500
54" Victorian Twisted Loop Chain, c. 1890 $2,400
54" Georgian 18k Gold Chain, c. 1820 $9,500
S. J. SHRUBSOLE
ESTABLISHED 1910
104 EAST 57TH STREET, NY 10022 • (212) 753-8920

FREE WHEELING IN FRANCE



Starting at just $845 Air/Land
per person*

Discover both the renowned sights and the hidden glories of the French Provinces with affordable ***drive-it-yourself air-land packages.***

Free wheeling in the
Chateaux Country
starts at *only* **$845** and includes:

- Round-trip on Air France, NY-Paris
- Hertz rental car for 5 days, unlimited mileage with expert itinerary maps
- 3 nights accommodations in cozy countryside hotels
- Continental breakfast...and more.

Or go "Free Wheeling" in
Burgundy... Normandy... Provence... Alsace...
Bordeaux / Perigord / the Dordogne.

See your travel Specialist or call
1-800-Jet-0999

* Price based on double occupancy from New York. Departure taxes/fees additional. Packages available from all Air France gateways with supplement. Please inquire.

Jet vacations

USTOA $1 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION

THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Die Hard with a Vengeance—Bruce Willis reprises his role as a New York City police detective; this time he is rescuing his home town from terrorists led by Jeremy Irons. With Samuel L. Jackson, Graham Greene, and Colleen Camp. Directed by John McTiernan. Written by Jonathan Hensleigh. Opening May 19. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

Forget Paris—A romantic comedy directed and co-written by Billy Crystal, who stars with Debra Winger. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening May 19. (Criterion Center.)

Little Odessa—In James Gray's directorial début, Tim Roth plays a hit man for the Russian mob, who returns to his home in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, for one final job. With Edward Furlong, Moira Kelly, Vanessa Redgrave, and Maximilian Schell. Written by the director. Opening May 19. (Village Theatre VII and Lincoln Square.)

Profession: Neo-Nazi—A 1993 documentary by Winfried Bonengel, about Ewald Althans, a leader of Germany's radical right. In German. Opening May 19. (Cinema Village.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 24.)

Amateur—In Hal Hartley's lively and very peculiar thriller, an amnesiac (Martin Donovan), an ex-nun (Isabelle Huppert), a porn star (Elina Lowensohn), and an accountant (Damian Young) are on the lam from a sinister European arms merchant. Hartley's Godardian manner is occasionally irritating, but Huppert's delicate, surprisingly witty performance keeps the picture grounded in recognizable human emotions.—T.R. (4/17/95) (Angelika Film Center and Plaza.)

Bad Boys—Martin Lawrence and Will Smith star as a pair of Miami detectives who have four days to prevent a huge heroin score. The casting is shrewd but nervous: Lawrence, known for his physical and often sexually explicit comedy, plays a timid and faithful husband, while polite, sweet-faced Smith plays an oversexed loose cannon. The car chases are unimpeachable. Directed by Michael Bay.—S.K. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

The Basketball Diaries—Leonardo DiCaprio plays a high-school-age Jim Carroll, a New York kid who scoffs at his teachers, reduces his mother (Lorraine Bracco) to tears, and hangs out with a bunch of friends, looking for trouble. Early on, the picture offers some fine, flowing scenes of the gang loping and shoving across the basketball court. But then Jim discovers heroin, and the latter half becomes a gruelling catalogue of cold nights, blue lips, and scummy needles. DiCaprio gives it everything he's got, but the picture doesn't ask him for much. Directed by Scott Kalvert, scripted by Bryan Goluboff, and based on Carroll's own chronicle of his wasted youth, it's all too pleased with itself for getting down into the gutter.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas.)

Burnt by the Sun—Set in 1936, in the high summer of Stalinist rule, Nikita Mikhalkov's movie centers on a Soviet army colonel (played by Mikhalkov) and the family group that circulates around him in an idyllic dacha. The idyll cracks when the state, in the person of a family friend (Oleg Menchikov), comes to wreak havoc; a work that began in the rustling spirit of Chekhov ends like a Scorsese picture, with thugs raining blows in the back of a car. What binds the mixture is Mikhalkov's love of all the stray details his camera catches; the movie may sound dispiriting, but it has an amazing ability to cheer you up. There is a full range of acting styles, from the florid to the cartoonish, and to the sharp-eyed, wholly uncute performance of the director's eight-year-old daughter, Nadia, who gazes at the unfolding events with the air of one who will never be able to banish them from her memory. In Russian.—A.L. (5/8/95) (Eastside Playhouse, Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Crimson Tide—A doomsday thriller that reunites the infamous "Top Gun" team: producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer and director Tony Scott. It's a movie for people who really miss the Cold War. Russkies are on the rampage again, and the fate of the world hangs by its customary thread. Aboard the nuclear sub U.S.S. Alabama, the captain (Gene Hackman) and the executive officer (Denzel Washington) bicker and take turns relieving each other of command, while—just to reassure us that old movie devices never die, and rarely even fade away—the communications officer tries frantically to fix a pesky radio. The action is loud and flashy, but there isn't really much suspense. The movie operates in such well-charted waters that it feels less like a dangerous naval mission than like a luxury cruise: the accommodations are cozy and the activities carefully planned.—T.R. (5/15/95) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Crumb—Terry Zwigoff's brilliant, scary documentary about the underground-comics artist R. Crumb. While the film is reviewing Crumb's career, from its psychedelic-era heyday to the present, and following him as he goes about his everyday activities, it's also telling a harrowing story about his damaged family. The movie is often funny, but what makes it extraordinary is that it explores, without presuming to explain, the sources of a unique and savage comic sensibility. And it shows us that Crumb's gift—the detachment that allows him to create such hilariously contemptuous images of the world around him (and inside him)—is also a kind of curse, or, at least, a nasty habit.—T.R. (5/1/95) (Film Forum 3.)

Dirty Money—An innocent bystander (Frederick Dean), caught in a Los Angeles payroll robbery, is chased through California and into Mexico by the thieves. Dean wrote the screenplay; James Bruce directed. (Quad Cinema.)

Don Juan DeMarco—A young man in a mask (Johnny Depp), who calls himself Don Juan and has been seducing every woman in sight, is put under the care of a psychiatrist (Marlon Brando); the doctor tries at first to cure the youth of his illusion and then begins to wonder whether there might be something to it. The writer and director, Jeremy

Leven—himself a former shrink—has taken a heavy conceit and lightened it into comedy, which is what it deserves. Brando enjoys himself hugely, especially in his scenes with Faye Dunaway, who plays his wife. In defiance of the laws of gravity, the big man rises to the occasion and lifts the movie with him.—A.L. (4/10/95) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Lincoln Square. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through May 18.)

Dreaming of Rita—In Jon Lindstrom's comedy, Per Oscarsson is a widower in search of the love of his youth, a Rita Hayworth look-alike. Written by the director and Rita Holst. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema.)

The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill but Came Down a Mountain—Hugh Grant, who became a romantic icon with "Four Weddings and a Funeral," again unleashes his bashful-boy smile and cloaks himself in an aura of modest, befuddled sincerity. But the illusion of ease has vanished, and his charm has gone with it. Christopher Monger, the writer and director, works just as strenuously to enchant us, and, like the star, he overtaxes his lightweight virtues. For a while, this slight anecdote about a Welsh village during the First World War seems an amiable anachronism—a throwback to the eccentric-community formula of Ealing comedy. But Monger tries to pile more meaning onto his story than its fragile structure can support, and he buries the small good thing he started out with. Also with Colm Meaney, Ian McNeice, Kenneth Griffith, and Tara FitzGerald.—T.R. (5/15/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, Orpheum VII, and Lincoln Square.)

Ermo—A Chinese peasant (Alia) takes a second job, has an affair with her neighbor, and sells her blood, all in her quest to buy the biggest TV in the village. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. In Mandarin. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Eternity / Is That All There Is?—Two documentaries. The first, directed by Lawrence Johnston, concerns Arthur Stace, who spent forty years writing the word "eternity" in chalk on the streets of Sydney. The second is Lindsay Anderson's last film, a self-portrait he directed for BBC Scotland. (Film Forum; through May 23.)

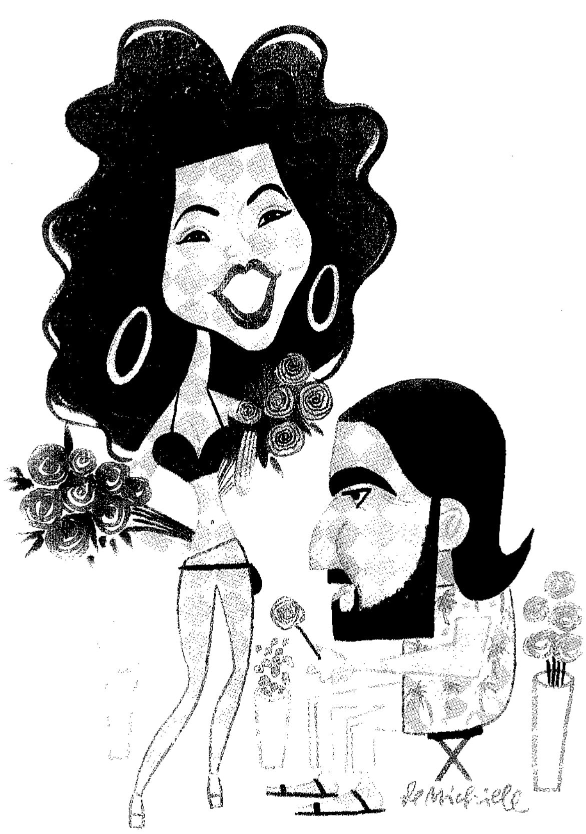
French Kiss—Meg Ryan, Timothy Hutton, and Kevin Kline in a film by Lawrence Kasdan. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and Embassy.)

Friday—Ice Cube stars in a comedy he co-wrote (with D.J. Pooh) about life in South Central Los Angeles. With Chris Tucker. Directed by Gary Gray. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Gordy—Country-music singer Doug Stone stars in a family comedy about a piglet who sets out to save his parents and siblings from the slaughterhouse and becomes a national celebrity. With Kristy Young, Michael Roescher, and Tom Lester. Directed by Mark Lewis. (Village East Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, East 85th Street, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Square.)

Jefferson in Paris—The subject of Thomas Jefferson's five years as ambassador to France is so rich and engaging that it should be impossible to make a dull film about it; nevertheless, the producing and directing team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory have pulled it off. The period detail is numbing, and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script sounds like a stash of letters being read aloud. Nothing sparks between Nick Nolte, as Jefferson, and Greta Scacchi, as the married woman with whom he is in love, and the high point of his ardor for the black maid with whom he is alleged to have had an affair (Thandie Newton) is the furtive unbuckling of a shoe. When Gwyneth Paltrow, who plays Jefferson's impatient daughter, tears off her fancy wig and stuffs it into a vase, we know just how she feels.—A.L. (Paris.)

Kiss of Death—Barbet Schroeder's workmanlike remake of the 1947 crime melodrama, about the perils of a small-time New York crook who becomes a stool pigeon. Despite a wonderful cast—which includes David Caruso (as the sensitive squealer), Helen Hunt, Samuel L. Jackson, and Stanley Tucci—and a crafty, low-key screenplay by Richard Price, the picture feels a little lethargic. Only Nicolas Cage, who plays the chief villain—a positive-thinking, bodybuilding thug named Little Junior—manages to dispel the over-all air of weary professionalism.—T.R. (5/1/95) (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)



Marisa Tomei and Alfred Molina in "The Perez Family."

ROBERT DEMICHELL

A Little Princess—A wealthy Anglo-Indian ten-year-old (Liesel Matthews) is sent away to the strict Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father (Liam Cunningham) is called up to fight in the First World War. With Eleanor Bron as Miss Minchin. Directed by Alfonso Cuarón. Written by Richard LaGravenese and Elizabeth Chandler, based on Frances Hodgson Burnett's 1888 novel, "Sara Crewe." (Gemini. . . . ¶ Village Theatre VII, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center; starting May 19.)

My Family—Like Gregory Nava's first feature, "El Norte," this portrait of three generations of a Mexican-American clan in East Los Angeles occasionally goes haywire on sentiment. The big-canvas approach works best at capturing the way large immigrant families produce utterly disparate people who are nevertheless helplessly connected. Though the supporting cast is spotty, Eduardo Lopez Rojas is exceptionally fine as the patriarch, a befuddled and repressed optimist; Esai Morales smolders charismatically as his luckless son; and Jimmy Smits, playing an ex-con, overcomes some implausible dialogue to get at the sweetness and hurt underneath his macho shell. With Edward James Olmos. Written by Nava and Anna Thomas.—S.K. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

Nina Takes a Lover—In writer-director Alan Jacobs' feature-film début, a San Francisco journalist (Michael O'Keefe) working on a story about marriage encounters a housewife (Laura San Giacomo) who is having an affair with a Welsh photographer (Paul Rhys). (Lincoln Square.)

Panther—A fascinating, completely hysterical dramatization of the founding and the demise of the Black Panthers movement. Kadeem Hardison plays Judge, a catatonic Vietnam vet who is singled out as a confidant by Bobby Seale (Courtney B. Vance) and Huey Newton (Marcus Chong) and as a potential informant by an F.B.I. agent (Joe Don Baker), and who functions as a Nick Carraway-style ambivalent observer. The father-and-son team of Melvin (writer) and Mario (director) Van Peebles throws in everything plus ten kitchen sinks: real and simulated documentary footage, gratuitous punches and gunshots in glorious surround-sound, buddy-movie elements in the interaction of Bobby and Huey. By the end, Judge is an action hero dodging pigs and revolutionary hotheads—as well as the mob, the F.B.I., and a drug-dealing black Judas, who have conspired to annihilate the Panthers by flooding the ghetto with heroin. With Dick Gregory as a gentle minister, Anthony Griffith as Eldridge Cleaver, and the fresh young Wesley Jonathan as Little Bobby Hutton; Mario Van Peebles appears in a rally scene as Stokely Carmichael.—S.K. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

The Perez Family—Juan Perez (Alfred Molina), a newly released Cuban political prisoner on his way to Miami to find Carmela Perez (Anjelica Huston), the wife he hasn't seen for twenty years, is identified through a clerical error as the husband of a passionate young refugee named Dottie Perez (Marisa Tomei). Directed by Mira Nair ("Mississippi Masala," "Salaam Bombay!"). Written by Robin Swicord, from Christine Bell's 1991 novel. (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Embassy.)

Picture Bride—A nice-looking, earnest feminist lesson, about a young Japanese woman (Youki Kudoh) who enters into an arranged marriage with a sugarcane cutter (Akira Takayama) in Hawaii in 1918. The picture examines the role of the Japanese contract laborers in the early part of this century and the limited choices available to the women who joined them. Although the director, Kayo Hatta, and her co-writer (and sister), Mari Hatta, have added some Hawaiian folklore and a little Magic Realism, the characters are stereotyped composites of sociohistorical forces. Even as history, though, this film fails to answer the most basic question: what was it like to bend over all day in a hot field cutting sugarcane? In Japanese and English.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Rob Roy—Michael Caton-Jones's film about the eighteenth-century Scottish outlaw Robert MacGregor uneasily straddles the line between swashbuckler and prestige picture. In Alan Sharp's screenplay, Rob (Liam Neeson) is a rugged, principled man at war with artful English fops (Tim Roth and John Hurt). This should make for rousing spectacle, but somehow it doesn't. With Jessica Lange as the hero's loyal wife, the picture is actually more effective as a conjugal-love story than as a ripping yarn.—T.R. (4/17/95) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Beekman, 23rd St. West Triplex, Ziegfeld, Lincoln Square, and Metro Cinema.)

Search and Destroy—This vibrantly colored film by the painter David Salle, about the dirty doings of a would-be Hollywood producer, has surprising snap. Dennis Hopper plays the author of an "Iron John"-like bestseller, and Griffin Dunne turns in a rare good performance as a lost soul willing to do whatever it takes to purchase the rights. John Turturro, Christopher Walken, and, especially, Illeana Douglas are strikingly crazy as characters who get involved in his scheme. Michael Almereyda's hip script, based on Howard Korder's play, isn't all it should be; the ending seems Tarantinoized, but it's impressive.—B.D. (Angelika Film Center and Angelika 57.)

Swimming with Sharks—When Kevin Spacey, as a movie producer from hell, tells an abused assistant to fetch, he oozes the sweet smell of success; his performance is a triumph of nastiness. But when his new assistant (Frank Whaley) decides to fight back and torture his boss, Spacey's character loses his fizz, and the movie becomes a revenge fantasy smothered by a colorless, driven twerp. Written and directed by George Huang.—B.D. (Art Greenwich Twin and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Underneath—In Steven Soderbergh's slow but hypnotic retelling of the 1949 "Criss Cross," Peter Gallagher takes over the Burt Lancaster role of a reformed gambler who returns to his home town to find the girl he left behind (Alison Elliott); when the girl marries the town heavy (William Fichtner, in a solid old-style noir performance), he comes up with a plan to rob an armored car, double-cross her new husband, and win her back. Gallagher is convincing as an ineffectual loser with low self-esteem (he reads a lot of self-help books). Soderbergh has the actors deliver their lines so quietly that a feeling of sleepy intimacy develops, and Elliot Davis's beautiful, imaginative cinematography (the insides of the red armored cars are phosphorescent green) evokes Douglas Sirk at his best. But the plot takes too few turns, and the final twist is a botch—it should have been cribbed from the original.—B.D. (Village Theatre VII, Tower East, and Lincoln Square.)

Village of the Damned—John Carpenter's insipid remake of the 1960 British chiller, about the birth of alien babies in a small town. In the original, the brilliant, emotionless children had a spooky unity of purpose, and the postwar English locale made their clean-cut Aryan appearance doubly unsettling. This version, set in California, has no subtext (even though the kids look like tiny Newt Gingriches); it's an "Omen"-style bloodbath in which the children knock off any townspeople who threaten their plans for world domination. The ensemble cast, led by Christopher Reeve and Kirstie Alley, is uniformly bad. (Carpenter explored a similar theme far more successfully in the 1988 "They Live.")—B.D. (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

While You Were Sleeping—A romantic comedy starring Sandra Bullock and Bill Pullman. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and Lincoln Square.)

ALSO PLAYING

APARAJITO: Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **BEFORE THE RAIN** (reviewed in our issue of 3/13/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CIRCLE OF FRIENDS:** Coronet, Waverly, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . **DESTINY TURNS ON THE RADIO:** Baronet. . . . **DOLORES CLAIBORNE** (4/3/95): First & 62nd Cinemas and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **DUMB AND DUMBER:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **EROTIQUE:** Village Theatre VII. . . . **EXOTICA:** Angelika Film Center and 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **FARINELLI:** Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . **FORREST GUMP** (7/25/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **A GOOFY MOVIE:** Village East Cinemas. . . . **HEAVENLY CREATURES** (11/21/94): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **LEGENDS OF THE FALL** (1/9/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE** (1/16/95): Cinema 3 and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **MURIEL'S WEDDING:** Village East Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **NOBODY'S FOOL:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **ONCE WERE WARRIORS:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **ONLY THE BRAVE:** Cinema Village. . . . **OUTBREAK** (3/20/95): Manhattan Twin and Criterion Center. . . . **PATHER PANCHALI:** 62nd & Broadway. . . . **PRIEST** (3/27/95): Angelika Film Center, Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Square. . . . **PULP FICTION** (10/10/94): Manhattan Twin and Olympia. . . . **THE SECRET OF ROAN INISH:** Quad Cinema. . . . **TANK GIRL:** Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . **TOP DOG:** Criterion Center. . . . **WINGS OF COURAGE** (4/24/95): Lincoln Square. . . . **THE WORLD OF APU:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. (504-0960).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Dreams (1954)—Ingmar Bergman on the sex wars, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. Bergman's source material seems to be the M-G-M women's pictures of the previous decade. In Swedish.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; May 18.)

Evergreen (1935)—In the thirties, the English Jessie Matthews, with her big, rabbity smile, her satin pajamas, and her famous long-legged high kicks, was the closest female equivalent to Fred Astaire. Here she dances exquisitely in a classic British musical—i.e., charming but a little extended, and less snappy, noisy, and brash than American musicals of the same period. She plays a double role—mother and daughter. Victor Saville directed; the songs are by Rogers and Hart, and Harry M. Woods. (Matthews had had her greatest success in the stage version, which opened in London in 1930.)—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; May 19.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. This is a rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. With Harriet Andersson. In Swedish.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; May 18.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. Worrying over its faults is like worrying over whether "King Lear" is well constructed; it doesn't really matter. With Chhabi Biswas as the aristocrat who has nothing left but his love of music—he holds a musicale in his decaying mansion. In Bengali.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; starting May 19.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the targets of this famous screwball comedy. Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, has them dripping crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoying every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter-hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard, any different. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more leisurely than usual; he has such good material here that he takes his time.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; May 18 and 20.)

Salome's Last Dance (1988)—The writer-director, Ken Russell, refers to it as a fantasy; farrago is more like it. In a bathetic burlesque tragicomedy, he imagines Oscar Wilde's play enacted within the dramatist's favorite bordello. At the start, Wilde (Nickolas Grace) enters the bawdy house with his lover, Bosie (Douglas Hodge); at the end he gets arrested there, with Bosie conspicuously absent. In between comes a broad performance of Wilde's baroque drama, featuring epicene guardsmen, bare-breasted female executioners, and disputatious Jews played by dwarfs in "Fiddler on the Roof" garb; Russell even adds some masturbatory business for Salome. The cast lurches through double duties: Hodge as John the Baptist and Bosie; Imogen Millais-Scott as Salome and a servant-prostitute; Stratford Johns as Herod and the whorehouse owner; and Glenda Jackson, in her castration mode, as Herodias and a British aristocrat.—M.S. (A Different Light Bookstore; May 21.)

The Stranger (1992)—The last movie by Satyajit Ray is a modest picture, a graceful domestic comedy made in a serene, leisurely classical style. A middle-class Calcutta couple receives an unexpected visit from a man claiming to be a long-lost uncle who left India for Europe in 1955 and has never returned. He is a charming, erudite, and

ED BRIANT

not particularly threatening middle-aged man, but the couple can't resolve their doubts about his identity. Both the style and the story are based on the principle that knowledge of people can be acquired only gradually and tentatively: Ray's films require us to live with his characters for a while before we decide who they really are. There are a handful of awkward moments in which the director seems to be lecturing the audience on the shallowness of contemporary society. This is a lovely, flawed movie rather than a great one, but we can still hear in it the voice of a great artist. In Bengali.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; starting May 19.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's first sound film was one of the first imaginative approaches to the musical as a film form. Clair keeps dialogue to a minimum and uses music and sound effects to create a carefree, poetic style. More lyric, less comic, than his other films of this period, it may be a little too pure, too "cinematic." It tells the story of two inseparable friends and the girl they both love. In French.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; May 20.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—A program of eleven Betty Boop shorts, made by Max and Dave Fleischer in Manhattan in the early thirties.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)—A program titled "Crossroads: The North African and Middle East Film Festival."

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—May 18 at 2:30 and May 20 at 2: "Nothing Sacred" (†). . . . ¶ May 18 at 3 and 6: "Grandma of Boats" (1993, Mark Soosaar). . . . ¶ May 18 at 6 and May 21 at 1: "Little Fugitive" (1953, Ray Ashley, Morris Engel, and Ruth Orkin). . . . ¶ May 18 at 8 and May 21 at 3: "Lovers and Lollipops" (1956, Engel and Orkin). . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30 and May 21 at 5: "Wall Street" (1987, Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas and Charlie Sheen. . . . ¶ May 19 at 3: "Evergreen" (†). . . . ¶ May 19 at 6 and May 21 at 3: "Two Hearts in Waltz-Time" (1930, Geza von Bolvary; in German). . . . ¶ May 19 at 6:30 and May 23 at 2:30: "Barry Lyndon" (1975, Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. . . . ¶ May 19 at 8 and May 21 at 5: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German). . . . ¶ May 20 at 1: "Louise" (1939, Abel Gance; in French), with Grace Moore. . . . ¶ May 20 and 22 at 3: "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Josephine Baker and Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ May 20 at 5 and May 22 at 6: "The King of Comedy" (1983, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ May 20 at 5: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (†). . . . ¶ May 21 at 1: "Face Powder and Gas" (1931, Jindrich Honzl; in Czech). . . . ¶ May 22 at 2:30 and May 23 at 6: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959, Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ May 22 at 6: "Your Money or Your Life" (1932, Honzl; in Czech).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—A retrospective of Ingmar Bergman's films is being presented (through June 15), while the Museum of Television and Radio (see below) shows his work for the small screen. May 17 at 2, 6, and 10: "Sawdust and Tinsel" (1953). . . . ¶ May 17 at 4 and 8: "Monika" (1952). . . . ¶ May 18 at 2, 6, and 9:45: "A Lesson in Love" (†). . . . ¶ May 18 at 4 and 8: "Dreams" (†). . . . ¶ May 19 at 2 and 6:15 and May 20 at 6: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955). . . . ¶ May 19 at 4:15 and 8:30 and May 20 at 4 and 8:15: "The Seventh Seal" (1957). . . . ¶ May 20-21 at 2: "Sune's Summer" (1993), for children. . . . ¶ May 21 at 4 and 7:45 and May 22 at 2, 6, and 9:45: "Wild Strawberries" (1957). . . . ¶ May 21 at 6 and May 22 at 4 and 7:50: "Brink of Life" (1958). . . . ¶ May 23 at 2, 6, and 9:45: "The Magician" (1958). . . . ¶ May 23 at 4 and 8: "The Virgin Spring" (1959).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A retrospective of Ingmar Bergman's television work (through July 2), in conjunction with the Walter Reade's film retrospective (see above). Miniseries, filmed stage adaptations, and movies made for television, as well as documentaries about Bergman, are on the schedule. May 17 at 2: "Börtz, Bergman, and The Bacchae" (1993). . . . May 17 at 3:15 and May 18-19 at 2: "The Bacchae" (1993). . . . May 18 at 5:30 and May 19 at 6: "Ingmar Bergman Bids Farewell to Cinema" (1983). . . . May 18 at 6:30 and May 19 at 7: "The Blessed Ones" (1986). . . . May 20 at 2: "The Open Mind: A Profile of Ingmar Bergman" (1965). . . . May 20-21 at 2: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1973). . . . May 21 at 1: "The Bergman File" (1977). . . . May 23 at 2: "The Last Gasp" (1995).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Nicholas Ray. May 20 at 2: "Wind Across the Everglades" (1958). . . . May 20 at 4: "The True Story of Jesse James" (1957).

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—May 18 at 2:30: "Ozawa" (1985, Albert Maysles, David Maysles, Susan Froemke, and Deborah Dickson) and "Jessye Norman Sings Carmen" (1989, Albert Maysles and Froemke). . . . ¶ May 23 at noon: "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Saturday-and-Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On May 20 at 7, the feature will be Gail Singer's "Wisecracks" (1993); on May 21 at 7, "Salome's Last Dance" (†).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 23 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway (1-718 638-5000)—A program of films and videos from or about South Africa, 1948-94. May 19 at 7: "Jobman" (1989, Darrel Roodt). . . . ¶ May 20 at 2: "A Dry White Season" (1989, Euzhan Palcy), with Donald Sutherland, Janet Suzman, Jurgen Prochnow, Zakes Mokae, Susan Sarandon, and Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ May 21 at 2: "A History Lesson" (1995, Clifford Bestall) and "My Country, My Hat" (1981, David Bensusa).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—May 19-21 at 8: Programs 11-13 from Bruce Elder's "The Book of All the Dead," a thirty-two-hour cycle of films. . . . ¶ May 19 at 8 and 10, May 20 at 6 and 10, and May 21 at 4, 8 and 10: "Pickup's Tricks" (1973, George Pickup).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The 1995 Biennial Exhibition, presenting films and videos from the past two years. Call for schedule and screening times.

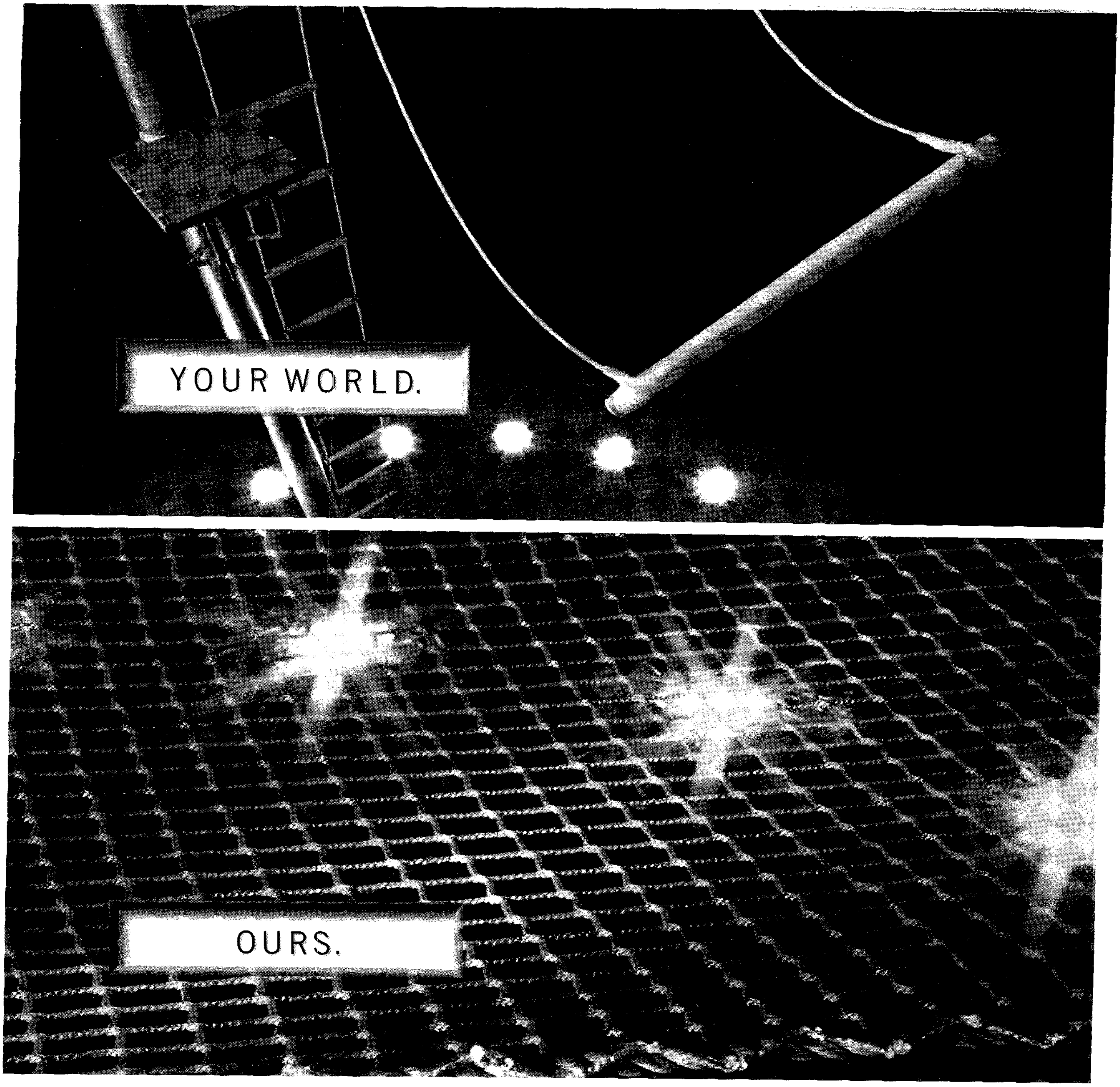
© 1992 Australian Tourist Commission

It wasn't our Fairy Penguins who migrated 2,500 miles from Antarctica. It was the continent of Australia.

When our continent broke away from Antarctica, countless eons ago, it became an ark adrift on the seas, bearing a living cargo of exotic animals. They evolved into creatures who are absolutely unique in the world today. So if you want to see a land like no other, come to Australia. Our miniature penguins are only the tip of the iceberg.

For your free, 130-page travel planner call
1-800-444-0834 ext. 05

AUSTRALIA
FEEL THE WONDER™



LANIER

The future. Performing in it can be extremely tricky, even hazardous, especially if you don't have the right equipment. Lanier can help. Today, most companies are dealing with standalone, single-function units. But tomorrow you will have to move from this analog world to a multi-functional, digital one. Copying, facsimile, dictation and optical imaging systems will all be one. They will interlock and allow you to distribute documents before they are converted to paper. We are ready to deliver these exciting technologies, but only when they meet your needs and applications. We have been pioneering in digital technology for over a decade. When you need us just call 1-800-708-7088 or fax us at 1-800-252-9703. Lanier. We'll always make sure you never take a fall.

COPY
FAX
IMAGING
DICTATION

LANIER
WE'RE THE PART THAT'S ALWAYS WORKING.

HARRIS

Lanier Worldwide, Inc.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

MURDOCH’S NEW MUSKETEERS

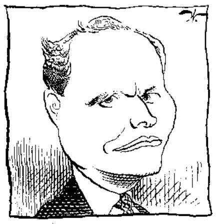
MONTH by month, the “liberal media” (O mythic beast!) die a slow death. Even more than the election of Ronald Reagan did, the congressional sweep last November has convinced conservatives that their favorite bogeyman is, if not knocked out for good, then at least slumping, exhausted and swollen, on his corner stool. While Rush Limbaugh and *The American Spectator* still like to cuff their imagined enemy around the ears, a new addition to the conservative media has announced its startup, around Labor Day, with flourishes of serene self-confidence, and even confession: Rupert Murdoch’s Washington weekly *The Standard.* “I admit it—the liberal media were never that powerful, and the whole thing was often used as an excuse by conservatives for conservative failures,” William Kristol, the former Dan Quayle liegeman, who will become the editor and publisher of *The Standard,* said the other day. An astonishing statement from a man who now occupies in the conservative movement the sort of ideological primacy that Mikhail (the Gray Cardinal) Suslov occupied under Leonid Brezhnev.

The Standard’s chances of success are extraordinarily high. Not only does it have the funds—Murdoch appears ready to invest the many millions of dollars it will take to establish his D.C. beachhead—but it also has talent, an obvious niche, exquisite timing, and a distinct idea of itself. Kristol will be running the magazine with the help of Fred Barnes, who is leaving *The New Republic* to become the executive editor, and John Podhoretz, a former Bush speechwriter, who will be the deputy editor. *The Standard* will immediately become the nation’s only weekly journal of conservative opinion (*The American Spectator* and *Commentary* are monthly, and the *National Review* is biweekly), yet it will rely for editorial inspiration on a distinctly—if formerly—liberal model: *The New Republic.*

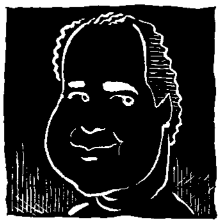
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

THE line from all three *Standard* editors is that, just as Herbert Croly began *The New Republic,* in 1914, to conduct the intellectual debate at the climax of the Progressive Era, *The Standard* appears at the dawn of a conservative one. “In a sense, the Progressive Era and New Deal liberalism lasted into the seventies, even the eighties to some extent,” Kristol says. “But now that’s ended. Whatever happens next—a conservative governing coalition or angry, populist Perotism or plebiscite democracy or even chaos—it’s a distinctly new time. Even if we lose the elections in 1996, we’ll just go cheerfully into opposition.”

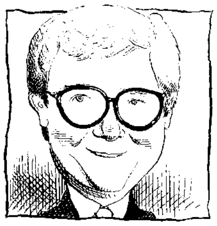
All three editors recall the excitement in the eighties when *The New Republic* challenged liberal orthodoxies to such an extent, and with such flair, that it became the indispensable political magazine of its time. “During the Reagan era, the people at the White House weren’t reading the *National Review* or *The American Spectator* as much as they were reading *The New Republic,*” Barnes says. “But the magazine has changed,” he adds. Under the current editor, Andrew Sullivan, it carries less political reportage and analysis than it used to.



William Kristol



John Podhoretz



Fred Barnes

“The excitement of *The New Republic* in the eighties was its questioning of its own political identity, but it was not willing to go the last step,” Podhoretz says. “It rejected certain aspects of liberalism, but it somehow still believed in a Third Way. *The Standard* will be a real conservative magazine. The tension will be when conservatives challenge conservative ideas.”

Martin Peretz, who has owned and guided *The New Republic* for two decades, did not seem flattered by *The Standard’s* line on itself as a conservative *TNR.* “Croly had complicated ideas, and I don’t think these people do,” he said. “They don’t have a deep analysis of America. What they do is pick up and indulge attitudinal phrases. That *New Republic* in 1914 had Felix Frankfurter and Walter Lippmann around the table. Who are the analogues at *The Standard*?”

The Standard is a media property likely to make Murdoch a political presence in Washington in a way that, say, “Melrose Place” and the New York *Post* have not. Whether it will actually stimulate conservative thinking or merely confirm prejudices is more difficult to predict. When Croly founded *The New Republic,* he said the object was “less to inform or entertain its readers than to start little insurrections in the realm of their convictions.” At first, though, the magazine too often acted as a house organ for Woodrow Wilson. Only later did the insurrections—the real journalism—begin.

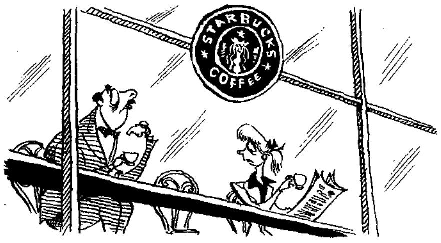
“I think we’ll launch in the right direction," Barnes says. "We'll be writing about the White House and Congress, but also about the federal bureaucracy, the political class, the parasite class, the information brokers, the journalists, the lobbyists—all of them. And, no, I don't think Newt Gingrich will be happy with everything we write."

And Rupert Murdoch?

"He's promised us full—absolutely full—independence," Barnes says. "I think he'll be a great employer."

COFFEE CRISIS

A NEW problem exists. The problem has to do with coffee—specifically with Starbucks, specifically with the proliferation of Starbucks, and specifically with the problem of agreeing you'll meet someone at Starbucks. For a while, this was not a problem, back when there was only one Starbucks, on the corner of Broadway and Eighty-seventh. Back then, you could say to a friend, "Let's meet at Starbucks," and you and your friend would know precisely what you meant—the way you can say, "Let's meet at the Statue of Liberty," and be confident you are both talking about exactly the same Statue of Liberty. Then, overnight or so, about fifty Starbucks opened in Manhattan, and what had been a telegraphic exchange ("Starbucks, tomorrow, nine, O.K.?") became a negotiation ("Which Starbucks? The one on Broadway? *Which* Starbucks on Broadway? The one at Eighty-seventh or the one at Eighty-first or the coffee bar in the Barnes & Noble on Broadway that features Starbucks coffee?") or, worse, a rich opportunity for miscommunication, in which one of you meant one Starbucks and the other meant another and you each show up at *your* Starbucks and wait and wait and never meet. Starbucks—all of them—may now be filled with people who are waiting in the wrong place. Nostalgically speaking, there may even have been a moment, before this Starbucks glut, when coffee joints were so sparse that you could have said, "Meet me at that—you know, that coffee place," and you wouldn't have had to give a brand name at all. Of course, that would have been so long ago no one would possibly remember it.



EX-FUNDAMENTALIST SEEKS MOLES

SKIPP PORTEOUS, a weathervane of things to come, is the co-founder and national director of the Institute for First Amendment Studies, which has kept tabs on the far right for eleven years. Most such watchdog groups—there are a dozen or so operating across the country—have the largely thankless job of monitoring the mailings, public meetings, and broadcasts of organizations like the Christian Coalition. But Porteous goes a step further. Although he describes the institute as a "nonprofit research and educational organization," it doubles as an intelligence-gathering operation, and much of its information comes from a secret network of roughly two dozen moles. For all practical purposes, Porteous says, he's a spymaster.

Porteous is fifty-one years old, but he looks much younger. He is portly and cheerful, with wavy, swept-back brown hair, hazel eyes, and a round, cherubic face. He speaks with a kind of wondrous earnestness which undoubtedly came in handy during his two previous lives: from 1978 to 1981, he was an undercover narcotics cop, and before that he spent twelve years as an evangelical minister. He attributes his own fall from fundamentalism to the creeping realization that sin—which he refers to in his autobiography, "Jesus Doesn't Live Here Anymore," as religion's chief selling point—is "nothing more than a theological concept which has no basis in reality." Reborn as a First Amendment activist, Porteous publishes—with his wife, Barbara Simon—the *Freedom Writer*, a newsletter promoting the separation of church and state, and he seeks converts and volunteers on college campuses and in church groups. "On the basis of people's backgrounds and how they behave, I can tell if this is something they would be good at," Porteous says, adding that lapsed fundamentalists make the best moles.

The institute is funded by private contributors and by occasional grants from endowments, such as the Ms. Foundation for Women. It has its headquarters in an unpretentious white clapboard house in the nouveau-hippie Berkshires community of Great Barrington, Massachusetts—an idyllic setting for any business venture, and a particularly surreal one for a venture concerned with covert operations. The house is sparsely furnished, and has the sterile feel of a model home; its wood floors and Oriental-style rugs do a middling job of covering up the delicate yet distinct whiff of paranoia. The house is also highly secured, by means of hidden cameras and a sophisticated alarm system. Cordless phones are prohibited—too easy to intercept—and Porteous often checks the office for bugs. The building's second floor houses "information central," a room with a copier, four computers, and an assistant who surfs the Internet for tidbits that might provide Porteous with clues. In another room, there are customized U.S. maps stuck with pins outlining key "activity regions."

Lately, the I.F.A.S. has been looking into militias. Indeed, one of Porteous's moles sent him a fax regarding the Oklahoma City bombing just ninety minutes after the attack. And several weeks before the bombing one of his operatives sent him a computer disk containing a list of about forty-five hundred names, mostly of militia members, compiled by a "militia leader in a Western state." Among the names were about two hundred that had been tagged "The Enemy," including Attorney General Janet Reno; the F.B.I. chief, Louis Freeh; President Clinton; former President Bush; and the Reverend Billy Graham. The mole subsequently provided cassette tapes of a meeting of Christian Identity followers, the day after the bombing, at which the disaster was referred to as "only the beginning."

Porteous is nearly always in motion, but when seated he doesn't sit in his chair so much as lounge there, occupying space. One of his favorite positions is anywhere near a door or window—anywhere he can see the outside. On a recent afternoon, he was stopped midsentence by an unexpected sight on the street. "Hah! There was a yellow Ryder truck outside," Porteous said. "That was the truck in Oklahoma. It's gone now, though," he said, looking relieved. In fact, as news trickled out into the media about Porteous's expertise—thereby making him something of a celebrity in his circle of watchdogs, subversives, and spies—someone fired a shot toward his house. "It's a little overwhelming, all this activity," he said. "We're usually really quiet."

BASKETBALL DIARY

A WEEK ago Sunday, during the first game of the Knicks-Pacers series, it seemed a good idea to stay away from the Garden and the television, and instead take a long walk in good weather to hear some music downtown. The music was fine and the walk a wonderful escape, especially from the merciless job of fandom.

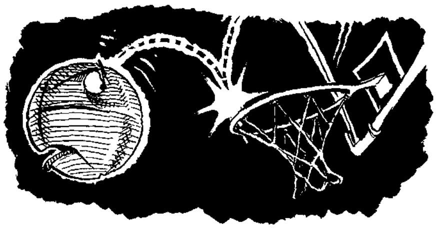
Ignorance, however, became impossible. On West Seventy-second Street, near Dougie's, a kosher barbecue joint, two Orthodox Jews were in the throes of lamentation. Bobbing, weaving, hand gestures, wails of grief. This was not prayer—nothing like it. The language was English (saltily so, on closer hearing), and the gestures were more athletic than devotional. It soon became clear that these men were reënacting, *re-suffering*, the game.

"Oy! And then Anthony just falls on his face!"

"Oy!"

"You're telling me!"

Even the blissfully ignorant could sense in an instant—in the New York way that bad news seems to leak out of car windows and overheard conversations on the subway—that the Knicks had not won. What was not obvious was the shape of the failure, the contours of the



REMEMBERING MARY BINGHAM

EVERYTHING about Mary Caperton Bingham was upbeat. She was ninety years old, and dauntless. She was a good friend of mine and my wife's, and just a few weeks ago we spent a long and lovely weekend with her at her home, outside Louisville, Kentucky, having a hard time keeping up with her schedule as she shepherded us to eight plays in three days at the celebrated Humana Festival of the Actors Theatre of Louisville, one of the many special pleasures in her life. Mary was the widow of Barry Bingham, the legendary publisher of the liberal and influential Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and for many years she had been the literary editor of the paper. Her invitations arrived like beneficent beams of sunlight, accompanied by cautionary reminders that the world is a serious place. She would send a flurry of blue Post-its, containing, in her hand, such welcoming words as "joy," "embrace," "delight," and "can't wait," but printed at the bottom of the slips were such messages as "Annually, each American pays taxes of $1,137.28 for the military, $201.00 for education and 68 cents for the arts." And then, under those, in her own hand, "Love, Mary."

Shortly after our weekend, she attended a large testimonial dinner in her honor in Louisville. She rose, with a captivating smile, and said that she had been so touched by the evening that "the best thing would be for a big pink cloud to come down and take me away." She then plunged into her speech. More money was needed for the Louisville Free Public Library. Something was amiss with the press: it was neglecting its responsibilities in a democracy. She was halfway through, coming to a paragraph that contained the words "I think another and understandable reason for the public's growing distrust and dislike of the media—and not only of the talk-show rabble-rousers, and the primates on the far religious right, but of the formerly respected mainstream media—is the media's self-righteous pomposity and their sneering and contemptuous coverage of all public figures," when, suddenly, she toppled over, and within seconds her pulse stopped.

Mary lived in what was called the Little House, as distinct from the Big House, which is now occupied by her son, Barry, Jr., and his wife, Edith. The estate has a baronial quality, but Mary's house was both elegant and cozy: fireplaces; small, jewel-like libraries; intriguing nooks and crannies. How to recall our last wonderful, carefree weekend with her? Piles of books and magazines placed at our bedside (poems, *The Economist*, books on civil rights, on art, on Adlai Stevenson, on theatre). Watching, openmouthed, as Mary tripped lightly up and down a series of steps in the three-level Italianate house, while we grabbed at the bannisters. Mary showed intense interest in all the plays we saw. One of them, "July 7, 1994," by Donald Margulies, depicting a harrowing day in the life of a woman doctor in an inner-city clinic, so affected all three of us that at the end, like children, we burst into tears: a responsive bond I will never forget.

From time to time, back at the house, during infrequent rest periods, memos would arrive, such as "From Mary Bingham. 'I have always considered complaints of ill-usage contemptible, whether from a seduced disappointed girl, or a turned-out Prime Minister.' Lord Melbourne, Letters." There were visits with family, fine meals, and, to my special delight, copious strips of bacon served as canapés. At the crack of dawn, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the *Times* were delivered to the guest-room door.

During our last lunch together, Mary asked me, "What is your favorite passage in the Bible?" and, somewhat startled, I heard myself saying, "From Ecclesiastes: 'Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.' "

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

Knicks' historic fold: Reggie Miller's eight points in nine seconds; John Starks's foul-line choke; Patrick Ewing's flub; Greg Anthony's flop—in all, the most dramatic turn of athletic events seen in this city since Bill Buckner booted the ball a decade ago at Shea.

"So the Knicks lost?"

The two men, dressed in black jackets and Cons, suddenly stopped their peculiar ritual. They stood silent, stock straight, as they considered the pathetic question and the questioner. Their expressions shifted, slowly, from outrage to measured sympathy, like doctors not quite willing to give the news directly but wanting to convey a general idea.

"Yes, they lost," one man said, theatrically saying no more than that.

"Big? They lost big?"

The two men could not bear to look in their questioner's eyes. "Go home," one of them said gently. "Go home. It's worse than that." And it was. It was so much worse.

HAMMERING

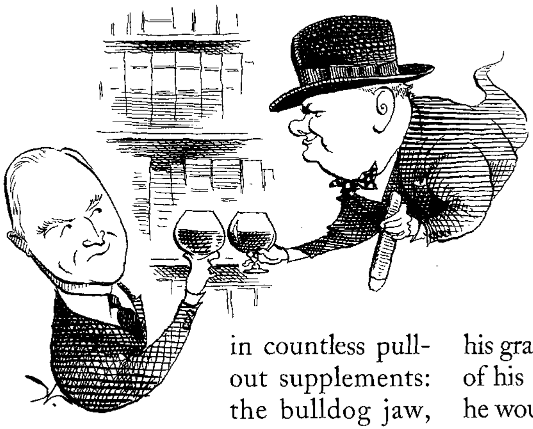
There was hammering outside
my window.
Men were breaking up a patio
in the courtyard.
They shouted in accented voices.

Destroying and shouting—
they sounded so happy!

—SPARROW

CHURCHILL DOWNER

DURING the runup to V-E Day, the British newspapers were full of stories about Winston Churchill. And who could be surprised by that? There he was, the nation's great war leader, in countless pull-out supplements: the bulldog jaw, the chomped cigar, the nation-saving speeches. Throughout the realm, the stage seemed set for a heart-tugging outbreak of remembrance and homage, with the name "Churchill" in near-celestial lights.



On the front pages, though, it was a different story; indeed, it was a different Churchill—Winston No. 2. This Winston, the statesman's fifty-four-year-old grandson, was no hero. A long-serving, low-achieving, famously right-wing conservative M.P., Young Winston—on the very eve of Britain's great effort of commemoration—had sold his grandfather's private archive to the nation for some twenty million dollars. And, to twist the knife, the money to pay for it had come from the proceeds of the National Lottery—a new feature, this, of British life, and one viewed by some as the spiritual antithesis of whatever it was that saw the country through those dark days between 1939 and 1945.

Young Winston was well and truly pilloried. He had heaped "shame on the family name," according to the mass-market daily *Sun*, and even the deeply Tory *Sunday Telegraph* found the whole transaction deficient in, at the very least, "good taste." No one seemed greatly moved by the information that Young Winston was on the brink of an expensive divorce, or that he was a badly bruised Lloyds' Name. In fact, more than one newspaper saw fit to mention that his mother, Pamela Harriman, was "reputed to be worth many millions."

In the face of this almost unanimous press scorn, Winston was not exactly Churchillian in his defiance, but he gave it his best shot. The archive, he said, would have had to be sold abroad piecemeal if the British Government had not coughed up. He explained that he had had many tempting offers, and that a less patriotic soul might have gone looking for a better price. And anyway the money would be paid not directly to him but to a family trust that his grandfather had set up for the benefit of his male heirs. As for Old Winston, he would not, as some alleged, be "turning in his grave." On the contrary, his grandson said, he would more than likely have been gratified to see patriotism and profit so happily conjoined. He might also have taken special pride in his grandson's insistence on retaining the family's lucrative copyright in the papers it no longer owned. It was perhaps the intimation that Winston No. 1 also had an eye for a quick guinea which caused the Churchill-papers furor to calm down.

Some kind of debate about the Churchill archive will doubtless continue, but not until the V-E Day festivities are further in the past. Several gray areas have yet to be explored. For instance, with a man like the first Winston Churchill, how do you draw the line between public and private papers? For the purposes of the recent sale, all in-between items were classified as "private," and this meant that John Major was not lying when he told the Commons that the state had bought no papers it already owned. But sooner or later there will have to be a ruling on a more central issue: Do exiting ministers have the right to make off with their paperwork? If the answer turns out to be no, Old Winston's habit of squirrelling away every salable relic he could lay his hands on will no doubt present itself for comment. And if this happens Young Winston's conduct may have to be viewed more understandingly—as the late flowering of an established family trait.

AROUND TOWN

OUTSIDE the Beacon Theatre, on Broadway. Two men, previously unknown to each other, make contact because both are waiting for the same woman. One man, an Upper East Sider, a wee bit condescendingly: "Which part of the city do you live in?"

"Dumbo."

A pause. "What?"

"The District Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass. And you gotta be dumb to live there." ♦

This week's contributors: David Remnick, Susan Orlean, Janet Reitman, David Remnick, Ian Hamilton, Anthony Haden-Guest.

Three times a month in May, June, September and October, Al Andalus Express takes you on 5-night/4-day tours through southern Spain.

LUX

Embrace the splendor of Andalusia without leaving your 5-star hotel behind.

URY

Journey through the joyous cities of Andalusia aboard Al Andalus Express, an exquisitely restored, 1920s vintage train – your own traveling 5-star hotel. Journey from Seville to Córdoba, home of the Great Mosque. Then to Granada, where the beauty of the Alhambra unfolds. Ancient Ronda is next, followed by the sherry-making region of Jerez. Finally, in Seville, you'll marvel at the cathedral and the Santa Cruz quarter. Come discover the ultimate way to dance, dine and sightsee your way through the majesty of southern Spain. For reservations, call your travel agent or (800) 223-1356.

ESPAÑA

Spain. Passion for life.

Yes, I want to take advantage of today's favorable exchange rate. Please rush me information on Al Andalus Express.

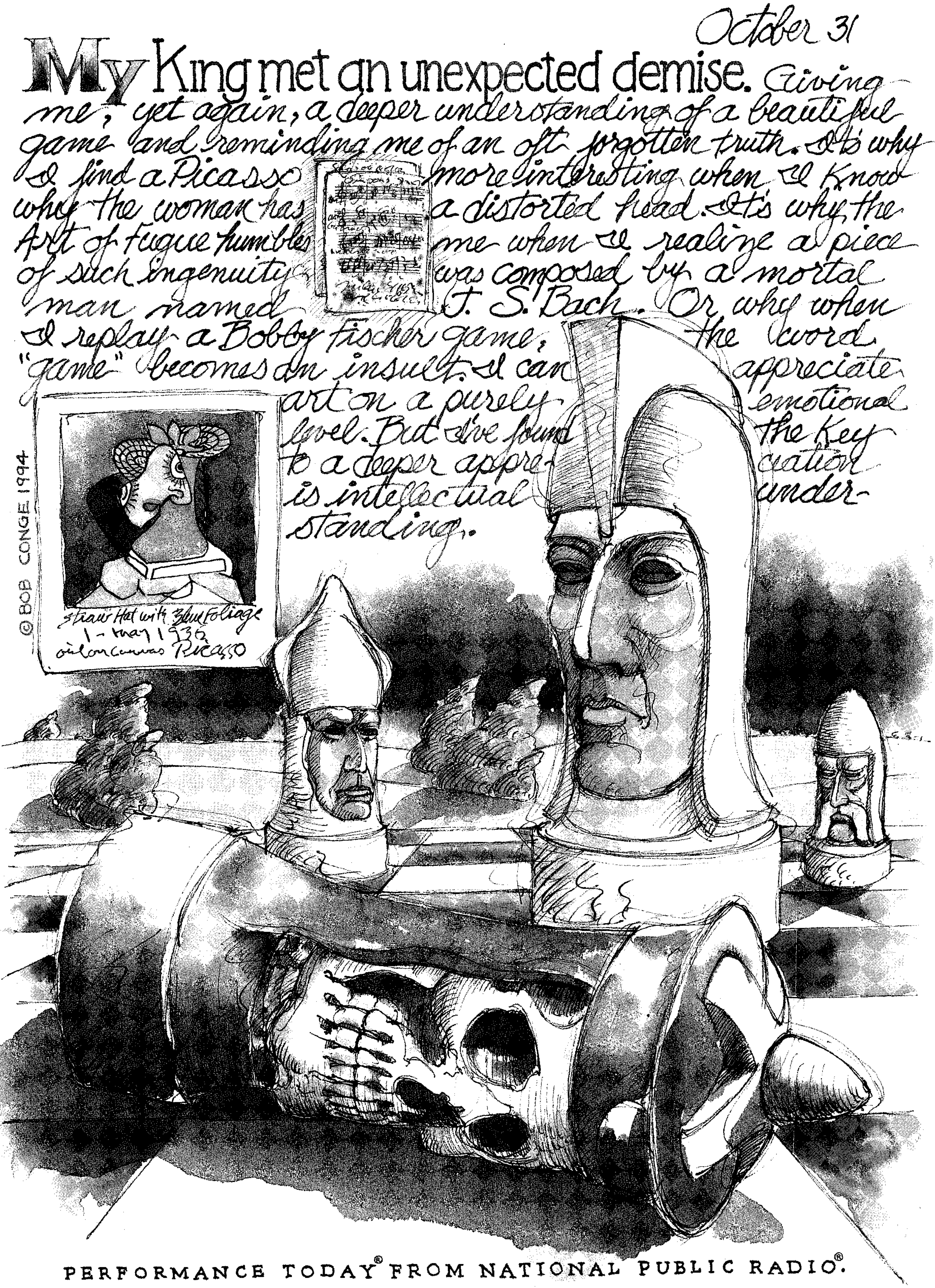
Tourist Office of Spain • New York: 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022, Tel: (212) 759-8822 • Chicago: 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, Tel: (312) 642-1992 • Miami: 1221 Brickell Ave., Suite 1850, Miami, FL 33131, Tel: (305) 358-1992 • Los Angeles: 8383 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, Tel: (213) 658-7188

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

NY522



October 31

My King met an unexpected demise. Giving me, yet again, a deeper understanding of a beautiful game and reminding me of an oft forgotten truth. It's why I find a Picasso more interesting when I know why the woman has a distorted head. It's why the Art of Fugue humbles me when I realize a piece of such ingenuity was composed by a mortal man named J. S. Bach. Or why when I replay a Bobby Fischer game, the word "game" becomes an insult. I can appreciate art on a purely emotional level. But I've found the key to a deeper appreciation is intellectual understanding.

PERFORMANCE TODAY® FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO®.
OPENING MINDS TO CLASSICAL MUSIC.

Concept: Williams & Rockwood, Salt Lake City

ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

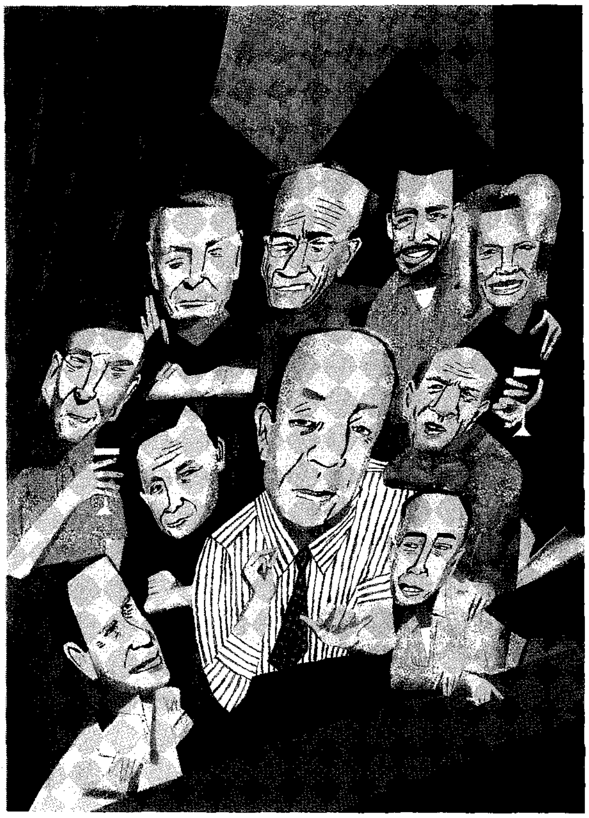
THE CONSIGLIERE

There are big decisions yet to be made in the MCA-Seagram deal, and they may all involve Herbert Allen.

BY KEN AULETTA

HERBERT A. ALLEN'S official biography contains just five sentences, and they reveal almost nothing about the man. The biography says that Allen is the chief executive officer of Allen & Company, a privately held investment-banking firm; is a member of the board of directors of the Coca-Cola Company; was once chairman of the board of Columbia Pictures; and graduated from Williams College. There is no hint that Allen has become the unofficial investment-banking consigliere to many of the world's communications companies. Allen calls himself "an owner" and "a buyer," and notes that, on behalf of Allen & Company, the Allen family, and the partners, he has several hundred million dollars invested in a hundred and fifty companies. "I'm not an investment banker," he says. Nevertheless, clients seek his investment advice. Last November, he was summoned to a meeting in Osaka with Yoichi Morishita, the president of the Matsushita Electric Industrial Company. In 1990, Allen represented Matsushita when it bought MCA, which is the parent of Universal Pictures, Putnam Publishing, a television company, and a record company, and in addition has an interest in theme parks. Now, having tired of the extravagant costs and the narcissism of Hollywood, Matsushita wanted Allen to help it sell MCA. What unfolded over the next five months will no doubt contribute to the Allen legend.

Allen is fifty-five but appears to be older. He has pouches under his eyes, which are deep-set and dark; his forehead is high and is topped by thinning, short black hair. His face looks gaunt. He is wide-shouldered and lithe, however, and laughs easily, and he conveys the impression that he is an older man inhabiting a young man's body.



Allen advises the biggest names in the entertainment industry—and has so far kept them all happy.

MARK ULRIKSEN

Sitting across from Allen in Osaka, Morishita asked him how much MCA might bring in an outright sale, and Allen said seven to eight billion dollars. Morishita asked him to prepare what Allen calls "a menu of choices" regarding MCA. Back in the States, Allen visited MCA's executives and listened to their analysis of the business and to their complaints about dealing with Matsushita. In December, at a second meeting in Osaka, with eleven Matsushita executives present, four members

ATTRACTIVE ESTATE DIAMOND EARRINGS

PAIR PLATINUM CLUSTER EARRINGS. C.1935. $6500

PAIR YELLOW GOLD THREE LEAF CLOVER DROP EARRINGS. C.1880. $3500

PAIR PLATINUM DROP EARRINGS. C.1935. $3850

PAIR YELLOW GOLD CLUSTER EARRINGS. C.1880. $6600

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617) 266-1858

Free Catalog

Teak and Mahogany Outdoor Furniture

Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled

All-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Benches, swings, market umbrellas, tables, chairs, lounges, and more. Available fully assembled, or as kits that are easy and fun to put together.

Wood Classics
Box 95Y2110,Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-5599

THE FEARRINGTON HOUSE

Twenty-four charming rooms and a great southern restaurant. Nestled in the fields just south of Chapel Hill, NC. Convenient to I-95, I-85, I-40.

AAA FIVE DIAMOND RELAIS & CHATEAUX

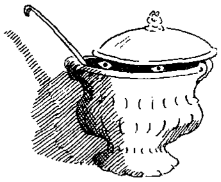
2000-N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 919-542-2121.

AMERICA'S BEST RIVER TRIP

6-day Wilderness Vacations rafting Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon. $1,295. per person.
Outdoor Adventures P. O. Box 1149
Pt. Reyes, CA 94956 1-800-323-4234

of Allen's team presented a financial analysis of MCA's strengths and weaknesses—the kind of computer-generated presentation that Allen prefers not to do himself. He is not a spreadsheet specialist, not someone who is constantly taking notes. Although his clients all agree that he is smart and financially adept, when they are asked to describe his talents they usually mention not professional qualities but personal ones—candor, independence, loyalty, and a shrewd sense of people and their motives.

When the focus of the second Osaka meeting shifted from hard numbers to matters of judgment, Allen spoke up. The Matsushita executives said that they were puzzled by the behavior of MCA's chairman, Lew R. Wasserman, and its president, Sidney J. Sheinberg, who for months had been talking openly to the American media about their grievances against their Japanese parent, their principal complaint being that Matsushita would not allow them to buy a television network or to expand into other areas. Expressing one's grievances publicly was alien to the team-oriented Japanese management culture, and in the most indirect, polite ways the Matsushita leaders said so.



Allen's response was blunt. The Matsushita executives had just three options, he said. One, they could retain Wasserman and Sheinberg and other MCA executives and support their expansion plans; two, they could sell MCA; or, three, they could keep MCA and invest more resources but change the management. Allen said that if they chose the first or the third option they should do as Wasserman and Sheinberg wanted and invest more money to buy a broadcast network, perhaps, or expand into cable and other new media.

For weeks after the December meeting, Allen heard nothing from Osaka, but the silence was no surprise to him. Nor did it particularly bother him. Allen is a stoic, and he knew that Japanese companies tended to be secretive about their decision-making and tried to reach an internal consensus before sharing their thoughts with outsiders. By March, Matsushita had reached a consensus to sell MCA. By April, Allen had helped engineer a sale.

What was unusual about the sale was its inside nature: Without a public auction, Allen delivered MCA from one client to another. In some ways, it was the kind of inside deal that Allen criticized when Viacom's chairman, Sumner Redstone, and Paramount's chairman, Martin Davis, agreed, in 1993, to a friendly merger without an auction. Nevertheless, with the help of Michael Ovitz, the chairman of the Creative Artists Agency, who had also represented Matsushita four years ago and was an adviser in this negotiation, Allen persuaded the Japanese to sell the company to Edgar Bronfman, Jr., the president of the Seagram Company. Bronfman advanced his own cause by twice flying to Osaka to have dinner with Morishita. The first of these visits was arranged by attorneys at Simpson Thacher, which had long represented Seagram and now, conveniently, was counselling Matsushita. After the second dinner, Morishita told Bronfman that he would make an exclusive arrangement to sell Seagram eighty per cent of MCA subject to price and timing. Word of the deal leaked out in late March, when Seagram raised the cash by selling its stock in E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Company for nine billion dollars. And when word did get out, a friend of Bronfman's says, "a long, juicy list of those interested in MCA" materialized, including Ronald Perelman's New World Communications and the German-based media conglomerate Bertelsmann.

By then, however, Allen and Ovitz—along with Seagram's traditional investment-banking firm, Goldman, Sachs, which, like Seagram's usual outside counsel, Simpson Thacher, was this time representing Matsushita—had locked up the deal for Seagram. There would be no bidding war. "All our regular advisers were on the other side," Edgar Bronfman, Jr., says. "I hope that was helpful." According to Allen, the major credit for putting the deal together for Bronfman belongs to the attorneys at Simpson Thacher. In corporate boardrooms, however, Allen is thought of as the architect of the deal. When it comes to Hollywood and investment banking, "all roads lead through Herbert," says Brian Roberts, who is the president of Comcast, the nation's fourth-largest cable-television company.

Now that Bronfman owns MCA, he has at least three major decisions to make—all of which could involve Allen. First, he must decide on an executive to run MCA—a decision in which Allen may play a pivotal role. Sources close to Bronfman say that he is talking to others but that his first choice is Ovitz, who is a friend of both Bronfman's and Allen's. Someone familiar with the situation says, "Bronfman has talked to him about the job." Ovitz might be able to bring with him the consortium of three telephone companies that he has helped organize to provide video on demand; the consortium could give MCA more of a presence in new media. Ovitz, a friend says, has grown tired of the constant hand-holding and selling required of an agent, even one with his power. But before Ovitz would leave Creative Artists, a company he built and from which he is reported to receive thirty-five million dollars annually, he would want to net about two hundred million dollars from the sale of his stake in it, and from his entry into MCA he would want a promise of "reasonable autonomy" and other assurances, an Ovitz intimate says. And one man he would rely on for counsel is Herbert Allen.

Second, Bronfman must decide whether to sell Seagram's fifteen-per-cent stake in Time Warner, which is worth two billion dollars, and which Allen helped Bronfman buy last year. Within the investment-banking community, one hears mild derision over speculation that Bronfman and Allen, as soon as the MCA sale was set, did not exercise Seagram's leverage on Time Warner, the world's largest communications company, to extract a steep exit price. This is what the investor Kirk Kerkorian may be trying to do by threatening a takeover of Chrysler. The practice is called "greenmail," and Allen considers it a form of extortion. Still, there are Allen clients—NBC, which is owned by General Electric, and perhaps two or three others—who might like to be partners with Time Warner.

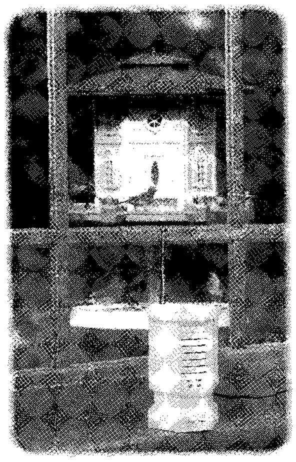
Finally, the road for Seagram to acquire or become partners with a TV network could pass through Allen. Seagram needs a network for the same reason that Twentieth Century Fox, Warner Bros., and Paramount started their own networks: studios want a guaranteed distribution system for their television-production factories. At the moment, however, Bronfman is not thinking about a network. "I have nothing on my plate but understanding MCA," he says. "This is a big enough bite for us. Once we understand the business, there will be a whole lot of opportunities for growing." When Bronfman is ready to make another move, Allen has a client—NBC, again—that is searching for a global partner.

ALLEN owns nearly forty per cent of Allen & Company, his family owns thirty-five per cent more, and fifteen directors own the rest. Associates estimate Allen's private fortune to be a billion dollars—a sum that helps account for his independence. His firm employs a hundred and sixty people and occupies two floors of a building on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties. Allen has a modest office whose windows overlook Fifth Avenue, and which contains only a desk with a brown leather desk chair, a beige couch, two blue suède armchairs, and a third blue chair opposite the desk. Allen says that when he is not in the middle of a big deal his investment-banking duties consume about twenty per cent of his time. The remainder, he says, is taken up with managing the firm and investing its capital.

"Herbert's life wouldn't make a commercial movie," says the movie producer Ray Stark, who is seventy-nine, and has been one of Allen's best friends for nearly three decades. "He doesn't blow up. He is not an exciting person for the screen, because he's not volatile." Allen is intensely private. He has rarely been written about, and once explained this reluctance by telling me, "I don't need the kindness of strangers." He is set in his ways. He does not smoke or drink or tell dirty jokes. He detests modern art, but loves American Impressionists, and he collects their work. He does not listen to jazz, or to music that has no recognizable melody. He hates all rock and roll, and is partial to Frank Sinatra and Broadway musicals of another era. Twice divorced, he does have a woman in his life—Gail Holmes, a Denver real-estate executive—but they are together only about ten days a month. He enjoys solitude, and lives alone, except for four dogs, at the Carlyle Hotel. He rises early and walks to his office, about a mile away, arriving before seven. Most mornings, soon after he arrives at his desk he speaks on the phone with Bronx Administrative Judge Burton Roberts, who has been a friend for three decades. Twenty years ago, Allen introduced Roberts to his friend Tom Wolfe, and Wolfe used him as the model for the judge in "The Bonfire of the Vanities." The call to Roberts is usually the first of more than a hundred calls. Daily, Allen speaks with his sister, Susan; with Ray Stark; and with Michael Ovitz; he is regularly in touch with other friends, including the NBC anchor Tom Brokaw; a San Francisco bar owner named Ed Moose; a Washington lobbyist, Mike Berman; and ten or so friends from Williams College.

Around six, Allen walks from his office to either Bravo Gianni or Gabriel's for dinner. When he dines alone, as he does one or two nights a week, he likes to read a book of nonfiction. At Bravo Gianni, he is often the restaurant's first customer. He always sits at the same table, next to a wall, orders a bottle of the same expensive Italian red wine, and drinks one glass, two at the most, with dinner. Then he walks home and tries to get to bed by ten. Friends who want to spend time with him are expected to adjust to his habits. "He's the most eccentric person I know," Michael Ovitz says. Ovitz recalled a weekend that his family spent at a ranch Allen owns, in Cody, Wyoming. Dinner was planned for six o'clock. "I made the mistake of being fifteen minutes late, since I was on the phone—unlike him, I have to earn a living," Ovitz says. "When I arrived, he and my entire family were into their second course. He had my courses stacked up like planes in a holding pattern at Kennedy. Herbert said, 'You're late.' "

In addition to the ranch at Cody, Allen has a mansion in Southampton that his four grown children use but he hasn't visited in two years, a hilltop farm in Williamstown, Massachusetts, and several condominiums in Sun Valley, Idaho, where for the past dozen years or so he has held an annual weeklong retreat for leaders in the business commu-

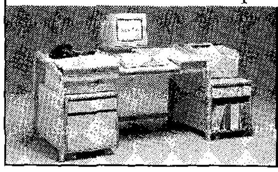

There's A Concert Going On In Your Backyard.

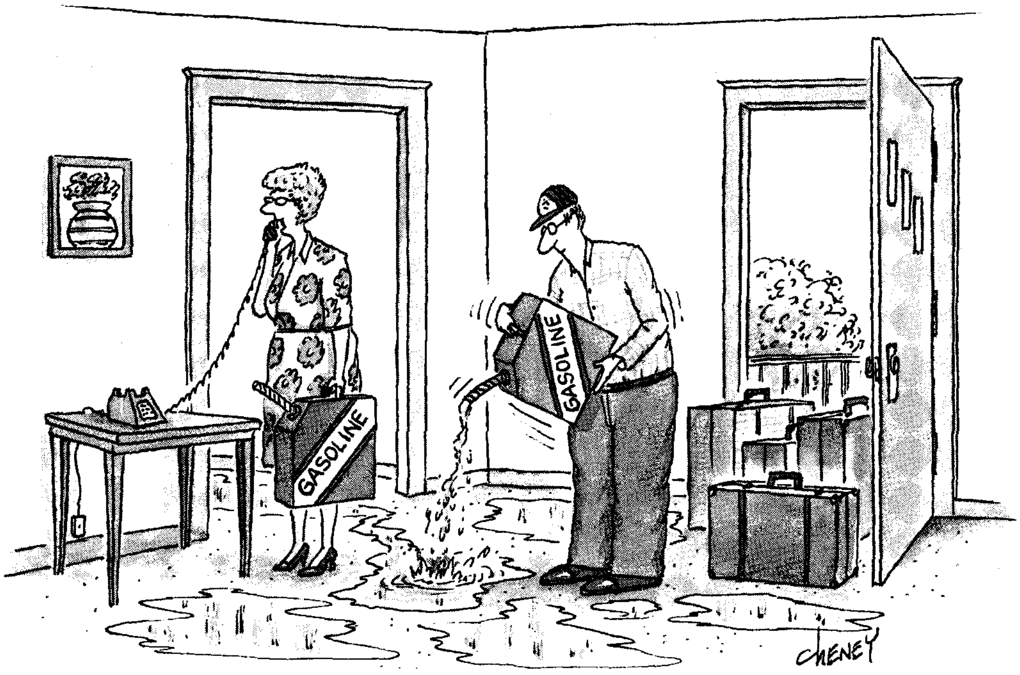
The WingSong® Bird Feeder's patented built-in microphone and receiver bring the sounds of wild birds into your home–live. Developed with advice from Cornell University's Laboratory of Ornithology, WingSong attracts a greater number and variety of colorful birds. For information on where to find WingSong, call County Line Limited® at 1-800-692-6056.

WingSong®
Bird Feeder System with Sound Monitor

Keltic Lodge
A resort on cliffs overlooking the ocean, commanding a view like no other. A majestic location on Nova Scotia's world-famous Cabot Trail.
1-800-565-0444
(Ask for operator #54)

Baseball Fantasy Weekend
Play & dine with Hall of Famer Catfish Hunter, Jim Bouton, and '69 Mets heroes at this extraordinary camp, Aug. 18-20 in Glen Spey, near Port Jervis, NY. Adults & fathers-sons. Just $250.
Jack Aker Baseball (800)321-5225

Scandinavian Computer Furniture

Tables from $309
Cabinets from $169
Call for a free catalog
ScanCo
1-800-722-6263



"Oh, that sounds lovely, dear, but I'm afraid your father and I have already made plans."

nity and their families. Allen has represented many of those who attend, including John Malone, who is the C.E.O. of Tele-Communications, Inc., the world's largest cable company; Rupert Murdoch, the C.E.O. of the News Corporation; Barry Diller, the entertainment executive, who recently sold his stake in QVC; Edgar Bronfman, Jr.; Robert Wright, the president of NBC; two DreamWorks SKG co-founders, David Geffen and Jeffrey Katzenberg; Viacom's chairman, Sumner Redstone, whom he helped acquire Viacom in 1987 and for whom he (and Stanley Shuman, a partner in his firm) sold Madison Square Garden last year; and Coca-Cola's C.E.O., Roberto C. Goizueta, to whom he sold Columbia Pictures in 1982. (With Allen's assistance, Coke sold it to Sony in 1989.) Allen always arranges for a photographer to take pictures of the guests at the Sun Valley retreat, and each day a new set of pictures is framed and hung on the walls—of the investor Warren Buffett fishing, for instance, or of Microsoft's Bill Gates and Disney's Michael Eisner hiking. Allen is always urging friends and clients to take time off and go on safari with their children, for example, as he has. With a hint of envy, Michael Ovitz observes that Allen has achieved an ideal balance between business and leisure. "He has it all figured out," Ovitz says.

In terms of fees earned or number of deals made, Allen is not the most productive investment banker in the communications world—that distinction probably belongs to Steven Rattner, the head of Lazard Frères & Company's communications group—but he has certainly been involved in some of the largest media deals. "He is one of the few people in the financial community who fit into that world," Felix Rohatyn, of Lazard Frères, says of Allen. "He's more *them* than *us*." Murdoch, who has relied on Allen & Company's Stan Shuman for twenty years but also talks regularly with Allen, says, "They are the Hollywood investment bank of choice." Viacom's C.E.O., Frank Biondi, says, "He's the functional equivalent of a rainmaker."

Allen's influence stems not only from understanding of and experience in the entertainment business but also from long relationships with people in the business and years of giving solid advice. Associates describe doing business with Allen in metaphysical terms. Jeffrey Katzenberg says, "Why do we choose one doctor over another? We don't know what they know. What we do know is how they make us feel. Herbert makes you feel comfortable and confident. He's never pushing." Warren Buffett, who, like Allen, is a director of Coca-Cola, says of him, "He has none of the bombast and fad-of-the-month that you run into in the investment-banking world. It's a quiet self-confidence—but not a self-important style—that inspires confidence."

One reason clients feel comfortable with Allen is that in a business of salesmen he always behaves like a buyer. In part, this is because Allen & Company, unlike most investment banks, puts up its own money to support deals. "We own all or part of a hundred and fifty companies," Allen says. Most of the company's income—sixty per cent, he says—derives not from fees but from investments: "We are a buyer. Most of our business is buying. The essence of our business is ownership. We don't think like agents. We think like principals."

Allen has more money than many of his clients, and his wealth allows him to behave like a benefactor. He always picks up the tab at a restaurant. When friends or clients want to get away, Allen insists that they use one of his houses, and provides a full staff. When Katzenberg was thinking about leaving Walt Disney Studios, and again after he left, when he was thinking about what to do next, he sought Allen's counsel. When Michael Ovitz, several years ago, wanted to better understand investment banking, he sought out Allen as a tutor. When Senator Bill Bradley, of New Jersey, who has counted Allen a friend for more than twenty years, wants disinterested advice, he seeks out Allen. Bradley says he trusts Allen, because "he'll always keep a confidence, and he'll never talk about other people to me."

With clients, Allen can be blunt, as he was with Matsushita. Edgar Bronfman, Jr., says that candor is the quality in Allen that most impresses him. "He tells you what he believes, whether you hear it or not," Bronfman says. One witness recalls that when Bronfman was acquiring his stake in Time Warner, and Time Warner's C.E.O., Gerald Levin, refused to invite him to join the board and refused to solicit his advice, Allen was a hawk. Get tough with Levin, he advised. Other Bronfman advisers were pushing conciliation, but Allen told him to insist on a board seat and to urge the sale of some Time Warner assets to reduce the corporation's debt. Bronfman recalls Allen's advice: " 'You need to decide what you want out of Time Warner. You've been patient enough. Now your patience is looking like weakness.' " Bronfman sided with the doves, and Levin succeeded in blocking Seagram—one reason that Bronfman decided to court MCA.

Contributing to Allen's allure is the way he treats fees. "It's your call," he often tells clients when they ask about the fee. Rupert Murdoch says, "He gives you the feeling he's almost doing it for fun—and he is." In 1993, when Robert Greenhill, of Smith Barney, helped bring together Sumner Redstone, of Viacom, and Paramount's chairman, Martin Davis, Redstone sent Allen and Alan (Ace) Greenberg, of Bear, Stearns, each a check for a million dollars. Redstone said it was for past services, since both Allen and Greenberg had tried over the past several years to bring the two companies together. Greenberg kept his check, but Allen thought that Redstone was attempting to keep him on the sidelines in what would become a contest for the control of Paramount, so he sent his check back with a note saying he had done nothing to earn it. (Redstone was not amused, particularly when, just days later, it became known that Allen was representing Barry Diller, the president of QVC, who also was interested in buying Paramount. A year later, however, Redstone hired Allen & Company to sell Madison Square Garden.)

Allen refused another, even bigger check when the battle for Paramount ended. Diller says that in early 1994, after QVC lost to Viacom, he wanted to pay Allen a fee "well in excess of a million dollars" for Allen & Company's effort. On at least three separate occasions, Allen declined. Diller finally sent along a check for more than a million dollars to cover expenses. He recalls that Allen sent it back with a letter saying, "I committed to do this. I will not cost the shareholders of QVC a nickel." (Of course, Allen & Company made up for the loss when Diller paid it a fee of ten million dollars to sell his stake in QVC.)

Some people feel that such acts border on the cavalier. "You can't pay the rent giving checks back," says Hans W. Kertess, a director of Salomon Brothers, who is a boyhood friend of Allen's and was the best man at his first wedding. Still, Allen's apparent largesse has become both a source of loyalty and a powerful marketing tool. "There is no transaction that I'm involved in that he will not be a part of," Diller declares.

ACTING like a buyer is no doubt easy for one who is born into wealth. The firm that serves as Allen's power base was started by his uncle, Charles, and his father seven decades ago. Charles Allen was a high-school dropout who became a Wall Street runner and, in 1919, with his younger brother, Herbert, who was also a high-school dropout, began investing in stocks. Their initial capital was supplied by Charles's first wife. From about 1922 on, the brothers deliberately stood apart from much of Wall Street, and by 1940 they were merchant bankers, relying not on fees to make money but on their own investment convictions. Allen says that his father, who is now eighty-seven and ailing, and his uncle, who died last year, "made a great partnership, in that they complemented each other's weaknesses." It was, however, a partnership of only two partners, and the company was a far less collegial place than it is today.

Herbert spent a good part of his childhood in the leafy Westchester suburb of Irvington. His father's mother "was Jewish—we think," Allen says. His father became a nonpracticing Unitarian—an agnostic, that is. Herbert's mother was an Irish Catholic, and she had her daughter and her son baptized in the church, but, like his father, Herbert abhorred the structure and the discipline of formal religion. "It's like digging potatoes," he says. "You can do it one day and then you get the idea."

FLAT FIX
AIR
AUTO REPAIR

Herbert attended the Hackley School, in nearby Tarrytown, boarding there in his junior and senior years. He had good grades, excelled in football, basketball, and baseball, and served as class president and student-body president. He had a lot of friends, but rarely talked about his family or his feelings. "Herbert was always tremendously private," says Hans Kertess, who lived two doors away in Irvington. Phil Havens, who taught Allen history and English and coached him on football and baseball teams, remembers Allen as having been mature beyond his years. Havens had never coached baseball, and he came to rely on Allen, who played shortstop, as an assistant coach. "He was calm and cool and self-possessed," Havens recalls. "Often fifteen-year-olds are scattered all over the lot, and struggling with who they are. He didn't struggle. He knew who he was."

In 1958, Allen enrolled in Williams College, where, although he was generally popular, he remained very self-contained. Francis T. (Fay) Vincent, who went on to become an attorney, chairman of Columbia Pictures, and then baseball commissioner, and is now an investment adviser, was a college adviser to Allen when he was a junior and Allen was a freshman. "He was very much the way he is now," Vincent says. "He seemed mature, and totally apart from the concerns most of us had."

Allen graduated from Williams in 1962, and in June of that year he married Laura Parrish, the daughter of a prominent Oklahoma City doctor, who had just completed her sophomore year at Smith. (Within nine years, they had four children—two girls and two boys—but in 1971 they were divorced.) It was also in 1962 that Allen joined his father's firm, which was then on Broad

Street. In 1966, at the age of twenty-six, he became president of Allen & Company.

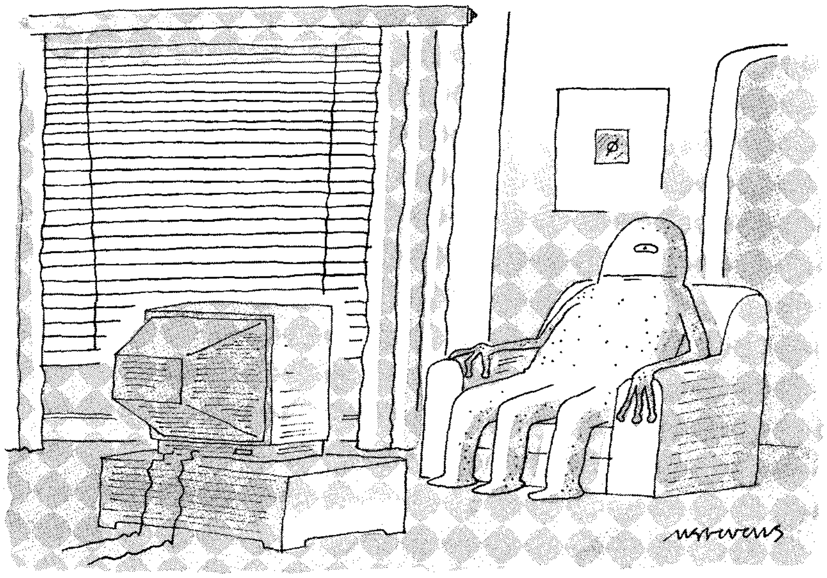
ALLEN met Ray Stark some thirty years ago. It was a fateful meeting. In 1957, Stark, after abandoning a successful career as a Hollywood agent, became a Hollywood producer, bringing to the screen such hits as "Funny Girl" and "The Way We Were." Stark has also had his share of critical flops. Most of his movies, good or bad, were made for Columbia Pictures, and in the early seventies he accepted stock in the studio, which was floundering, as payment for five million dollars he was owed. In 1973, Columbia's stock dropped to two dollars a share, and Stark bought more. He went to see Allen, to talk him into buying some. Stark needed an investor to reinvigorate Columbia (and his holdings), and he urged Allen to meet the people at Columbia. The more Stark talked about Columbia, the more interested Allen became. Against the advice of his father and his uncle, he decided to acquire the stock.

Allen got more deeply involved with Columbia than he had expected to, and in 1981, by which time he owned 6.7 per cent of the stock, he became chairman of its board. Along the way, he had invited more than a few of his friends to join the board, including former Vice-President Walter Mondale; Dwayne Andreas, the chairman and C.E.O. of Archer-Daniels-Midland; Robert Strauss, the former Democratic National Committee chairman; and Dan Lufkin, a founder of the Wall Street firm of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. To run Columbia over all, he recruited a friend, Alan Hirschfield. To run the studio, he hired David Begelman, Barbra Streisand's agent, whom Ray Stark had recommended. The studio made a comeback, and Stark and Allen became close. Stark introduced Allen to the powers of Hollywood, and he introduced him to the pleasures of Sun Valley. Allen and Stark were incongruous friends: one brassy, the other private; one a shameless self-promoter, whose official six-page biography boasts of his "unique personality," the other so modest that in 1979, when he was dating the actress Ann Reinking, he did not tell her that he had tackled a robber on Madison Avenue, wrestled the gun away, and held the man down until the police arrived. Reinking, who later became Allen's second wife, read about it in the New York *Post.* "If Herbert were a girl, I'd marry him," Stark says. "He's the perfect kind of companion."

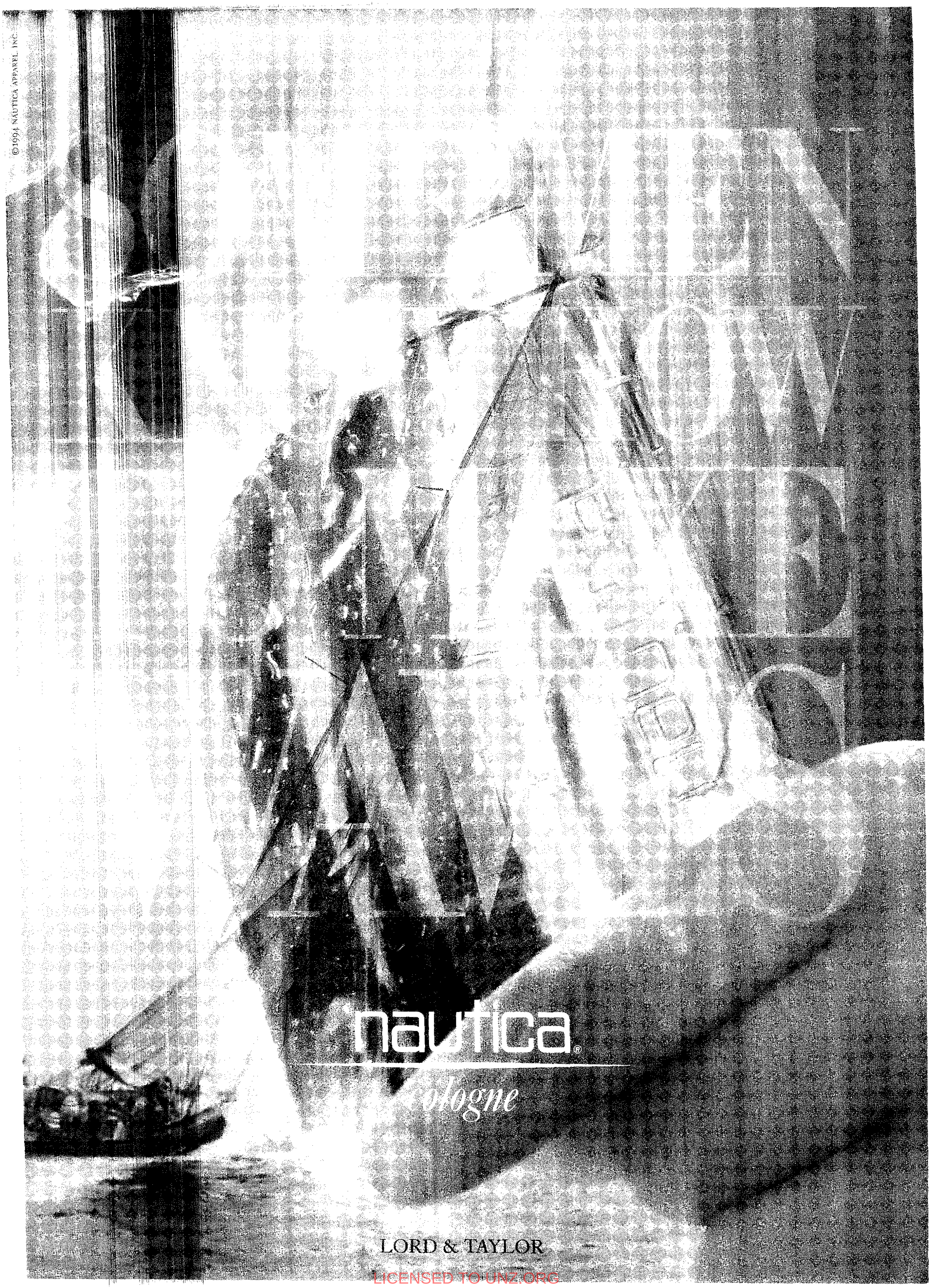
Life at Columbia was not all glamour. In September of 1977, Allen learned that David Begelman had forged signatures on three studio checks worth a total of forty thousand dollars. Hirschfield wanted to fire Begelman immediately. Stark wanted to give Begelman, a friend, a chance to explain. Allen sided with Stark.

At first, Columbia executives quietly turned the matter over to the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office, but when the publicity continued the board stripped Begelman of his titles and his options and removed him from the board. Allen and Stark were annoyed; they continued to consult Begelman, and in December Hirschfield tried to placate them by reinstating him as the head of the studio, only to ease him out again in February of 1978. In David McClintick's best-selling book "Indecent Exposure" Allen was portrayed as a cynic. Friends felt that he was just being loyal. To this day, Allen expresses no regret. He refuses to think of Begelman's act as thievery, saying that he had had a mental breakdown. He attributes the furor to a "post-Watergate morality," and says of the matter, "Given the morality of the day, and the uproar in the press, it was unrealistic to think he could be reinstated." There was one other casualty of this sorry affair: Alan Hirschfield. Before 1978 ended, Allen had replaced him with Fay Vincent, who was then a lawyer with the S.E.C.

In 1981, Donald Keough, the president of Coca-Cola and its No. 2, visited Allen. Domestic sales of Coke had reached a plateau, Keough told him; the company was looking for ways to shore up domestic earnings and would be interested in acquiring Columbia if it was available. Keough recalls being stunned when Allen, instead of trying to sell him on the value of Columbia, warned him that the entertainment business contained unwelcome surprises, insufferable egos, and uninvited publicity, and that entering the field might mean Coca-Cola's wholesome name would be tarnished. "He raised a lot of objections that he thought we might like to consider," says Keough, who soon became a close friend of Allen's. "He was like Aquinas. It was sort of symbolic of Herbert." Despite Allen's warnings, Coca-Cola wanted to buy, and in March of 1982 Allen sold Columbia for seventy-two dollars a share, or nearly thirty dollars a share more than its stock price. Since Allen had paid roughly three dollars a share for the stock a decade before, the deal was a dream for



"Funding for 'Nova' is provided by Merck and Lockheed, by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and by annual financial support from viewers like you."


nautica®
cologne
LORD & TAYLOR

©1994 NAUTICA APPAREL, INC.

him. Allen converted most of his Columbia holdings into Coca-Cola stock.

Keough and Coca-Cola's C.E.O., Roberto Goizueta, were so taken with Allen that they asked him to join their board. At first, he declined, but then, after Fay Vincent pleaded with him, he relented, agreeing to become a Coca-Cola director for one year to smooth the transition and to try to protect his people. Allen ended up controlling close to five million shares of Coca-Cola stock. Today, Allen calculates, each three dollars he paid for Columbia stock is worth about sixteen hundred dollars in Coca-Cola stock and dividends. But if he was prescient about the long-term value of Coke, he was dead wrong about the long-term prospects of Columbia under Coca-Cola. When the sale was consummated, in 1982, Allen was talking enthusiastically about synergies—much as Sony and Matsushita would do nearly a decade later, when they acquired studios. To Laura Landro, of the *Wall Street Journal*, Allen predicted, "Columbia will be the General Motors of the movie business."

Allen describes Columbia as the most thrilling experience of his business life, and says of Coca-Cola, "I think Roberto Goizueta is the best chief executive officer of the best company selling the best product in the world." Allen, who drinks Sprite, now serves on the Coca-Cola finance committee and its executive committee. He is also chairman of the compensation committee, which makes recommendations about salaries and bonuses for Coca-Cola's executives, who on one occasion awarded him a ten-million-dollar underwriting fee.

It was shortly after Allen sold Columbia to Coca-Cola that he launched his annual retreat at Sun Valley for corporate leaders and their families. Many of those who attend this conference seek Allen's advice not just about business but about things like where to go on safari. "Suddenly Herbert is a chic guy people respect," observes the actress Candice Bergen, a longtime friend of Allen's. "People who used to sneer at him for having dinner at six-fifteen now line up. I feel like Louis Jourdan in 'Gigi,' where suddenly I look at Herbert and I think, My God! He's grown up and become a great man. The Gary Cooper of high finance. Yet he has never changed."

ALLEN'S firm has changed. It used to earn most of its income from investments, but now the fee side is growing faster, Allen says. Most of the traditional fee business comes from the communications sector. The firm remains small, however—just the hundred and sixty employees—"and we're not going to grow," says Paul Gould, who is the head of the arbitrage department. The firm employs no analysts and has no research department. The fifteen managing directors make less in salary than their secretaries, Allen says. Stan Shuman, who has been at Allen & Company for thirty-four years, says that last year his salary was twenty-six thousand dollars. This year, it was raised to thirty-five thousand, he says, so he could "qualify for maximum pension benefits." The directors are paid approximately thirty per cent of the investment-banking fees they bring in. They are expected to invest in companies that become clients, so that the interests of banker and client are aligned. Profits become part of the firm's capital, and as shareholders the fifteen directors get a part of this reward. If one partner advises another on a deal, he may share in the ensuing fee. Each director has both his own franchise and the muscle of Allen & Company behind him.

One danger in such a fiercely entrepreneurial company is a lack of teamwork. Allen & Company has its internal feuds, its whispered asides about what a "name-dropper" this director is or how "lazy" that one is. To improve communication and lessen such friction, Allen has lunch with the directors each Wednesday. "It doesn't mean anything—it just keeps people from killing each other," Allen says, in his flip way. Shuman says, "The firm works because of the ecumenism of Herbert." Allen is the arbiter of differences, the benefactor. Partners praise him for delegating and for not second-guessing them.

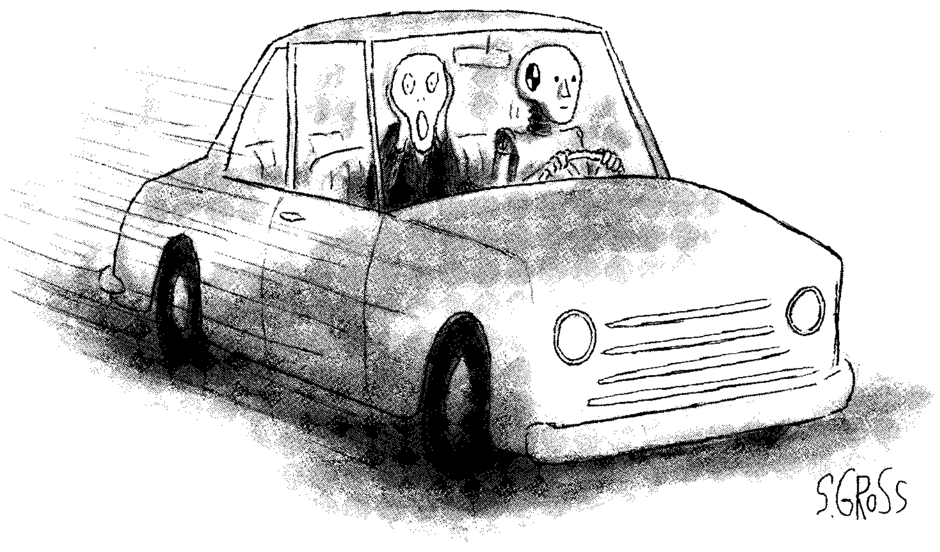
Allen has weaknesses as an investment banker. A Wall Street figure who admires him says, "If you said to me 'Who are the great corporate investment bankers?' I wouldn't say Herb Allen. I'd say Robert Greenhill or Bruce Wasserstein, but not Herbert." Stan Shuman says of his boss, "He knows relatively little finance." But he adds, "His strength comes from the fact that he has complete and maximum independence, and his judgment is unfettered by the fact that he has to get a deal done to support the organization."

Allen & Company does have some respected front-line bankers, but the consensus among both clients and competitors is that the firm lacks the depth and the full range of services provided by larger banks. As the fee side of its business rises, its weaknesses in selling itself, in making presentations, may become more pronounced. "Allen & Company is really not a firm," a rival observes. "It's a group of entrepreneurs who work on their own deals." In the fee-business world of investment banking, Allen & Company is said to be better at relationships than at providing clients with armies of bankers. One client asks, "Can Allen really put together a complicated situation, or is he only an adviser for deals that would get done anyway?" Allen's talents, this client says, are "much more qualitative than quantitative."

Both Barry Diller and Martin Lipton, of the law firm of Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz, who worked with Allen on behalf of Diller and QVC, make this point admiringly. "His talent is absolutely superb judgment," Lipton says. "He has an instinct for doing the right thing at the right moment. In the QVC bid for Paramount, his timing advice was impeccable: when we should move forward with a 'bear-hug' letter"—the original September, 1993, QVC offer—"then when we should switch to a hostile tender offer. He had what I would call a perfect feel for the general market reaction of the holders of QVC." For Diller to succeed, it was important that the share price of his company not drop, and Lipton believes that Allen's feel for how the market would respond to their moves was perfect.

In the battle for Paramount, Diller says, Allen told him at a crucial point, " 'Don't listen to anybody. Listen to yourself. Go walk around the block and come back and tell us your decision.' " What Allen understood, Diller says, was that economic decisions were rooted not just in numbers but also in instinct. "I needed that," Diller says. Because Diller was unwilling to exceed an arbitrary ceiling he had set as the price he would pay, Sumner Redstone and Viacom ended up owning Paramount.

Although Allen lost that battle, he once again demonstrated that his interests were synonymous with his client's. Because he does not need to struggle for fees, smallness becomes an Allen & Company advantage, as well as a potential pitfall. "We have no debt and two hundred million dollars in capital," Allen says. "If there were zero business, with our overhead we can live ten years as a company. Most firms don't have time to develop relationships. You need capital to invest time in relationships." Deep pockets free Allen to behave like a buyer, to indulge his ironic, relaxed view of business and life. It is a posture that attracts clients.



• •

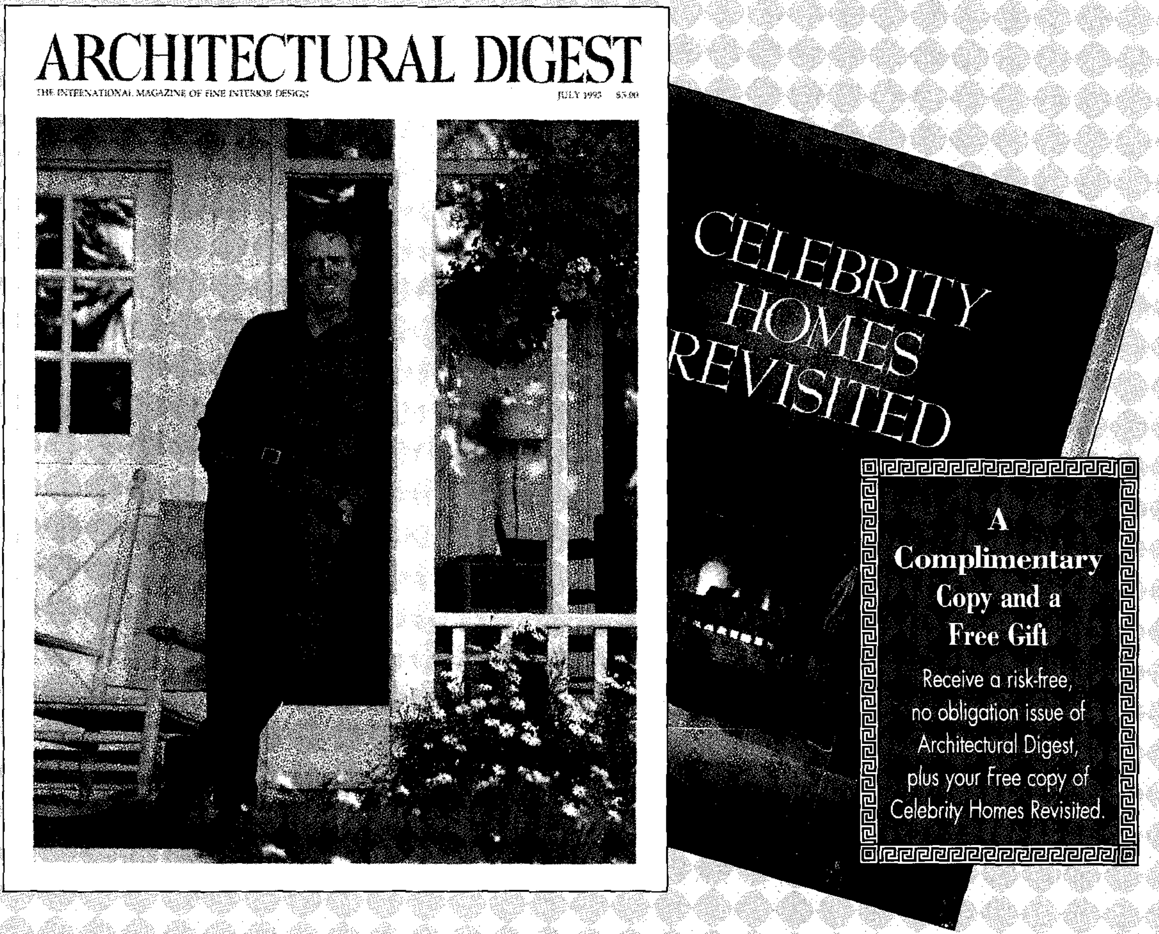
FRIENDS say that to better understand Allen one must visit him at his house in Williamstown. "It's the most beautiful log cabin you've ever seen," says Stark, who is a frequent visitor. The house sits on top of a hill, providing a commanding view of Allen's land—three hundred and fifty acres, with the Berkshires in the distance. A lawn and grazing land slope down from the main house past a small lake to a bright-red barn, where Allen keeps six horses. About a quarter of a mile away is a two-bedroom guesthouse. In Sun Valley, Cody, and Southampton, Allen bought existing houses, but in Williamstown he bought the property, in 1982, and two years ago he built his own house. He drew sketches of the house he wanted—it contains thirty-seven hundred square feet—and gave them to an architect. The house was constructed of huge red-pine logs from Michigan, and has a large combined living-and-dining room with a floor-to-ceiling stone fireplace at either end. The walls are adorned with photographs that Allen has taken of the changing seasons, and with the heads and the skins of animals that his sons shot in Africa—leopards, lions, sable antelope, cape buffalo—and a kudu Allen shot. There are two large bedrooms—one upstairs, where he sleeps, and one downstairs—each with its own fifty-inch television. What if he remarried and his wife found the house too masculine? "If so, she better marry someone else," he says. "I don't believe people in their fifties should make major compromises as far as romance. That you should do in your twenties."

This harsh proclamation seems to clash with the sentimentality evident in the main room. Family photographs are everywhere. There are also many pictures of Ray Stark—on horseback, in the woods, sitting on a stone wall with Allen's father and stepmother. "Ray is a type of father figure," Dan Lufkin explains. "Ray has the same sense of humor, the same devil-may-care attitude as Allen." Some people are puzzled by the relationship between the two men. Candice Bergen says, "Ray is what Herbert never had. He's openly affectionate. He's bawdy. He has given Herbert a Jewish center he never had." Allen speaks of Stark as a "total guide to me in the entertainment business," and adds, "Everything we've done in the communications business comes off Ray Stark."

Friends speak of Allen's cynicism, his jaundiced view of the motives of others. But he is rarely cynical about friends, as a visit to Williamstown suggests. He is just two miles from the college he attended, where he helped build an athletic center. Even after the primary fund-raiser for the center, John A. Kroh, Jr., was convicted of fraud, Allen insisted on putting his former classmate's name on a plaque by the front door.

Much as Allen loves his place in Williamstown, he has never spent more than three consecutive days there. He keeps moving. "I'm a hedonist," Allen says. "A person who does what he wants is a hedonist." Some friends wonder about the truth of such remarks. "There's a certain gypsylike quality in him that makes me wonder, Is he having a good time?" Hans Kertess says. "He does a lot of things. They're fascinating and exciting. I hope he's getting a lot of pleasure out of them. I'm not entirely sure he does. There's too much motion."

ON Sunday, April 9th, the sale of MCA to Seagram was announced from the law offices of Shearman & Sterling, in downtown Los Angeles. Seagram and Matsushita photographers darted about the conference room, on the twenty-first floor, snapping the principals as they signed documents and lifted champagne glasses. In the middle, at one side of a twenty-foot conference table, sat Matsushita's president, Yoichi Morishita, flanked by aides. Across from him sat Edgar Bronfman, Jr., and his father, Edgar, Sr., who is Seagram's chairman. Although Ovitz served as Matsushita's counsellor, he strode to a seat to the right of Bronfman, Sr., facing his clients. Allen had flown in from his Cody ranch and was wearing cowboy boots, and had flung a blazer over a shirt and tie that he had hastily purchased for the occasion. Instead of taking a seat next to the younger Bronfman, as he was urged to, or smiling for a photographer, Allen stood off in a corner, acting like a buyer. "It seemed like the most comfortable place," he said later. "Get out of the way and move on." ♦


ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF FINE INTERIOR DESIGN
JULY 1995 $5.00
CELEBRITY HOMES REVISITED

A Complimentary Copy and a Free Gift

Receive a risk-free, no obligation issue of Architectural Digest, plus your Free copy of Celebrity Homes Revisited.

The People You Know, the Homes You've Dreamed of Seeing!

OFFERED TO YOU NOW AT OVER 50% OFF THE COVER PRICE.

SEND FOR YOUR COMPLIMENTARY ISSUE

Send for a risk-free, no-obligation issue of Architectural Digest. Enjoy the one and only magazine that takes you inside the luxurious homes of the world's most fascinating people. See how a vision can be transformed into a magnificent reality. Send for your Complimentary Copy today.

PLUS YOUR FREE BONUS!

Tour the homes of the stars in Celebrity Homes Revisited, your Free Gift just for responding to this offer!

WITH NO OBLIGATION!

If you are not delighted with Architectural Digest, just write "cancel" on your bill and return it to us. You won't owe us anything, and you can keep the issue and your Free Gift.

Enter your introductory subscription for 11 additional issues (12 in all) for just $29.95 by mailing the accompanying card today. (If card is missing, please write to... Architectural Digest, P.O. Box 59061, Boulder, CO 80322-9061.)

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST

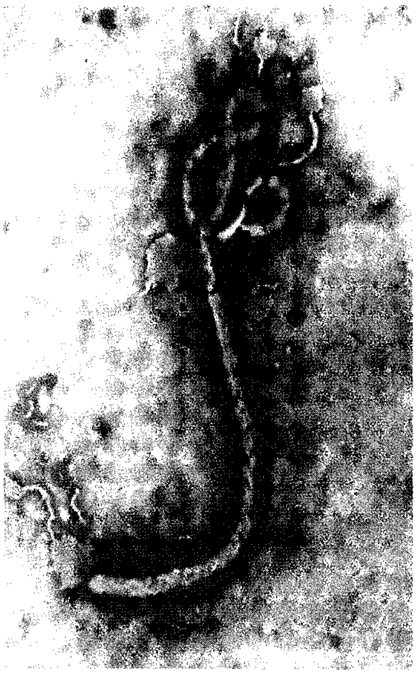
ANNALS OF EPIDEMIOLOGY

BACK IN THE HOT ZONE

Doctors in Zaire are risking their lives to battle an emergent virus, just as they did in 1976—and in other recent but little-known occurrences.

BY RICHARD PRESTON

WE live in a kind of biological Internet, in which viruses travel like messages, moving at high speed from node to node, moving from city to city. Last week, reports reached the World Health Organization, in Geneva, that some kind of lethal unknown infectious agent, some kind of African hemorrhagic fever, possibly Ebola virus, was burning in Kikwit, Zaire, a poor city with a population of half a million. The city has grown in recent years. It is a transportation center some two hundred and fifty miles east of Kinshasa, the capital of Zaire, sprawling at the end point of the paved section of the Kinshasa Highway, the road that crosses Africa and along which the AIDS virus has spread. Kikwit is situated in rolling savannah threaded by slow rivers the color of chocolate milk, lined with gallery forest.



Out of the rain forest: one of the first photographs of Ebola isolated from human blood.

FREDERICK A. MURPHY

The city was in a panic. The Army had sealed off roads and wasn't allowing anyone to leave. The unknown infectious agent was causing people to die with hemorrhages flooding from the natural orifices of the body. That is, victims were bleeding out. The local people were calling it "the red diarrhea." The agent is now reported to be very similar to the Ebola Zaire strain that erupted in 1976 in villages near the Ebola River, five hundred miles north of Kikwit, where it killed nine out of ten of its infected victims. It is too early at this point to gauge how long it will take the Kikwit strain to burn itself out. It passes from person to person through blood and secretions, and it may also travel by sexual contact. It is quite contagious. There is no treatment and no cure for it.

Ebola is an emerging virus from the rain forest; it seems to come out of tropical ecosystems. It lives in some natural host, some type of fly, rodent, monkey, African cat—who knows. Where Ebola hides in the rain forest is a mystery. In the past couple of decades, it has been popping into the human species in different places and in different strains. It keeps touching the human biological Internet. Probing it, so to speak.

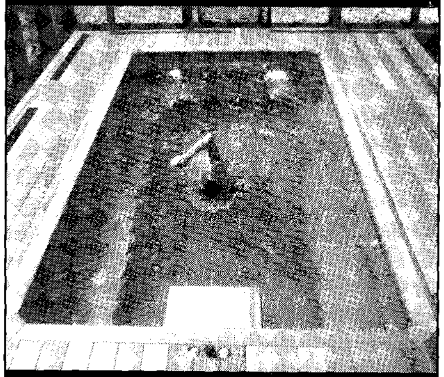
In the initial report received at the W.H.O., the agent was said to have infected seventy-two people and killed fifty-six. There were rumors that a medical technician had become sick, had been taken into surgery, and had essentially exploded in the O.R.—had bled all over the place. A number of people on the surgical team, it was said, had later died. Whatever was happening, it seemed that the Kikwit agent had zeroed in on the city's medical personnel and was taking them out.

When this scary news in its unreliable shapes reached the W.H.O., it happened that a W.H.O. scientific team was preparing to fly to Ivory Coast, in West Africa, to investigate a confirmed case of a new strain of Ebola virus there.

Summer School, made Cool.

Think of it as Summer Camp
for Your Child's Mind.
At Hoosac School, a college preparatory boarding school founded in 1889, our summer program can boost learning ability as well as help the student catch up on problem subjects.
For details, write or call
Bryan Green, The Hoosac School,
Hoosick, NY12089, (800) 822-0159.
THE HOOSAC SCHOOL

SWIM AT HOME



Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. The 8' x 15' Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.
ENDLESS POOLS™ Call: (800) 732-8660
200 East Duttons Mill Rd. Aston, Pa 19014

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
The CHARLOTTE INN
EDGARTOWN
RELAIS & CHATEAUX
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 · 508 627-4751

Ebola had returned—this time to Ivory Coast. The W.H.O. Ebola team consisted of a scientist from the Institut Pasteur in Paris named Bernard Le Guenno and a French virologist named Pierre Rollin, who is currently with the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. Le Guenno and Rollin were diverted from their mission to Ivory Coast, and were sent to Zaire instead; they joined a ten-member W.H.O. team of doctors from South Africa, from France, from Zaire, and from the United States.

One of the South African doctors is a gigantic figure in the history of infectious-disease outbreaks named Margaretha Isaäcson. She is a grandmotherly woman who retired a couple of years ago from the South African Institute for Medical Research and went to live in a retirement community outside Johannesburg. Last week, she left a message on her home answering machine that went, "Dr. Isaäcson is not available," and she came out of retirement and flew to Zaire, and joined the team. She is in Kikwit now. During the 1976 Ebola eruption in Zaire, Margaretha Isaäcson once took off her biohazard respirator, because it interfered with her treatment of an Ebola patient, and afterward she washed up two blood-splashed rooms by hand.

The Ivory Coast Ebola case occurred some six months ago, in November, 1994, when a woman scientist from Switzerland was studying a troop of wild chimpanzees in the National Park of Tai. The Tai Forest is one of the last pristine rain forests in West Africa. The troop of chimpanzees became infected with a virus and many of them died. The Swiss woman, extremely concerned about her chimps, dissected one of the dead animals, trying to find out what had killed it, and, having come into contact with the dead chimp's blood, she developed the symptoms of Ebola virus.

Severely ill, she was flown on a commercial airliner to Switzerland for treatment. In other words, the Swiss woman entered the biological Internet. Her doctors in Switzerland did not realize that she had Ebola. They suspected the illness was dengue fever, a virus carried by mosquitoes. Nevertheless, she survived, and no other infections were reported. Bernard Le Guenno isolated the virus and, with backup confirmation from the Special Pathogens Branch of the C.D.C., identified it as a new Ebola strain, and also confirmed that the Tai Forest chimpanzees were infected with the same strain. It is known as Ebola Ivory Coast. It lives in the Tai Forest. The Tai chimps hunt colobus monkeys and eat them. Perhaps chimps are catching Ebola from colobus monkeys. Perhaps colobus monkeys are the original host of Ebola virus. Or perhaps the colobus monkeys are eating something that is the original host, and Ebola could be thereby moving up the food chain.

There was another curious case. In January, 1991, a twenty-one-year-old Swedish medical student who had been travelling in Kenya returned to Sweden. He had lived for about a month in the town of Kitale, which is at the base of Mt. Elgon, about twenty-five miles from Kitum Cave, a site that may be a hiding place of Ebola's cousin the Marburg virus. He did not visit the cave during his time near Mt. Elgon. Five days after his flight home to Sweden, he became deathly ill, and he ended up in the University Hospital in Linköping—a topnotch research hospital. He was showing all the signs of African hemorrhagic fever. His blood was clotting up internally, he had a high fever, and then he began to bleed out of the openings of his body.

"What do you want to bring to the table when you grow up?"

In this type of illness, the patient may reach a crisis point, and can go into irreversible terminal shock. This is the so-called "crash." The student went into crisis, he seemed to be crashing, and a medical team at the Linköping hospital did everything it could to save his life. A nurse was bending over his face when he suddenly vomited blood into the nurse's eyes. Two other members of the team accidentally stuck themselves with needles—possibly they were scared and shaky or, far more likely, they were working fast and the needles slipped. These accidents with blood and needles did not happen because the medical staff at Linköping were incompetent. They were highly trained. The accidents happened because they rushed in to save a patient's life, forgetful of their own safety, which is what the best doctors tend to do with a patient in crisis.

The man lived. Meanwhile, Sweden called on the United States for help—this being a suspected case of African hemorrhagic fever—and a team from the United States Army Medical Research Institute for Infectious Diseases, or USAMRIID, in Frederick, Maryland, flew into Sweden carrying biohazard spacesuits and other gear, to help contain the agent and investigate it. The investigation revealed that fifty-five medical personnel at the Linköping hospital had been exposed to the patient's blood and bodily fluids; they were all at risk of being infected. Almost unbelievably, no one became sick, including the nurse who had got a faceful of blood. The researchers were never able to identify an infectious agent in the student. It remains a case of "suspected Marburg virus." Despite the happy outcome, good doctors and good hospitals are extremely vulnerable in the face of any infectious agent that turns humans into bleeders.

KNOWING all this, I began to wonder what is really happening to the local doctors, male nursing staff, and nuns on the ground in Kikwit, who are struggling in clinics and hospitals that are wretched, run-down cauldrons, virtually abandoned by government authorities, currently as hot as hell in a biological sense, and unequipped with even the most basic medical supplies, such as rubber gloves, waterproof gowns, or clean needles. For the local medical people in Kikwit the situation is a working nightmare—at least, for those who are still alive. The doctors and staff are literally up to their elbows in blood, black vomit, and shit the color of beet soup.

Seeking some perspective, I spoke on the telephone with a doctor named Bill Close, who lived in Zaire for sixteen years, was there during the terrifying 1976 Ebola outbreak, and helped organize the effort to stop Ebola then. Dr. Close (who happens to be the father of the actress Glenn Close) was the chief doctor of the Congolese Army, and he rebuilt and ran the Mama Yemo General Hospital, a two-thousand-bed facility in the capital. He is now in effect the liaison between the Zairean government and the C.D.C. He scoffed at reports coming over the wire services that medical personnel are "fleeing" from the hospitals in the area. He said, "I can tell you that we have at least one local doctor and two nurses in Kikwit who have gone back into the hospital to work, *knowing* they are going to die. The greatest need in Kikwit right now is for rubber aprons to protect the doctors, because the blood and vomit is soaking through their operating gowns."

("That's correct," an official at the C.D.C. told me. "The surgical gowns they are using are not high-quality material. They're not plastic, and they're soaking through. And the other thing the Kikwit doctors desperately need right now is needles. Clean needles.")

"This is a huge, lethal African hemorrhagic virus," Dr. Close went on. "We all sort of feel that Ebola comes out of its hiding place when something occasionally alters the very delicate balance of the ecosystems, in a region where things grow as they would in a warm petri dish. But if there are lessons to be learned here, they are the human lessons. This is about people doing their duty. It's about doctors doing what has to be done, right now, without a whole lot of heroics. Have you ever been absolutely petrified with fear? Real fear? Possessed by naked fear, where you have no hope of control over your fate? When the die is cast, the fear goes away, and you do what you have to do—you get to work. That's what's happening with the medical people in Zaire right now. There are things happening there . . ." He paused. "Magnificent human things . . . How can I explain this? In Zaire in 1976, there was a nun who died of Ebola. There was a priest who gave her her last rites as she died. She had a terrible fever, sweat was pouring down her face. And blood was coming out of her eyes. She was weeping blood. Bloody tears were running down her cheeks. The priest took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat from her forehead and the blood from her cheeks. Then, unthinkingly, he took the bloody handkerchief and wiped his own face with it. Ten days later, he was dead. One of the doctors in '76—he was a Belgian—delivered a baby in the middle of it all. There were people dying of Ebola all around in that hospital, and there was a woman in childbirth. His patient. The baby was stuck—too big for the birth canal. So the doctor performed the Zarat procedure on the woman. That's a simple and rather crude but very effective way of enlarging the outlet to remove the baby. With a knife, you split the symphysis pubis."

"What is the symphysis pubis?" I asked.

"That's the front of the pelvis. The pelvic bones. You split them. You press a scalpel through the cartilage. The bones go *pop* and the pelvis springs open, and you pull the baby out. The hospital had run out of anesthetics. So he did it without giving her an anesthetic."

"My God."

"He did have a sedative, and he gave it to her to calm her down, but she was conscious. By the time he got the baby out, the baby had stopped breathing, because of the sedative. The baby was in breathing arrest and drenched with the woman's blood. He held up the baby and put the baby's mouth to his mouth and gave the baby mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The baby started to breathe. He pulled away, and his face and mouth were smeared with blood. There was a nurse standing by, and when she saw his face she said, 'Doctor, *do you realize what you've done?*'

" 'I do now,' he said." ♦

100% fun
0% alcohol

Have a party *anytime* with the all-natural sparkling grape juice that comes in 8 delicious flavors... without a hint of alcohol or added sugar!

MEIER'S
Sparkling Grape Juice
John C. Meier Juice Co. 800-346-2941

GARDENGOYLES

Protect your garden from gremlins! Our replicas of Medieval originals make a unique accent on your grounds or indoors. We offer hundreds of replica European sculptures. Imported tapestries, too!

FREE COLOR CATALOGUE
1-800-525-1733
Ext. NKO55-G

© 1995 Design Toscano
All Rights Reserved

DESIGN TOSCANO℠
17 E. Campbell St., Dept. NKO55-G, Arlington Heights, IL 60005

Our Turk's Head Rings Are Handwoven In Gold - ideal wedding bands -

3 Strand Ring ..... 14k **$550.** 18k **$650.**

Please call for extensive catalogue including bracelets, earrings, pins, charms, necklaces and men's jewelry

Monday-Friday, 9am-5pm•(800)341-0788

• designing jewelry for a generation •

A.G.A. Correa-PO Box 40L-Wiscasset, ME 04578
Fax (207)882-9744 • Visa, MC, AmEx

RUSSIAN LIGHT

First East coast exhibition of Russian Impressionist paintings from mid-century.

Full color catalogue available for $15.00 postpaid

CRANE COLLECTION *Gallery of American Painting*
218 Newbury St. Boston, MA 02116 (617)262-4080

THE SPORTING SCENE

CALLED STRIKE

Back from their ruinous labor wars, baseball owners and players want to patch up the game's image, but the fans are reluctant to forgive.

BY ROGER ANGELL

WITH some baseball games, the best of them, you can take a look back afterward, in memory or on your scorecard, and find the unexpected play or late at-bat that turned the thing around. This doesn't happen with anything like the same regularity in other team sports, and it's one of the reasons that baseball offers hope as one of its steady ingredients: balm for your pain; restoration for your foundering, down-on-its-luck team; and that little three-run rally by the good guys in the bottom of the eighth which starts when your No. 7 batter lifts a feeble Roman-candle pop that just falls in behind first base and sends a runner scurrying along into scoring position. For many disconsolate fans, I think, this is exactly what happened on the last day of March, when United States District Court Judge Sonia Sotomayor issued an injunction against the baseball owners after ruling that their actions during collective bargaining with the Players Association had been in violation of federal law. The ruling ended (or at least suspended for a while) the longest and most bitter labor dispute in professional sports—the two-hundred-and-thirty-four-day players' strike that shut down play last August, snatched away the late pennant races, and, for the first time in ninety years, wiped out the World Series. The ugliness extended itself through an off-season of icy silences between the embattled parties, interspersed with pious stonewallings, heavily lawyered but fruitless negotiating sessions, newsless news conferences, and self-serving positionings and urgings by senators and congresspeople, and even by the President. The infuriating standoff came within two days of becoming something far worse: the onset of a major-league season contested by eager but talentless "replacement players," hired by the owners with no other purpose than to bust the union representing their own regulars and stars.

It didn't happen, thanks to Judge Sotomayor's first-ever baseball ruling: a hell of an at-bat. The players ended their walkout, and the owners, after considering and discarding the option of a retaliatory lockout, saw their appeal for a stay of the injunction denied (the three judges on that panel said scalding things about the owners' lawyers' conduct of the negotiations), and only then threw in the towel. Spring training—a shortened, catch-up session for the real players this time—began again; a flurry of trades and late contract signings (many of them at vastly reduced rates) allowed the clubs to begin shaping their rosters; and fresh opening days, for a shortened, hundred-and-forty-four-game schedule, were proclaimed. If, in retrospect, the owners again looked like the losers in this, the eighth outbreak of hostilities in the baseball labor wars over the past twenty-three years, there were other smoking ruins to contemplate this time around, including the loss of more than seven hundred million dollars in revenue, and the disaffection of large sectors of the audience for what used to be called the national pastime.

Disaffected (well, almost) and doubtful, I waited a whole week before heading off to Arizona for some sun and fly balls, and perhaps a Margarita at the Pink Pony with some of my back-from-Elba fellow-exiles. Spring training, as always, disarmed me with its moments and its stories. I was there when Lou Piniella, who now manages the Seattle Mariners, got himself thrown out of a game in Peoria while arguing over a foul ball with a replacement umpire (the umps, too, were out on strike this spring)—which is, all in all, hard to do. The ruckus allowed some of us to recall a comment by Piniella's wife, Anita, a few years ago, after a similar eye-bulging, neck-swelling, hat-stomping outburst by her combustible hubby. "I'm forty-three

Blenheim Ginger Ale
WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903
NOW YOU CAN ORDER our famous Ginger Ale
prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT
or #9 DIET (or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES !
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer SC 29547
or Call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

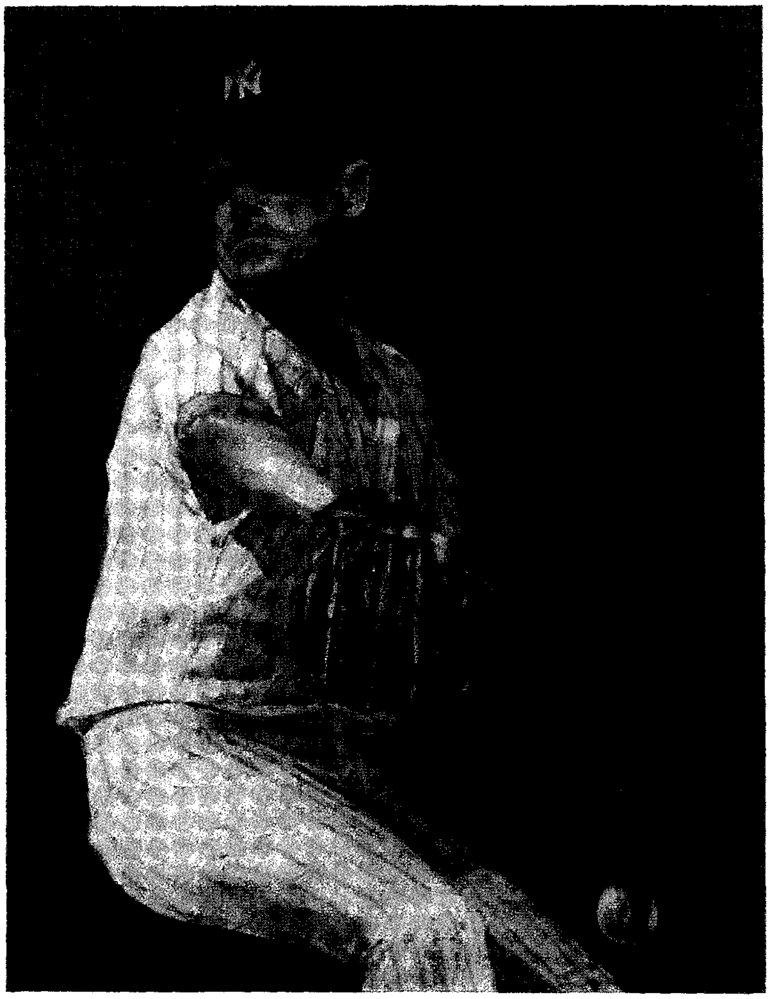
MEDICAL ? SCHOOL
Pruett Associates specializes in premedical counseling and placement programs for non-traditional applicants.
Pruett Associates, Inc.
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010
(610) 525-4607
Fax (610) 525-0544
Program limited to 40 candidates per year.
Dr. Patricia Pruett was Associate Dean and Premedical Advisor at Bryn Mawr College for 30 years.
Call or fax for information/application.

48,000 Patterns
China, Crystal & Flatware
Obsolete, Inactive And Active.
Buy Or Sell.
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 - Dept. Y055A
1-800-562-4462

World's Greatest Vacation
Port Yacht Charters Discover the world of private luxury yachts with crew. Golf, tennis, diving, all water sports. Superb cuisine/world class chefs. Better than a cruise ship — priced the same. Caribbean/Worldwide. 1-800-213-0465

For over 100 summers, upholding the traditions of hospitality and leisure on the coast of Maine.
The Claremont Hotel
Brochure P.O. 137
SW Harbor, ME 04679
1-800-244-5036

years old," she said, "and I'm married to a four-year-old." Then someone told me how Lou, in a more relaxed moment, had been supervising batting practice on a recent morning when he offered to buy a steak dinner for his celebrated young star Ken Griffey, Jr., if he could make contact with the next pitch. The kid took him on, but failed, amid general hilarity. Lou kept hectoring him about the bet until one morning when the manager walked into the clubhouse and found a twelve-hundred-pound Hereford steer standing in his office.



The elegant Yankee southpaw Jimmy Key, once again the main man of Opening Day, did the honors when baseball at last came back to the Bronx.

STEPHEN HOLLAND

In Scottsdale on another day, Ron Fimrite, the *Sports Illustrated* sage, consulted his program while we waited for the first Giants batter of the game to step in against the scary six-foot-ten southpaw Mariner ace Randy Johnson. " 'Dax Jones, center field,' " Ron read out. "Well, *there's* a name I've never heard of—" He was interrupted by a short, sharp noise as Jones knocked Johnson's first pitch over the left-field fence. "Until now," he finished smoothly.

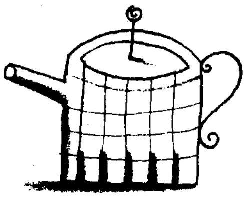
Later in that game, I jotted down some reminder notes about Barry Bonds, the Giants' superstar, as he came up to bat, thirty feet away: zebra-striped Nikes, dangling crucifix earring, supercilious ease. With a slight, blurred movement, he dispatched the ball over the right-center-field wall. What you want to remember about Barry is *wrists.*

And then, late one morning in Phoenix, I stopped on my way up the aisle in the nearly deserted Oakland Athletics park—the workout was ending, and the team was about to board a bus to their afternoon game—to see who it was who was taking such a loud b.p. in the cage. I didn't recognize him at first, but he was meeting each pitch with the same smooth, balanced, right-handed picture swing, and the balls were flying on a line into every sector of the empty outfield: left, right, center, and now a crisp drive that bounced on the right-field foul line—all base hits. Here and there around the field, the last remaining players and coaches stopped whatever they were doing and stood and watched. Then I realized that the batter was Brian Harper, the veteran catcher-outfielder-designated hitter, who had joined the club only that morning as a late free-agent sign-on. Harper, I knew, had always *killed* the A's at the plate, but now that was over. Dave Stewart, the perennial Oakland No. 1 starter (he was signed again by his old club in April, for perhaps the last year of his career), came walking in from the outer diamond beyond right field with a towel over his shoulder, and he gestured cheerfully to Harper. "Don't change a thing!" he called out. "You could always do that stayin' in *bed!*"

The sunshine and green tints of spring training show a darker tone as well, for this is also the season when fans must bid their farewells to some familiar, trusted figures on the field—veteran players who have come to the end of the line. This year, a trio of remarkable pitchers—Rich Gossage, Jack Morris, and Jeff Reardon—announced their retirements within two days of one another, opening within me freshets of memory in which their distinctive individual styles and their collective stubborn will to triumph took turns. Reardon, the burly and bearded right-handed reliever (he rang up three hundred and sixty-seven saves while on hire to seven different clubs), recalled himself to my mind as he always looked upon arriving once again at the mound, where he radiated an aura of hostility and unwelcome that seemed to cast a shadow over the batter's box and its luckless waiting occupant and to spoil the general mood right down the length of the other team's dugout. I remembered the same Goose Gossage that everyone else does, I imagine—the mutton-chop whiskers, the rearing stride and burning, "Try *this!*" fastball, and then, in the clubhouse, his odd, pale eyes and the appealing boyishness with which he talked about it all afterward, win or lose. I see Jack Morris in front of his locker as well, with the writers and photographers on every side, the drops of sweat on his bristly mustache glistening in the TV lights, and his body sagging and drained by his just completed effort—the ten-inning 1–0 shutout of the Braves in Game 7 of the 1991 World Series, say, or one of those flamboyant September shootouts that matched him up, inning after inning, against other doughty old warriors like Mike Flanagan or Doyle Alexander. Morris's two hundred and fifty-four wins made him the top winning pitcher through the nineteen-eighties and nineties, but the easy ones don't come readily to mind. All these pictures will still seem fresh on the first weekend of August in the year 2000, I imagine, when these three gentlemen, almost surely, will be sitting for the photographers again, up in Cooperstown.

Bob Welch departed the scene, too, after the Athletics sadly found they no longer had room for him on their roster when they broke camp in Arizona. He had seventeen years in the majors as a starting pitcher but knew that he would always be first remembered for the moment in the World Series of 1978, his rookie season with the Dodgers, when he duelled the Yankees' Reggie Jackson, head to head, over an extended, Cecil B. De Mille sort of at-bat, and struck him out, swinging.

The A's opened their season on the road, playing brief and unsuccessful consecutive series (they lost two of three) with the Blue Jays, the Brewers, and the Angels, and when they came home at last to Oakland Brian Harper sat down and talked at length with his wife and their three young sons about the trip. (I had spotted him knocking out ground balls to the boys back in Arizona, a couple of days after that terrific ten-minute turn in the batting cage.) The next morning, he stopped by the Athletics' front office to thank them for their interest and the contract, and to say that he had decided to retire from baseball. After fifteen years on the field and on the road, he'd suddenly found that he'd had enough. The fire was out.



BOB MIKEL and I made each other's acquaintance one cloudy, breezy morning in Mesa, at Ho Ho Kam Stadium, where we were sitting in the third row of grandstand seats, a bit up the first-base side, watching the Cubs take batting practice. Mikel is a Sacramento lawyer and a lifelong Cubs fan. He is lean and cheerful and informal-looking, with a gray mustache, and our exchanged first glances, I think, registered identical readings: old fan, true fan, serious about the game, not taken in by the owners, happy to be here, can't *believe* that baseball is back, etc., and now what about the Cubs' pitching? Mikel, who has regular spring-training seats at Ho Ho Kam each year, is a better fan than I am, it turned out. This was his second trip south from Sacramento this spring, for he had also come down in March, to watch the replacement players strut their feeble stuff ("They were willing," he reported, "and so were the fans, but—" and he shook his head sadly), while I had obdurately stayed home. He told me that he had grown up in Bloomington, Illinois, which is serious Cubs country, and that he and his father had sustained their almost daily Cubs talk even after the younger Mikel moved out to California. When the Cubs at last made it into the National League playoffs, in 1984, the two had cried together over the telephone. And when Bob Mikel learned, not too long ago, that Hoss Radbourn, a Pleistocene-era Hall of Famer, was buried in Bloomington, he made a pilgrimage to the site.

Bob and I exchanged notes about the winter just past, and found that each of us had encountered deep reservoirs of irritation and anger over the strike among our friends and colleagues, almost all of it directed against the players. "Everybody's mad," he said. "It's like going with the same girl for a long time and then she turns you down. You don't want to see her again *ever*, but then—well, you know, these things can change. But right now the bulk of people want to take it out on the players. I know one man who's sixty years old and says he's never going back to the game. He's going to boycott baseball."

It came as no surprise to me to find that Mikel himself did not agree with this response to the players' strike. "I don't think most people who talk this way have any idea how tough it is to play baseball in the big leagues," he said. "They don't understand how hard these young guys have worked to reach this level, and they don't notice that this isn't the way it is in other sports. The lesson of Michael Jordan is lost on them. Give him credit, but he couldn't play baseball *at all.* I tried to argue with them, but I didn't get very far. 'They're overpaid' is all I heard. I can understand how people might think that anything over three million a year is too much money for anybody to earn. On the other hand, I believe that most of the players care about the game, and I think Donald Fehr does, too." (Fehr, of course, is the executive director and chief negotiator of the Players Association.)

I told my new friend that I'd also encountered people over the winter—they were always men—who didn't want to hear about the difficulties of playing baseball at the major-league level. They insisted that it was more of a game, more fun, than other professional sports. "They should get paid less *because* it's baseball," one man said.

Bob and I talked a little more about the game (the real thing, I mean, not its problems or its image) that day, and we got to see some lively, sloppy spring innings played by the Cubs and the Giants, with a bench-clearing near-brawl—a practice brawl—thrown in. I was happy for him when his Cubs batted around in the third inning and brought in six runs. He and I had enjoyed the comfort of our shared expertise and our insidey names and references—this is what baseball talk is all about—but I believe we also shared an unspoken suspicion that we had almost become superfluous. We are old fans (*my* mustache is white), and it looks more and more as if our passion for the sport doesn't count for much anymore, whether or not our view of things is on target. The mean season we have all been through has changed the sunshine game, and nobody yet knows how much.

BASEBALL—the clubs and the players together, for once—has undertaken a concerted effort to make it up to the fans this spring, with early-season bargain prices at ticket windows and team members unexpectedly lingering down by the front-row boxes after batting practice to meet the fans and sign the kids' programs and caps and team gear. Wherever I went, in Arizona and then back home once the season had started, players and writers and executives were talking about the common perception of major leaguers as spoiled, greedy children and about what could be done to change it now. Bob Tewksbury, the right-handed veteran control artist (he is the leader among all current major-leaguers in fewest bases on balls per nine innings), who came over to the Texas Rangers this year, told me that he had

JANUARY, DAUGHTER

The last night before you were born, you were
almost complete, your mind busy,
without language, but full of motion
which would never be remembered or know itself.
The last night that you did not exist,
nine months before that—
from here it looks almost impossible,
our path to you and not one of the others.
If we had to go back and find you again,
like families looking for each other after war—
it frightens me how close we came
to missing you. If we had not walked down that
beach, if that side of the island had not been
deserted . . . Like a violent, delicate job of
rescue we got you out. Again we're in the
month of Saturn, its rings coiled loose around its
body, glittering disks of dust which we would
step through if we gave our weight to them, yet we
walked across them and stood at the moment of your appearing.

—Sharon Olds

found very few people back home in Concord, New Hampshire, who seemed to have any idea of what the players were striking about. "I talked about pitching to a group of Little League coaches one day," he said, "and when I was done I said 'Does anybody want to talk about *baseball*?' and they were like a bunch of caged lions. We talked about the issues and the players' position for about forty-five minutes, and they kept saying, 'I didn't know *that*.' I felt like I'd cleansed my soul. I think that a lot of this misperception comes from jealousy—from folks who can't play ball and don't have a lot of money. That's why they go in for lottery games."

Ron Darling, of the Athletics, who is now in his thirteenth year as a major-league pitcher, said, "The owners have got to get past running down their product, and the players have to get past not trusting the owners. We have to find some kind of compatibility. This is a great game or it would never have survived what we've been doing to it. We can't keep doing this stuff. I think the Players Association has a terrible image. Most people out there have no idea that this was never about the players asking for more money. It was only about keeping our freedom in the marketplace. All the guys I've talked to think P.R. is their No. 1 problem. This past winter they found they had to keep answering questions, about the players and the issues and the money, from all their neighbors, all the people they know. They never should have to do that. All this should be black-and-white to anyone who knows about sports."

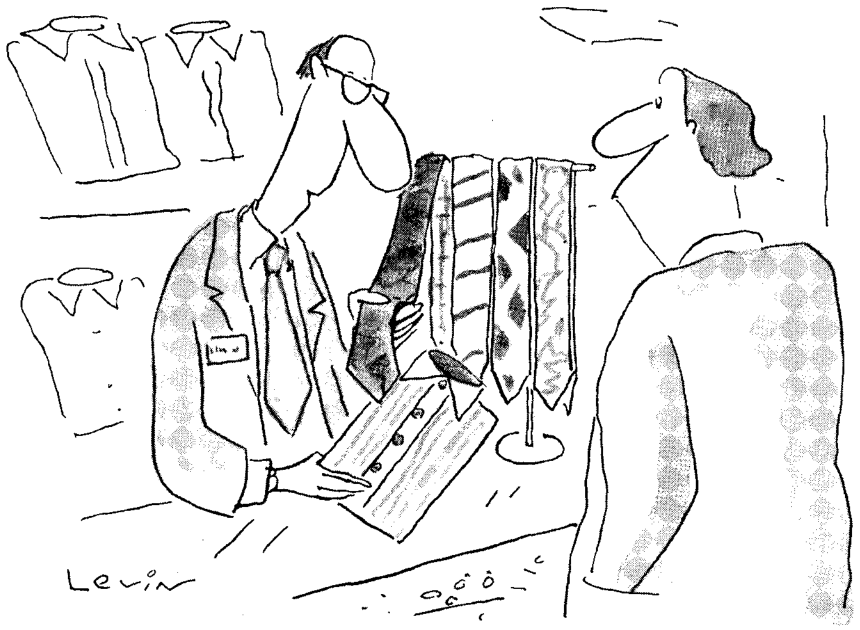
Another New Englander, the Mets' muscular new first baseman, Rico Brogna, told me that he had not encountered any such opprobrium or misunderstanding back home in Watertown, Connecticut, in the off-season. "If anybody was upset, they didn't mention it to me," he said. "They're knowledgeable fans there, and I think they were educated about the issues." I thought about this discrepancy after our conversation and guessed that it might have to do with the fact that, while Watertown is a fair-sized town (pop. 20,000), Rico Brogna, who rapped seven home runs for the Mets in his brief stint with them last summer, at the age of twenty-four, was a football and baseball All-American at Watertown High in what must feel like the very recent past up there. In his case, the players' P.R. problem has never come up.

I had a chance to talk about the fans' view of players with a somewhat older star—Bob Gibson, the near-mythical Cardinal fireballer, who, as I'd expected, was direct in his opinions. "If baseball was easy, everybody would be doing it," said Gibby, who will turn sixty this fall, and who has just rejoined the Cardinals as a pitching coach after several seasons away from the show. "I was at one of those fantasy camps and there was a man there about thirty years old who thought he could play ball. He was a pretty good athlete, and he told me, 'If I knew which pitch was coming, I could hit major-league pitching.' I said, 'Hell, I'm fifty-five years old and I could tell you every pitch and you still wouldn't touch one of them.' He said yes, he would, so we went out there and of course it was one, two, three. He never came close. I said, 'I haven't pitched in the major leagues in fifteen years. Come back fifteen years from now and I'll strike you out again.' "

Some management voices that I heard also expressed anxiety about the way the sport is now viewed by its prime consumers. The Cubs president, Andy MacPhail (he is the son of the former American League president Lee MacPhail and the grandson of the flamboyant old Dodger and Yankee executive Larry MacPhail, who is in the Hall of Fame), said, "If ever we needed it, we're getting a tangible lesson that we owners and players have a common concern with the fans. We have to be careful in this business, because the players aren't just one side in a dispute—they're the product. I resent it when people say that the players are greedy. They're not. They were being good soldiers, and they stood fast because they were thinking about the next generation of players. Both sides in the struggle got an A for resolve this time around. You just have to be sure that you're not putting your soldiers in a bad fight."

MacPhail, with his rimless glasses and his hair parted down the middle, looks like a young front-office friend of Christy Mathewson's. After emerging from one of the deadlocked bargaining sessions with the Players Association delegates last winter, he delivered a telling comment on the tenor of things in there: "I'm tired of being told that I'm evil and stupid, just because I disagree."

I asked him whether baseball should now perhaps consider placing more emphasis on the difficulty of the game in its promotional offerings, instead of re-



"This is a good match. Are you being tried here or in L.A.?"

• •

lying on sweet evocations of its past—the "Field of Dreams" operetta.

"I don't know the answer," he said. "Michael Jordan did a lot for us, but part of the appeal of baseball is that all shapes and sizes can play the game well. Mo Vaughn and Chuck Knoblauch were roommates, back in the Cape Cod League—did you know that?" Vaughn, the massive Red Sox first baseman, moves in a magisterial atmosphere of clout and silence, while Knoblauch, the Twins' compact and combative second baseman, takes more of an infielder's view of the world: shorten up and swing. "The best players always make it look easy, no matter what size they are. But if we present the game as something that's extraordinarily difficult we're running the risk of losing that closeness that so many fans have for baseball—the 'I played this same game when I was growing up' feeling. You might be alienating your best customers."

MacPhail told me that Cubs fans, who have long been viewed in the business as paragons of loyalty and exasperated patience, were perhaps beginning to divide their attention between the two Chicago teams, depending on the teams' current levels of success. "Critical involvement is one of the reasons this game is so appealing," he went on. "As a baseball executive, you're always in the process of trying to improve your future at the expense of your present team, or vice versa, and fans can really get into that. They're always managing and general-managing the club for you. They want to know why we didn't pick up Kevin Brown or Terry Mulholland this year. I don't always appreciate the calls and questions, but that's a real part of the popularity of the sport."

Sandy Alderson, the president and general manager of the Oakland Athletics, has had a difficult time of it lately, for the club is being sold by the Haas family, and its operations are somewhat on hold until the negotiations are completed. (This spring, the club filled its roster by recalling or re-signing so many stalwarts from its pennant-winning days of the late eighties and early nineties—Dave Stewart, Dennis Eckersley, Rick Honeycutt, Mike Gallego—that the crowd in the dugout, in those canoe-green warmup jackets, looked like a Dartmouth reunion class.) Alderson has known success and hard times in almost equal measure, and his opinions, in a business obsessed with yesterday's take and today's standings, are notable for their calm and distance. "There are always reasons for the fans to be unhappy with the players," he said one afternoon in Phoenix. "They look as if they're doing something easy that you could be doing, too, but for some odd circumstance. And society is so obsessed now with celebrity and destroying celebrity—that carnivorous response—that ballplayers are victimized. We want to tear down people who do things that we can't do, who have more money than we have, and we'll do it for any reason at hand—drugs, money, selfishness, laziness. There are always plenty of negatives to attribute to the players, if you want to look for them. We have to work to change this perception, because perception is reality in the entertainment business. I think it's going to be relatively easy to get this done, as long as the players go along. Every time a five-million-dollar star offers to put up a couple of hundred dollars for some charity for every home run he hits, it gets amazing mileage. It also wouldn't hurt if we could eliminate the disdain that a few of the players show for anybody else, whether it's the fans, management, umpires, or less talented teammates."

Better public relations, Alderson thinks, is one area where the players and also the different clubs can easily benefit from a unified, un-Balkanized approach, as they have lately been doing with merchandising. He is enthusiastic about the new crop of television commercials—a fifteen-million-dollar "Welcome to the Show" campaign put together by Goodby, Silverstein & Partners, which is the agency responsible for a classy campaign for the National Basketball Association. The spots are clearly aimed at the recalcitrant, stay-at-home fan. In one of them, a "connoisseur of hot dogs" is seen wolfing down a Ball Park frank, and another spot presents Bill Lee, the old Fenway Spaceman, weirdly discoursing on the aerodynamics of the ball. My own favorite spot, produced by ESPN, presents a beautiful but sulky young woman pouting in a grandstand seat (she represents the game, of all things) who morphs into the looming, bearded phiz of John Kruk, the dishevelled recent Phillies first baseman, leaning in to kiss the camera. "Don't you love it!" Alderson said. "It's not that 'Field of Dreams' approach—it doesn't patronize. Kruk's face is so disarming that you can't resist."

I CAME home from Arizona and unpacked, and in a twinkling, it seemed, found myself hurrying down the gum-blackened, malodorous steps of the I.R.T. 161st Street El station on my way to another season. Nothing had changed: the cops and Sabrett wagons, the TV trucks and pigeons and handball players, and, of course, Yankee Stadium itself, patiently waiting there for us—the same junky old high-wall sanitarium, and, inside, swarms of pale-faced fellow-inmates, released to the yard after our long stretch in solitary, gravely shaking hands and squinting in the thin spring sunshine. Except for the game, Opening Day went by without incident, and we were reassured by some ancient keepers and the ritual mild rounds of welcome and return. Eddie Layton, the senior-citizen happy-hour organist, did his between-innings (and between high-amp blasts of rock) showpieces, twiddling the dopey vox-humana cadenzas and beaming at us from his keyboards, via the big center-field screen; and announcer Bob Sheppard, enunciating the pregame lineups, reminded us that we were not just catching the Knicks again over the tube, or visiting Barcelona or the Villa Borghese, but were safely home in the Bronx: "Daahnn-nee Taahrtt-a-bulll—rightt fieldd."

I chatted with scribe pals and sat for a while with Mel Allen, resplendent in a sky-blue tie, in the home dugout, where he told us, "On a day like this, your mind has got to go back to the good days." Mine was there already. Robert Merrill did the anthem once again, this time somehow bringing back memories of Bert Lahr; and Joe DiMaggio, waving and smiling at the stands as he never did when in uniform, threw out the first ball from the front of the mound and then made a little trot back toward home to retrieve the memento-pill from the catcher. Joe D., who is eighty now, could impart class to a K-mart ribbon-cutting. The Clipper was succeeded on the mound by Governor Pataki and Mayor Giuliani, there for a *second* first-ball ceremony. They got a nice fat round of boos for their pains. Ah, America.

All of us, I think, were waiting for the crowd to say something about the strike and the pains of our long exile, but it never happened. The official gate count, of 50,245, included about two hundred women, to judge by my quick binocular census, and the guys, in company with their sons and cousins and brothers-in-law (and the poor schlump from the hardware store—*you* know, he never gets to go anyplace, let's bring him along), in their gigantic sports windbreakers over their bulging gym-built or Bud-built upper bods, filled the tiered long rows to bursting, where they guzzled and stuffed their faces and laughed and yelled and bumped chests (the high five is at last fading), and even watched the game a little, too. A visiting Dallas columnist, beside me in the press box (it was Yanks-Rangers, on this strange mid-schedule Opening Day), said, "God *damn*, this is an awful tame crowd for Yankee Stadium. Maybe it's a replacement crowd." But he needn't have worried. The right-field bleachers were in full late-August voice by the second or third inning, belting out their rapid-fire, evenly spaced, pissed-off-sounding "OHH-OHH! OHH-OHH! OHH-OHH!" battle cry, and then, after they'd spotted a little fracas in the lower-reserved section and some hapless responding security guards, switching over to the happy "AHHSS-OLE! AHHSS-OLE! AHHSS-OLLE!" theme, which rolled across the long lawns and around the upper deck and came echoing back from the shadowed deep rows behind third. I was in Heaven—well, a back corner of it.

The baseball was all right—about what you'd expect, given the circumstances. Jimmy Key, the resident Opening Day southpaw (his record now stands at 6–0 in this peculiar specialty), set down the visitors in neat bunches while looking a bit below his best, until he abruptly ran out of gas in the sixth and was gone. He was apologetic in the clubhouse afterward and said he expected to be a bit more fine in the near future—which is to say that he will show the batters those Mozartean changes of tempo and location that send them back to their dugout in enlightened dismay. Tartabull and Bernie Williams contributed a home run each to the eventual 8–6 Yankee win, and second baseman Pat Kelly rolled out a gemlike bunt base hit in the sixth which helped build a quieter but no less material run. John Wetteland, the dominating new Yankee closer acquired in a trade this April from the impoverished Montreal Expos (he registered a hundred and five saves for them over the past three seasons), came on in the ninth and shut down the proceedings in proper fashion, writing a "K" at the bottom of the page. He performed quickly,

Celebrate July 4th & All Events
CARBIDE CANNON
BIG BANG! **$119.95**

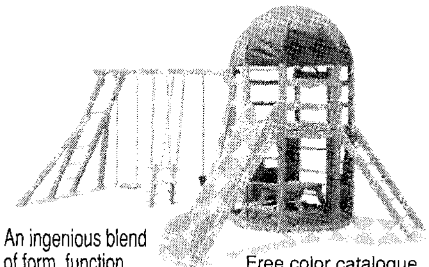
Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Handsome decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: 9" cannon, **$49.95 postpaid;** 17" cannon, **$89.95 postpaid;** 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, **$119.95 postpaid.** The larger the cannon the louder the bang! **Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, $6.00; 3 packs for $15.00.** Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee. Send for **FREE CATALOG!**

The Conestoga Co., Inc., Dept NY, PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016
★★ Call 1-800-987-BANG (2264) ★★

Laps of Luxury
Reward yourself with fitness in the comfort and privacy of your home. The compact pool preferred by health and sports professionals. Superior design. Fastest water current available. Effortless maintenance. 10 year warranty.

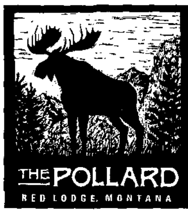
For brochure and video call 800-877-7946
Units start at $22,950
SwimEx®

MASTERPIECE.



An ingenious blend
of form, function
and frolic using
splinter-free cedar
as the medium.
A natural wonder.
P.O. Box 990-N, Rockport, Maine. 04856

Free color catalogue
1-800-GO-CEDAR
(1-800-462-3327)
Cedar Works
OF MAINE



a small hotel in Montana
Newly restored historic
hotel at the edge of
the Rocky Mountains.
Many outdoor activities.
Entirely non-smoking.
1-800-POLLARD
Fax 406-446-0002

THE POLLARD
RED LODGE, MONTANA

DUKE
Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change.
Diet and Fitness Center
800-362-8446
Duke University Medical Center, Durham, North Carolina

which is apparently not a work habit understood by an earlier toiler out there—the Texas starter, Kenny Rogers. During part of the Yankee third inning, I was able to crack, disrobe, and devour five peanuts, consult the Rangers' media guide to learn the whereabouts of their departed general manager, Tom Grieve (he has joined their cable-television team), and conduct, via my stat sheets, a protracted study of the list of previous Yankee Opening Day pitchers, going clear back to 1946 (Spud Chandler, against the Philadelphia Athletics), all while Rogers was delivering himself of two balls and a foul to Paul O'Neill. "C'mon," I said at last, "throw the *ball!*" Baseball, if I needed further reminding, was back.

The fans, let's face it, are not in a mood to be quickly charmed back into the ballparks by those suddenly affable big-league stars who have been handing out autographs before game time or tossing their caps into the crowds for souvenirs. Nor will they be instantly won over by a realization that the infielders and pitchers and batters out there are doing something perhaps more demanding than a Charles Barkley slam dunk. In spite of some deep discounts at the box office—the Mets offered all seats at a dollar for their first weekend at Shea, and the Royals gave away twenty thousand tickets outright, for instance—attendance was sharply down in most parks in both leagues, with actual attendance in some places comically or pathetically lower than the announced totals. The fans who did go were in an obstreperous mood, interrupting play with individual forays onto the field. In Tiger Stadium, where bleacher crowds can quickly turn ugly, play was nearly suspended when some fans out there began heaving bottles and batteries and the like at the visiting Indians outfielders. Whether this general sourness will last, or whether it will break down into localized glooms waiting to depress the gate the moment a home team begins to slip in the standings, is something we won't know until midseason. One thing that is already noticeable is that early attendance totals were heavily off in some of the cities whose franchise holders were known to be among the hardest of the hard-line owners in the recent debacle—in Houston, Kansas City, and Miami, for instance, and at Comiskey Park, the home base of the unbenevolent Jerry Reinsdorf. His opposite among the owners is Peter G. Angelos, a Baltimore labor lawyer, who refused to prepare a squad of replacement Orioles players during the first round of spring training, and said he would not field such a team once the season started. (His stand infuriated his fellow-capitalists, and they may now attempt to punish him in the next round of league expansions by awarding a cut-rate franchise to Washington, where large sectors of the Orioles' fan base make their home.) The O's, whose assets include the delectable downtown Camden Yards—the very model of a modern major stadium—and the game's prime active hero, Cal Ripken, Jr., drew ninety-seven per cent of capacity for their home opener and have already sold eighty-five per cent of the available tickets for the remainder of their season. The best P.R., one might almost say, comes naturally.

If my own state of mind about the immediate condition of the pastime is any indicator, bad feelings about baseball now center on the apparent indestructibility of the long feud between the two embittered parties, and the fact that the strike seems to have settled nothing. Negotiations between the owners and the Players Association, which had seemed to be edging closer to a compromise settlement just before Judge Sotomayor's intervention, have screeched to a stop, and there is persistent talk that both sides are now girding for another showdown at World Series time next year. For the present, both sides are left with a shattered economy that will continue to offer very high salaries to a relatively small number of star players—about fifteen per cent of the total, that is—and much less to the remainder. Major-market clubs like the Yankees and Braves and Colorado Rockies will continue to snatch up the available top pitchers and fielders and sluggers, as they have lately done with the likes of Jack McDowell and Marquis Grissom and Larry Walker, and have-not teams, such as the Expos and Mariners and Pirates—the small-market franchises whose plight the owners proclaimed was reason for a salary cap and a promise of subsequent revenue-sharing among the clubs—will cut their budgets and trim their talent even further, and still face deficits and renewed pressure to pull up stakes and move elsewhere. The Yanks signed McDowell, a top-of-the-class free-agent starter, lately of the White Sox, for a salary of five million four hundred thousand dollars, and acquired Wetteland, after outbidding several other teams equally in need of a tough closer, for players and cash. By contrast, many players of proved ability and experience—part of the bourgeoisie of baseball, so to speak—signed on last month for one-year salaries worth, in some cases, a fifth or a tenth of what they had been earning last year. As their agents pointed out, the strike had so depleted team revenues that there was no other option but to sign and play. This downturn in the salary scale has come as an unexpected prize for the owners at the end of a very rough journey, and they will undoubtedly wait and think about its meaning for some weeks or months before the notion of again sitting down across the table from the union begins to look like a useful or crucially imperative idea.

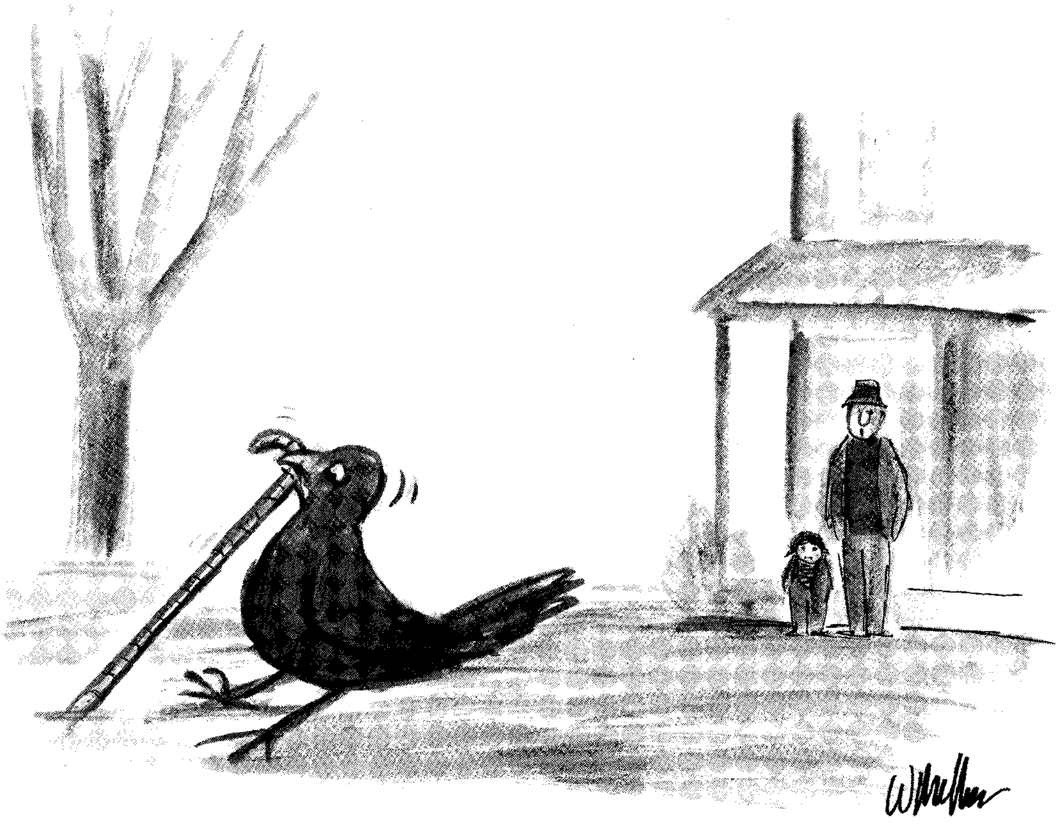
A week after the season started, I had a fax from a friend in Georgia, who wrote, "Yes, I've watched the Braves. Yes, I've read the box scores. I got tickets for August, damn them. Wuss City."

I absolutely understood this, because my wife and I had already accepted an invitation from friends of ours, another couple, for a Braves game this month, right here in New York, and I expect to catch the Dodgers at Shea later on this month, and the Mariners up at the Stadium early in June. I can always claim to myself that I'm *covering* these games, but it won't really be true. I'm in Wuss City, too—in fact, I may run for mayor. My own disaffection from baseball didn't make it past the top of the fourth inning of the Mets' home opener against the Cardinals—the moment when three young men jumped out of the stands and began scattering handfuls of paper money around the infield. Then they lined up in a row out by second base, with their fists in the air, and from the press box we could see that each of them had "Greed" inked across the front of his T-shirt. I was impressed—and even more so when it became clear that the greenbacks they'd thrown around weren't Monopoly money, as we'd assumed, but dollar bills. "Demonstration," I wrote in my notebook, but even before the field cops had taken the firebrands away and the grounds crew had swept up the loot, my effete, Eastern-liberal-humanist instincts of fanly solidarity had given way to the familiar upflow of irritation that comes over me whenever anything gets in the way of a ballgame—paper airplanes or a stray dog on the field, a descending parachutist or an earthquake, or even a passing August thunderstorm. Let's get with the program, God—this is *baseball.* In the act of proclaiming themselves fans, I mean, these bozos had disqualified themselves from membership in that company.

I had plenty of time in which to reflect on this discovery during the next few innings, when five or six other sansculottes ran out into the middle of things (there to encounter that death-ray indifference of a big-league fielder or pitcher when confronted on the field by anybody in street clothes), although it seemed clear that the impelling socio-political force at work by now was beer. The crowd got a kick out of it, especially when still another fan scooted out from the stands while the bloodhounds were closing in on some idiots in center field, and wrenched the third-base bag loose from its moorings—a first, in my experience—and started to scoot back again, with the souvenir tucked under his arm. (" 'FAN STEALS THIRD,' " three journalists near me in the press box murmured in unison.) With my binocs, I caught a glimpse of the miscreant's face just before he was escorted—heavily escorted—down the dugout steps, and it was clear that he was searching the stands for William Kunstler.

None of this, it turned out, was as entertaining as the game itself: a noisy, high-scoring, poorly played affair (the scorer was in a forgiving, spring-planting sort of mood) in which the pitchers handed out runs and home runs like—well, like dollar bills, and the fans' boos and cheers often seemed to overlap. The moment of the evening—the moment of this baseball year for me so far—came in the top of the seventh, when the Mets' rookie right fielder, Carl Everett, called off his center fielder on a fly ball and threw out the tagged-up Cardinals base runner, the fleet Brian Jordan, with an airmail, into-the-mitt double-play peg that nailed him a yard or so up the third-base line, ending the inning. "Wow!" we said in the press box, in chorus with 26,604 surrounding pairs of tonsils—a poor home-opener crowd, if truth be told, but now an extremely happy one. Inspired, the Mets came in to bat and responded with an instant home run (it was by Rico Brogna) and then two more runs that recaptured the lead and, it turned out, won the game as well.

If there is a retreat or a statement here, it has to do only with the limited opportunities that we fans have available to us during these plague years of baseball. We are never consulted by the opposing moneyed powers in the course of their ill-tempered maneuverings, and whenever a brief armistice does come along, their overtures to us, whether in the form of cut-rate tickets or extra autographs, are demeaning. I understand the impulse to stay home and shut the doors and windows against baseball (does this ever include the games that come in on the tube, I wonder), but no one suffers more from such an embargo than we do. Our remaining choices, it occurs to me, aren't all that bad. We can go to a game. Then we can go to another one, maybe with friends. We won't just stay home and catch the game on television again—where Don Mattingly shares time with Larry King, and the difficult two-on-and-one-out threat in the sixth is suspended by our click-click to old bits of "NYPD Blue." We won't balk at the price: twenty-odd dollars for a pair of mezzanine reserved is a quarter of the hit for a Knicks game. We'll *go.* Then, along about the All-Star Game break, we might even take a chance and hurry back to the same park in the hope of picking up a pair of seats at the window, just before game time. Anybody who follows this plan—I semi-guarantee this—will stop thinking that he can play ball as well as or better than the guys on the field, and won't care by as much as an old peanut shell whether he is helping the plutocrat owners. He will be a fan again, and—for this season, at least—the proprietor of our amazing game. ♦



"Earthworms are good guys, and birds are good guys—that's just life, honey."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A DEATH OF ONE'S OWN

Is it right to want to die? The author came to his own conclusion when his ailing mother decided that she had had enough.

BY ANDREW SOLOMON

IN our family, discussions about euthanasia began long before my mother developed ovarian cancer. We all signed living wills in the early eighties, and talked at that time about how uncivilized it was that the euthanasia option accepted in the Netherlands was not available to Americans. "I hate pain," my mother said casually. "If I reach the point at which I'm in nothing but pain, I hope one of you will shoot me." Laughing, we all agreed. We all thought that a quiet death was the best kind—in your sleep, at home, when you were very old. Young and optimistic, I assumed we would all die that way at some point in the very remote future.

The matter remained wholly abstract until my maternal grandmother had cataract surgery. She went in for this procedure in her late eighties, possessed of that acerbic intelligence I had known in her since my childhood. It took five days for her to regain consciousness, and when she did she was a rather tedious little old lady without much of a sense of humor and with no real opinions. For the remainder of her life, my grandmother read no books or newspapers, formed no opinions, and called none of the people who had been her friends. She ceased to show the slightest interest in going out with the family and refused even to come to our house for Christmas Day. She griped about the shortcomings of her food and catalogued endless small aches and pains. That was the extent of her conversation. She was not, however, plagued by agonizing disease, and she did not show the real incoherence of senility. And so there was now something disconcerting about the energy with which my mother talked about euthanasia. "If I ever get to that stage," she said, "someone come up and kill me." My father, who adored my mother and seldom took sides against her, was shocked, but my mother never wavered. "She is getting no pleasure from anyone else," she said. "Nor is she giving pleasure to anyone. Her life is already over, and this thing she's doing—it's just a punishment, for her and for me. If I could think of a way to do it, I'd go up there and shoot her this week, and it would be the biggest favor I could do her. Don't you see that she's wanted to be dead ever since that surgery?"

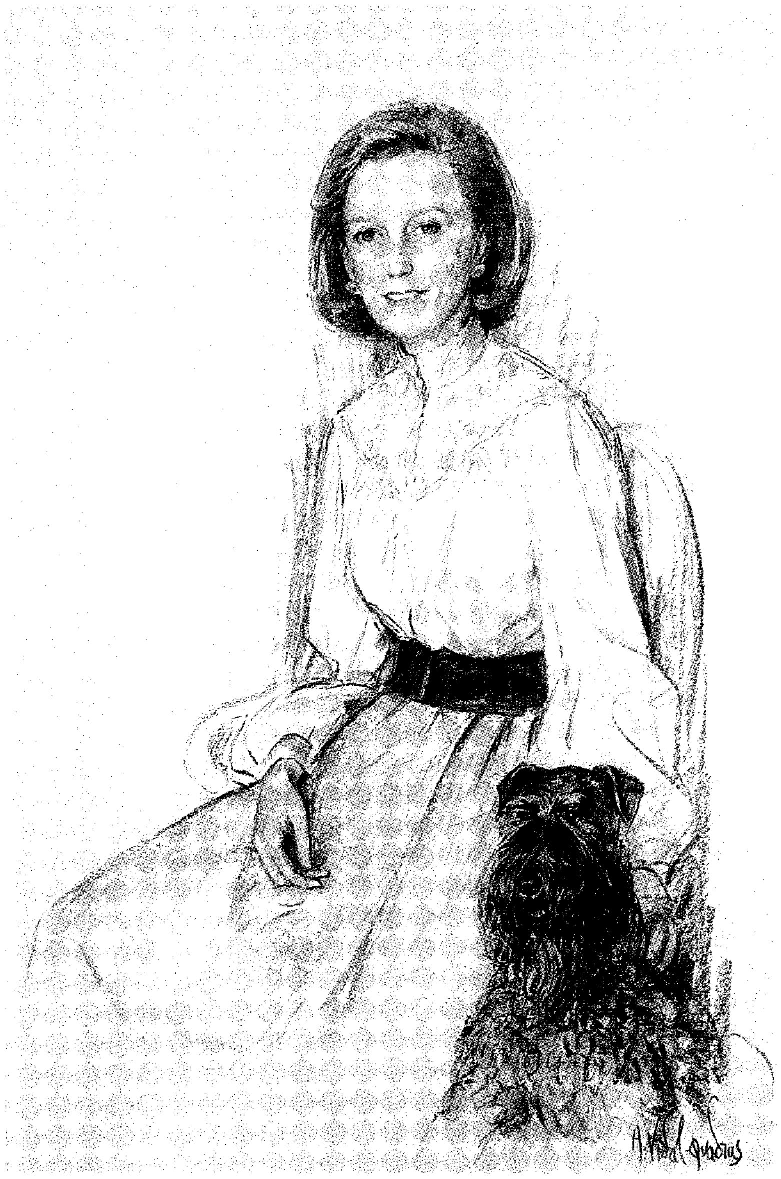
When my grandmother died, eighteen months after the cataract surgery, my father was astonished at how devastated my mother was. "You wanted her to die," he kept reminding her. And my mother retreated into a kind of angry sadness: now that my grandmother was dead, my mother could give vent to her loss. It is clear to me in retrospect that my grandmother hung on for those eighteen months only because she thought that it was expected of her—that she had to wait until one of her durable organs gave up. But, despite my mother's rhetoric, none of us considered helping my grandmother to die, and it never occurred to my grandmother to do anything about her wish to have things over with.

Three years after my grandmother's death, my mother's suicide—in the late stages of terminal cancer—did not appear to be a political act. "Final Exit," a best-seller with do-it-yourself instructions for people who have had enough of life, was not yet in broad circulation; and though Dr. Jack Kevorkian, the inventor of a suicide machine for suffering patients, had stumbled across the television screen, his slouchy figure and taste for theatrics seemed tangential to our isolatingly private experience. Compelled in part by that sense of isolation, I began a sporadically autobiographical novel, "A Stone Boat," which is most true to life in its description of my mother's death. By the time the book came out, I had become accustomed to the idea that I was participating in the great American euthanasia debate, and I checked to see whose side I was on. I was alarmed to discover how little connection there was between the experiences that had led to the point where I, with my father and my brother, watched my mother kill herself and the public controversy into which I had been plunged. Legislation and legal decisions on the right to die have changed rapidly; though it is less than four years ago that my mother died, none of us could then have conceived of Oregon's Measure 16, which passed last year and, if it is upheld in the courts, will make physician-assisted suicide legal for the first time ever, anywhere in the world.

THERE is a divide in the current discourse on euthanasia between, on the one hand, the emotional arguments put forward by people who have participated in the euthanasia process and, on the other, the libertarian rationales for legislative support of euthanasia as a civil right. Though the media have made the political and legal debate into headline news, the terms of that debate fail utterly to capture the emotional resonance of any planned death. Reconciling individual experience and universal principle is bound to be problematic, but the gap yawns particularly wide here; nor does it narrow as the right-to-die movement gains momentum.

The word "euthanasia" may be used to cover a spectrum of events (assisted suicide, physician-assisted suicide, voluntary active euthanasia, passive euthanasia, and involuntary active euthanasia) and to substitute for a variety of politically loaded euphemisms (the right to die, aid-in-dying, physician-assisted death, and end-of-life decision-making). Talk of euthanasia provokes sometimes irrational responses on both sides, and these responses center on the emotional issue of who should control a life. The person whose life it is? The person's doctors? The person's dependents? The state? Some elaborately negotiated balance of these? In China, you in effect need the permission of the government to start a life: it is generally illegal for couples to have more than one child, and those who ignore this law are subject to heavy penalties. In America, you have an absolute right to bring into this world a child to whom you intend to give neither love nor material support. Surely if you can start another life without permission, you ought to be able to terminate your own?

Yet the view persists that to wish for one's own death, in any form, is crazy, and that the person who holds such a wish must be cured of his or her "depression" or "distorted view." Social convention says you must always protect the suicidal from themselves. It is true that many suicides are the irrational result of treatable depression, but I am persuaded that there is also such a thing as a rational decision to give up life. This belief marks me as a euthanasiast. Unfortunately, many who believe in such rational decision-making—and they include both Kevorkian and Derek Humphry, the author of "Final Exit"—seem to think that "rational" means "straightforward." It is not easy to arrive at this rational decision. Doing so is a slow, tangled, peculiar process, whose convolutions are as madly individual as those experiences of love which can lead to marriage. The moderates, for their part—the legal philosopher Ronald Dworkin and the physician Timothy Quill among them—draw an obsessively careful distinction between "rational" suicides and all others. The fact is that a suicide is a suicide—overdetermined, sad, somewhat toxic to everyone it touches. The worst and the best kinds lie at either end of a continuum; they differ in degree, not in essential quality. The narrator of Dostoyevski's "The Possessed" asks whether there are people who kill themselves from reason. "Lots," Kirilov replies. "But for prejudice there would be more; many more; all." What has changed in the last few decades is the shape of that prejudice.



The author's mother in a 1984 portrait. "When it's time, we'll all know," she told her family.

ANTONIO VIDAL QUADROS, COURTESY OF THE SOLOMON FAMILY

Even those least constrained by that prejudice, in all its protean shapes, agree on the need for parameters for euthanasia. But what should they be? Must the patient's death be imminent, or can he have a debilitating but not imminently fatal condition, such as Alzheimer's or Lou Gehrig's disease? Must the patient have exhausted all available treatments? Is there such a thing as a terminal mental state, in which someone who has received lots of treatment and remains unhappy may be assisted to die even if he or she is not physically ill? In the autumn of 1993, in accordance with a long-term pact, an elderly couple, married for many years, took a combination of barbiturates and other drugs sufficient to kill themselves. They had both suffered painful conditions, and now she was developing symptoms of terminal disease. When they were found, she was dead, but doctors at a Bay Area hospital were able to resuscitate him. "You get sent in to help someone like that," a psychiatrist said to me at a party in San Francisco last November. "What can you do?" A colleague said, "They'll give someone like that pills and therapy to ameliorate depression, but his wife is dead, he's old, sick, in constant pain, and his suicide didn't work. I gather he's been in pretty much the same state for six months. I treat depression. What he's got, it's not that kind of depression."

The medical community has been grappling with the issue in an increasingly public way. In 1991, Timothy Quill published, in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the details of his decision to give a patient who had refused treatment for acute leukemia a prescription for barbiturates sufficient for suicide. "I wrote the prescription with an uneasy feeling about the boundaries I was exploring—spiritual, legal, professional, and personal," Quill wrote. "Yet I also felt strongly that I was setting her free . . . to maintain dignity and control on her own terms until her death." The patient—Diane, he calls her—died having persuaded her doctor and her family that her decision was rational. Quill signed a death certificate that listed acute leukemia as the cause of her death, "to protect Diane from an invasion into her past and her body, and to continue to shield society from the knowledge of the degree of suffering that people often undergo in the process of dying."

Quill's account was by no means the first of its kind to appear in the medical journals. A few years earlier, an unsigned article called "It's Over, Debbie" had been published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. It was an account by a medical resident of his having given morphine to a cancer patient who had said, "Let's get this over with." The general feeling was that the resident had had no right to kill someone he didn't know. But Quill's story was cause for much deeper examination. After publication, various charges were considered against him, including manslaughter. The grand jury failed to indict, but only after Diane's body had been autopsied and photographers had set up camp outside her family's house. "It was media torture," Quill told me. At the moment, suicide is legal throughout the United States; assisted suicide is specifically criminalized in thirty-two states and is criminalized through common law in eleven more; the law is unclear in seven states.

In his pellucid book, "Death and Dignity," Quill advocates "comfort care" (the phrase is a variant of "hospice care" or "palliative care"), in which sick people are made as comfortable as possible and allowed a natural death—but he also supports legal aid-in-dying where comfort care fails. Every doctor has to make decisions about when to use "heroic measures" with a patient, when to let the patient die—and when to do something in between. Quill discusses the "double effect" of supplying pain relief that also hastens death; he explains the "slippery slope" argument, according to which any program of aid-in-dying can lead to coerced or involuntary euthanasia—to people knocking off their relatives for financial gain or emotional relief. "Physician aid-in-dying should be possible, but not easy," Quill says. "We cannot circumvent the richness of the decision-making process. Doctors must agree on a policy of non-abandonment, and stay with their patients through whatever decisions those patients make." In the Netherlands, where physician-assisted death is illegal but is not prosecuted if it falls within stated guidelines, patients usually have lifetime relationships with primary-care physicians. In America, we tend to die in the hands of specialists who never saw us healthy. Quill's central argument is that there should be a close relationship between doctor and patient, and that the decision to provide aid-in-dying must grow out of that intimacy.

TELL ME, WHAT IS THE SOUL

(Osip Mandelstam)

There is a prison room,
the floor cement,
in the middle of the room
a black pool full of black water.
It leads to an invisible canal.
Plunder is the pool. Plunder is the canal.

By the wall,
by a fire,
he was reciting, in his yellow leather coat,
the thieves were listening, they offered him
bread and the canned stuff,
which he took . . .

—JEAN VALENTINE

Young doctors tend to support euthanasia. "If you go to medical school now, you'll see we're nowhere near caught up socially with where we are technically," Roberta Parks, a young internist, told me. "End-of-life decisions often rely heavily on language," she went on. "If you say to the family of a man who is dying 'Do you want me to do everything for your father?' they almost always say yes. But if you say 'Do you want me to limit artificial intervention and let nature take its course?' they will also say yes."

MY mother's ovarian cancer was diagnosed in August of 1989. During her first week in the hospital, she announced that she was going to kill herself. She was not at that time speaking of a considered agenda of terminating her own symptoms—she had scarcely any symptoms—but rather was expressing a sense of outrage at the indignity of what lay ahead and a profound fear of losing control of her own life. She then spoke of suicide as people disappointed in love may speak of it—as a swift and easy alternative to the painful, slow process of recovery. It was as though she wanted vengeance for the snub she had received from nature: if her life could not be as exquisite as it had been, she would have no more of it.

The subject lay low as she went through an excruciating, humiliating bout of chemotherapy. When, ten months later, she went in for exploratory surgery to assess the results, the regimen proved to have been less effective than we'd hoped, and a second round was prescribed. After the surgery, my mother lingered for a long time in a state of resistance to consciousness. When she finally began to speak again, a flood of anger came out of her, and this time when she said she was going to kill herself it was a threat. Our protests were thrown back in our faces. "I'm already dead," she said as she lay in her hospital bed. "What's here for you to love?" Or else, "If you loved me, you'd help me out of this misery." Whatever meagre faith she had had in chemotherapy was gone, and she laid down as a condition of her accepting further punishing treatments that someone get her "those pills," so that she could stop whenever she was ready.

It is striking to me in retrospect that we never talked about her jumping off the Empire State Building or putting her head in a gas oven, both options that she could have explored on her own. There's no shortage of trains in front of which to throw yourself if you're a Russian-literature fan. In general, terminally ill patients want to die a nonviolent death, and people who arrive at a rational decision to kill themselves do not want to do it alone. The convention now is that such nonviolent death should be brought about by barbiturate sleeping pills, though it is likely that the easiest and best method would be lethal injection. The problem with lethal injections is that they cannot be administered euphemistically: the doctor who prescribes sleeping pills pretends that they are for sleep, and the patient requesting them tends to allow him this formality. A lethal injection is a lethal injection, and no one can pretend that you wanted it for any purpose other than death.

The problem with barbiturates, though, is that they don't always work. A classic Hemlock Society death has involved giving someone an overdose of barbiturates, and then, when he is asleep, covering his head with a plastic bag and securing the bag with rubber bands to make sure that he suffocates. People who do not have access to barbiturates may get full instructions on self-deliverance by means of over-the-counter medications combined with a plastic bag, from a manual recently published by ERGO! (the Euthanasia Research & Guidance Organization). Featuring photo illustrations that are vaguely reminiscent of the safety cards on airplanes, it explains everything in meticulous detail. Step 11, for example, reads: "Place the plastic bag (or bags) over the head and draw the elastic bands over the bag, securing it firmly at around the adam's apple area. There must be no leaks."

In the past few years, I have heard from dozens of people that there is no need to change laws, since "this kind of thing goes on now anyway." It goes on anyway, and it frequently goes wrong. Speaking to those who had assisted in suicides—I have talked to several hundred such people throughout the United States—I heard of suicides as gruelling as the diseases they were meant to terminate. In some cases, irreplaceable pills were regurgitated. "My husband had to just eat his vomit," one woman said. "He was that determined. But then he threw up again. We waited about an hour; then he downed it all again and I put a plastic bag over his head so he would suffocate before he got sick, and he finally died. He'd been through so much, and that whole disgusting, humiliating business was the living end." In "The Myth of Sisyphus" Camus writes, "The body's judgment is as good as the mind's and the body shrinks from annihilation." Even at the end of a terminal illness, the body shows an alarming imperviousness to its own anguish. It is the mind that must insist when enough is enough.

Without AIDS, we would not have seen the radical transformations of the last ten years. Many who are suffering from that disease have helped others through it and are therefore unusually well informed about its progress. H.I.V. testing allows people to arrive at end-of-life decisions before the onset of disease. Because AIDS appears always to be terminal, you can avail yourself only of whatever happiness can coexist with treatment; because AIDS tends to create its own community as much as it cuts people off from other communities, P.W.A.s may find approbation for the decision to end life where sufferers from other diseases find resistance. The persistent questioning of authority by AIDS activists and their skepticism toward "standard medical practice" have resulted in a throwing off of that medical snobbery which insists on life at any cost.

Assisted suicide at the end of AIDS, however, can be particularly difficult, because many P.W.A.s, weakened though their bodies may seem, have had such high doses of barbiturate painkillers for so long that they have built up resistance. Most stories of euthanasia and AIDS involve more active intervention. Russel Ogden, a Canadian social worker and researcher, has written a book entitled "Euthanasia, Assisted Suicide, and AIDS," which is full of disturbing statistics, and which includes stories of those who, having attempted suicide unsuccessfully, had to repeat their farewell speeches a second time to the same intimates. He describes an AIDS patient who had asked two friends to help him die. He took his pills, and when he was out cold his two friends secured a bag over his head, holding it with a ribbon. One of them became frantic. "I can't

THE WUNDERKIND AT WORK
Mom? Dad? I just got a great idea about why I should have my own car, and I'd like to pitch it to you.
OUT
IN

deal with this," he said. "Well, don't quit now," said the other. "We're in this together." At that point, the dying man suddenly snapped into consciousness. "Hey, guys, what's going on?" he asked. They removed the bag and comforted him; he passed out again, the bag was put back over his head, and he suffocated. "I will never forgive myself," said the friend who had weakened, "for leaving him with that last memory, of us arguing."

You tend to accommodate the very, very sick. There was no answer to my mother's rage and despair after her surgery except to say yes to whatever she demanded. I was living in London at that time, but now came to New York every second week to see her. My brother was in law school in New Haven, and he drove down often. My father neglected his office to be at home. We were all clinging to my mother, who had been the center of our close family, and we wavered between the lighter tone that had been our customary mien and a darker solemnity. Still, when my mother had relaxed into a facsimile of her usual self, the idea of her suicide, though it had gained resonance, once more receded. Her second round of chemotherapy seemed to be working, and my father had researched half a dozen more treatment options. My mother made her remarks about suicide on occasion, and we continued to tell her that it would be a long time before such measures could be relevant.

At four o'clock on a blustery September afternoon in 1990, I called home to check on some test results. We would continue with this therapy while we explored other options, my father told me, trying to sound upbeat. I had no doubt what other options my mother would be exploring. So I should not have been surprised when she told me, in October, over lunch, that the technical details had been taken care of—she now had the pills. In the early stages of her illness, my mother, stripped of disguises, had suffered as a side effect of her treatments a loss of beauty so obvious that only my father could contrive to be blind to it. She had found the physical damage of chemotherapy intensely painful—her hair was gone, her skin was allergic to any makeup, her body was emaciated, and her eyes were ringed with perpetual exhaustion. By the time of that October lunch, however, she had begun to take on a pale, illuminated, ethereal beauty, completely different in its quality from the all-American looks she had had during my childhood. The moment when she actually sought the pills was also the moment when she accepted (perhaps prematurely, perhaps not) the idea that she was dying, and this acceptance afforded her a radiance, both physical and profound, that seemed to me that day more powerful than her decay.

I protested, as we ate, that she might still have lots of time, and she said that she had always believed in planning carefully. Euthanasia is a deadline matter, and I asked what her cutoff would be. "As long as there is even a remote chance of my getting well, I'll go on with treatments," she said. "When they say that they are keeping me alive but without any chance of recovery, then I'll stop. When it's time, we'll all know. I won't do anything before then. Meanwhile, I plan to enjoy whatever time there is left."

Everything that had been intolerable to my mother was made tolerable when she got those pills, by the sure knowledge that when life became unlivable it would stop. I would have to say that the eight months that followed, though they led inexorably to her death, were the happiest months of her illness; and that in some obscure way—despite, or perhaps because of, the suffering in them—they were the happiest months of our lives. Once we had all settled the future, we could live fully in the present, something that we had never really done before. Euthanasia offers a remarkable liberation, for the imminence of death, once it is fully acknowledged, can be the basis for a stripped and pure honesty that is not possible under ordinary circumstances. I should emphasize that the vomiting, the malaise, the hair loss, and the adhesions were all relentless; that my mother's mouth was one great sore that seemed never to heal; that she had to save up strength for days to have one afternoon out; that she could eat almost nothing, was a mess of allergies, and shook so badly that she was often unable to use a fork and knife—yet the excruciating business of the continuing chemotherapy seemed suddenly unimportant, because these symptoms were permanent only until she decided she could take no more, and so the disease was no longer in control of her. In "A Short History of Decay" E. M. Cioran writes, "What greater wealth than the suicide each of us bears within himself?"

Many ill people seek out barbiturate prescriptions but never use them. Quill writes of a man with H.I.V. who insisted on keeping a cache of pills in a blue sock under his pillow. He refused to go on any hospital visit without them, but lived through the most painful and degrading AIDS-related infections without taking them, and ultimately died from the disease. "Knowing that you could get dependable, legal aid-in-dying," Quill says, "might allow people to defer the decision longer, resulting in more life."

In the first century, Seneca wrote, "I will not raise my hand against myself on account of pain, for so to die is to be conquered. But I know that if I must suffer without hope of relief, I will depart, not through fear of the pain itself, but because it prevents all for which I would live." Renaissance thinkers spoke of death as settling the meaning of life, and the fifteenth-century religious treatise "Ars Moriendi" established the concept of a "beautiful death." The dying person (the *moriens*) is told that when death is upon him he must come to it without resistance or anger or defiance; those attending are told not to give priority to medical over spiritual aid. Though the "Ars Moriendi" does not speak of suicide, neither does it fetishize life as today's Catholic Church and the American Medical Association have: it does not call for heroic measures, or life support, or desperate battle to the last breath. In the centuries since the Renaissance, the theme of suicide's appeal has surfaced regularly, preoccupying Schopenhauer, and dominating the work of Sartre and Camus, for both of whom the absurdity of life was not quite sufficient reason for terminating it. Their arguments are central to the alienated modernist's willingness to live, and take the place of the religious arguments that had previously defined a value for human life.

In our secular era, we still cling to the idea of brave self-sacrifice, and build monuments to those who have died for their country. Seppuku is an act of nobility to many Japanese; suicide terrorism can win you a place in Heaven if you are a Muslim. But what if the good cause is neither God nor country but simply the love of the people around you, whose helplessness in the face of your pain makes that pain unbearable? And what if you simply abhor pain?

PROPONENTS of euthanasia began organizing here after the First World War. The Euthanasia Society of America was founded in 1938, and within a year it had drafted a proposal to legalize "the termination of human life by painless means for the purpose of avoiding unnecessary suffering." Though the cause stalled immediately after the Second World War—the word "euthanasia" having been too closely associated with Nazi Germany—it picked up momentum again during the revolutions of the sixties. In 1967, the Euthanasia Society started a tax-exempt Euthanasia Education Fund, and also opened discussion of the "living will," in which a person may record his wish not to receive treatment for late stages of illness.

The first legislative and judicial moves toward liberalization involved comatose patients. In 1976, the New Jersey Supreme Court gave permission for Karen Ann Quinlan's parents to disconnect the respirator to which her doctors had connected her after a mixture of alcohol and tranquillizers had put her into a coma. Also in 1976, the California Natural Death Act passed, giving living wills legal standing. In the mid-seventies, the Euthanasia Society changed its name; it is now called Choice in Dying. The founding of the Hemlock Society, in 1980, by Derek Humphry, with Ann Humphry, Richard Scott, and Gerald LaRue, marked the beginning of a more vigorous engagement. The cause is now supported by Hemlock, Choice in Dying, ERGO!, Americans for Death with Dignity, Compassion in Dying, the World Federation of Right to Die Societies, and others. Hemlock has become the center of public debate, in large part because of "Final Exit," which, in Humphry's own words, "legitimized everything by making money." John Pridonoff, who is now the executive director of Hemlock, has said, "The terminally ill buy it for information, and they get peace of mind." (Humphry left Hemlock in 1992 and subsequently set up ERGO!; the two societies have a cordial relationship.) Pridonoff is gentle and soft-spoken, a Congregational minister and a moderate. "We take a conservative approach, supporting carefully constructed laws that allow physician-assisted death only under clearly specified conditions," he said. "That's more fruitful than insisting on an extreme position." The society publishes an impressive bimonthly newsletter, *TimeLines*, which keeps members up to date on legal progress, emerging medical information, and changing philosophies of death.

"With your large bucket of popcorn, you get your choice of Milk Duds, Jujubes or Strawberry Twizzlers."

• •

There are essentially six degrees of euthanasia under discussion in the United States. The most basic is discontinuing artificial life-support systems (ventilators, shunts, etc.) for a patient in an irreversible coma who cannot live without such intervention. The second is discontinuing feeding or hydration for a comatose patient who does not require any other artificial support. The third is withholding (at the patient's request) treatment that can extend the life of but not cure a severely or terminally ill patient. The fourth is providing pain relief to someone in great pain knowing that the pain medication may hasten that patient's death (the double effect). The fifth is giving a patient access to means that the patient may use to kill himself in order to escape from severe or terminal illness. The sixth is administering a lethal injection (at the patient's request) to a patient who is severely or terminally ill. Involuntary euthanasia, which occurs when someone takes it upon himself to "put out of his pain" a patient without that patient's explicit knowledge or consent, is outside the dominant American dialogue.

The movement's primary enemy is the leadership of the Roman Catholic Church, which has poured millions of dollars into anti-euthanasia work. Unitarians and the United Church of Christ are at the forefront of religious support for euthanasia. The new Presbyterian Book of Common Worship includes a set of prayers to be said when a life-support system is withdrawn: they begin "God of compassion and love, you have breathed into us the breath of life and have given us the exercise of our minds and wills." H. Scott Matheney, the Presbyterian and United Church of Christ chaplain of Columbia University, maintains that there are, implicitly, prayers for other kinds of assisted death. "Judaism, which has served as the ethical basis for Western civilization, views assisted suicide as murder," Rabbi Moshe S. Gorelik, as president of the Rabbinical Council of America, has said, but he also concedes that "to prolong life is a *mitzvah*, to prolong dying is not."

The Hemlock Society had the first National Conference on Voluntary Euthanasia in 1983, in a Unitarian church in San Francisco. I went to the eighth national conference, which took place last October at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza in Kansas City. Like most other social causes, euthanasia has a broad base of support and a small core of militants. The militants of the euthanasia movement are, by and large, female, white, college-educated, and in late middle age. Most of them are Protestant. Some have assisted someone to die; some have been closely involved with someone who suffered horribly and who they now believe should have had an assisted death; some are approaching illness and want to control their own deaths. The Hemlock Society is partly a support group and partly an information service and partly a social club. "It's still an upper-middle-class concern," Quill says, "because Americans who are worried about getting *any* care aren't distracting themselves with this." And yet it is for people without much privilege that legislative change is most urgent; whereas rich people with private doctors and good connections can almost always find the means to kill themselves quietly at home, most others are subject to the philosophies of random overworked physicians.

Looking around at these women in their drab smocks sitting in endless rows in the grand ballroom of the Holiday Inn, I was struck by their unostentatious courage. "No one in this room is afraid of death," John Pridonoff told me. Carol Presley, the most recent Hemlock chapter leader from Boulder, Colorado, said, "We live in a more tolerant way than the rest of society. Most of the people here are witty, curious, intellectual, rational, and open-minded." At its most extreme, I found, that openness could be rather disconcerting. "I've always liked dying people," Vicki Bauch, a certified hospice nurse, told me warmly. "It's like birthing. There's an emotional intensity and connectedness that you don't find anywhere else."

Barbara Coombs Lee, a board member of Oregon Right to Die, was Saturday's luncheon speaker. Oregon's Mea-

SHOWCASE

ROYAL FLUSH

BY HILTON ALS

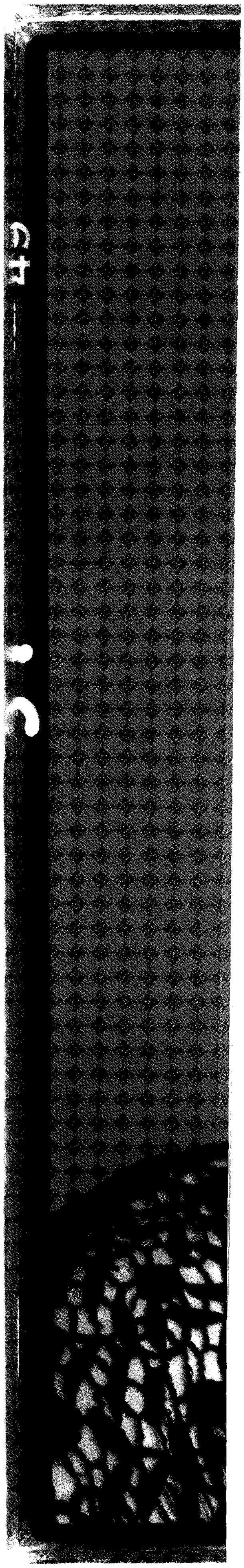
LIKE most souls possessed of a charismatic brilliance, the artist formerly known as Prince can't modulate any aspect of his performing self or his tireless, insomniac work habits. His seemingly endless stream of songs, his constant reconfiguring of studio bands and touring bands, his priapic posturing, and the costumes designed to (literally) show off his ass—all of it is meant to be consumed whole, whether you like it or not.

Unlike Michael Jackson, his only rival, the singer who was christened Prince Rogers Nelson is not "nice," nor does he seek acceptance and love on his audience's terms. If he cared about us, why would he change his name to a peculiar, omnisexual symbol, something no one could pronounce?

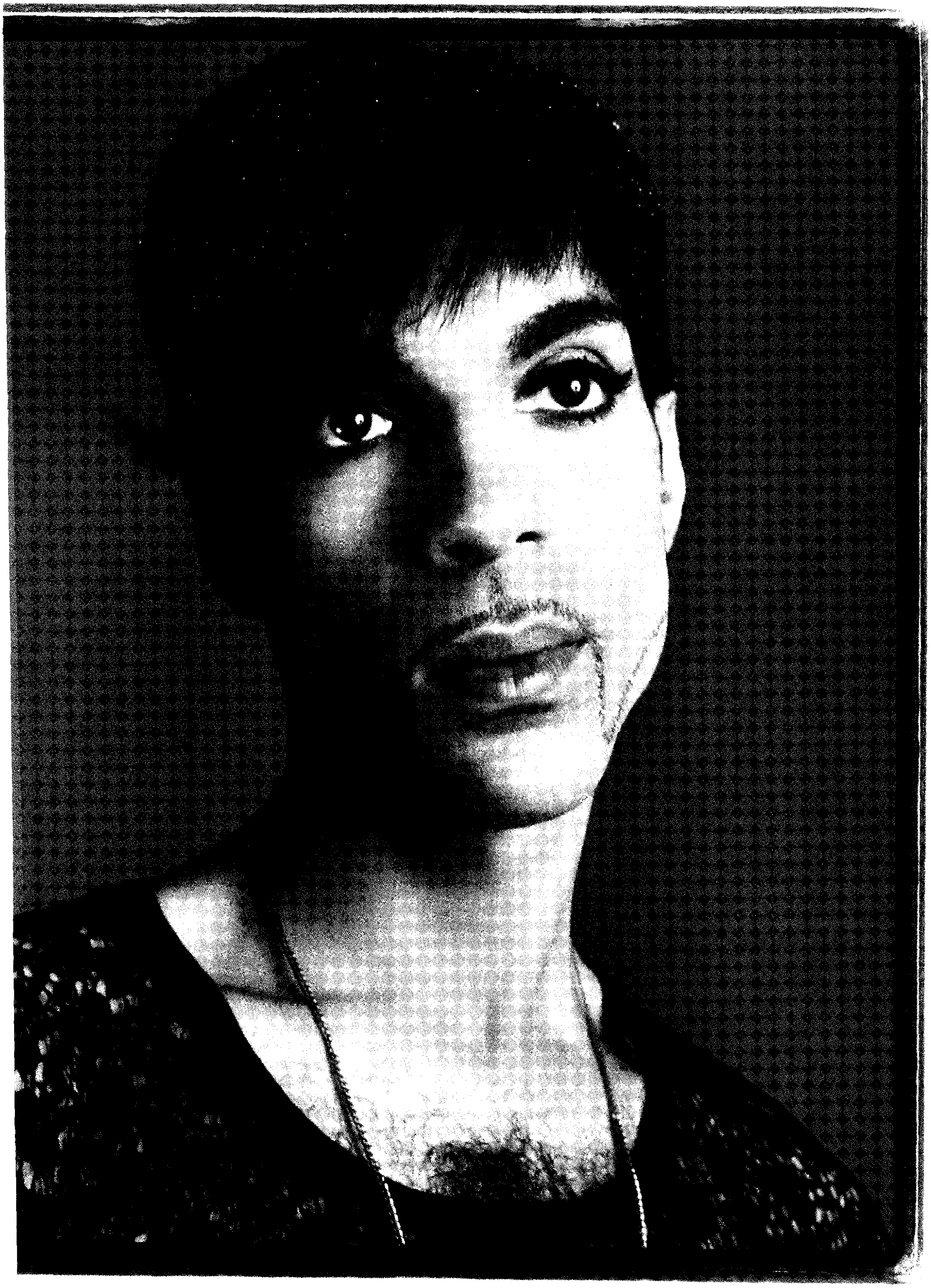
Two years ago, in what may have been a moment of pique with Warner Bros. Records, "Prince" abandoned his world-famous moniker. Not long afterward, he began referring to himself as a "slave." Then, perhaps following Malcolm X's lead, he changed his name to ⚥, driving home the point that, while the name Prince had been bought, his mind and talent would never be indentured.

This summer, ⚥ begins his first American tour in three years, and in August he plans to release a new album, entitled "Exodus." Audiences unfamiliar with the power of his transgressive black humor, his inexhaustible inventiveness, and his haughty allure should expect the unexpected. Both virgin fans and the already converted will find themselves communing at the altar of his religion, where the only idol is his next unknown, glittering incarnation. ♦

PHOTOGRAPH BY
RICHARD AVEDON



⚥, the artist formerly known as Prince, New York City, April 9, 1995.



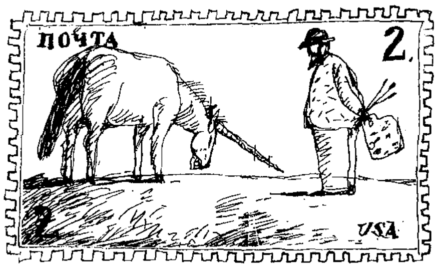
sure 16, which was to be on the state's ballot in November, is one of several that have been proposed in various states over the last five years; previous initiatives, in California and Washington, were defeated by narrow margins. Measure 16 is a "prescription bill," which would allow doctors to prescribe pills that they know would be used for a suicide by a terminally ill person; it would also allow doctors to be with patients when they take the pills. But the bill does not allow for lethal injections, which are safer and more effective.

Lee cautioned the audience against speaking too much or too readily to the press. "If the reporter gets frustrated, you've won," she said. "If we reason with them, if we use the kind of well-articulated, carefully reasoned arguments that we've heard today, we'll lose. If we allow the issues to become complicated, we'll lose. Our job has been to condense arguments and to find every conceivable way to present your arguments in a persuasive way." She was speaking fluidly and with passion. "For the next two weeks, suspend your own natural intellectual honesty." That was perhaps the saddest thing I heard while I was working on this article, because it fully acknowledged that there cannot yet be a bridge between the legal issues and the emotional ones—that the ideal to which everyone in that room aspired is still unavailable.

As we finished our lunch, there was a sudden cry from a table in the middle of the dining room, and an old woman fell off her chair and lay prostrate on the floor. The entire roomful of people—euthanasiasts, for whom death held no fear—began running like the bulls in Pamplona. Three men kneeling beside the woman yelled "Give us air! Get back!" A battery of doctors rushed over and shouted contradictory advice. Waiters with trays of uneaten chicken stared in horror. "But did she *want* to die?" a man next to me kept asking. "Did she want to die *now*?" And someone who appeared to be his wife said, "Well, at least she's got it over with." She sounded jealous. At that point, the prostrate woman sat up partway. She had simply passed out. The crowd was herded through to the next room for the afternoon's programs, and everyone settled down to eating the hard candies that had been put in little bowls along the conference tables while Adrienne Burnell, Ph.D., R.N., spoke on "The Nurse's Role in Patients' End-of-Life Decisions."

SINCE my mother's death, there has been a certain tendency toward denial in my family. My father doesn't care for sad movies or plays anymore, and in trying to look away from his own loss he tends to overlook a certain sadness in my brother and in me, as though he has forgotten that grief unites us. Unlike the uniting sorrow of other deaths, this one has in it the weird legacy of our once secret history. With time, I have come to understand that being active in euthanasia circles is both a means of working through agonizing feelings and a means of holding on to them. "After my father died, I became an activist," Stephanie Thomas, a vibrant woman in her fifties, told me at the Kansas City conference. "Now I'm on the national board of Hemlock, and I'm the founding president of the local chapter in Bloomington, Indiana." As she talked about her life, I realized that her father's death had become the one defining factor in it. The euthanasia subculture is jagged with pain.

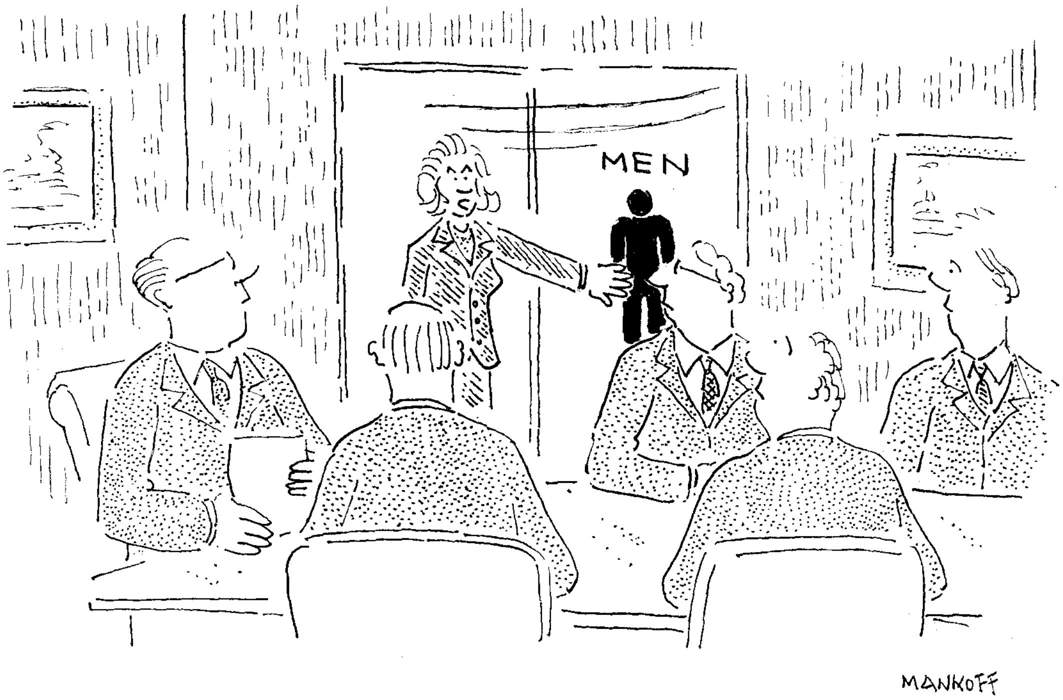
Strikingly absent from the Kansas City conference was Jack Kevorkian. Though he is to outsiders the highest-profile figure in the right-to-die movement, his behavior is so erratic and his personality so bizarre that most other members of the movement go to considerable lengths to distance themselves from him. "He speaks to the American need for a quick fix," Quill says. Kevorkian has helped twenty-two people to die since June 4, 1990, when he hooked up his suicide machine, the Mercitron, to Janet Adkins, then fifty-four, who had known for a year that she had Alzheimer's disease. Unlike most advocates of aid-in-dying, Kevorkian flouts the law like a showman. But many people are moved by his refusal to speak in euphemisms, and some activists hail him as a necessary precursor to their less flamboyant activities. "We needed a Kevorkian to get here," Susan Dunshee, the president of the board of Compassion in Dying, said. This group, working in the state of Washington, actually assists in the suicide process: its members will recommend dosages, come to your house, help you deal with the death certificate, and so on. Compassion in Dying helped to generate the suit that led Judge Barbara Rothstein, in May, 1994, to find Washington's ban on assisted suicide unconstitutional in cases of terminal illness (her ruling was then overturned, and the case may very well go, eventually, to the Supreme Court).



The Washington case was a necessary precursor of Oregon's Measure 16. On Election Day, I went to Eugene, where the Hemlock Society leadership would have to pronounce on the larger implications of the bill. We all met up at Hemlock headquarters—a white clapboard building downtown—and then headed for the Lane County Fairgrounds to watch the results. The Hemlock table had a big sign that said "Death with Dignity," and I felt a bit peculiar as I sat there next to "We Support a New Library," "Democrat Sorenson—Senator for District 20," and "Kathy Sniezko is Not for Sale." Most of the tables had bunches of balloons, and many had big bowls of popcorn, but John Pridonoff thought that this kind of display would not be in good taste for the Hemlock table. We waited anxiously; the measure consistently appeared to be leading, but by only a slight margin.

The next morning, the air at Hemlock was stale with anticlimax. That feeling has clung: by the time every vote had been counted (on the Friday) and the measure had been accepted by a fifty-one-per-cent majority, the sense of occasion was sapped. And the victory was fleeting. On November 23rd, James Bopp, Jr., attorney for National Right to Life, requested, and won, a temporary restraining order on Measure 16, pending a hearing, which took place last month; a decision is expected soon.

A FEW days after my mother told me that she had the pills, I had lunch with my grieving father. We talked through the logistics. My mother, in a euphemistic discussion with one of her many doctors, had complained of insomnia. The doctor suggested Halcion. My mother said she had taken Halcion. They had once talked in the abstract



"Aha! Just as I suspected!"

about euthanasia; it was not mentioned now, but it seems likely that the doctor knew why only Seconal would do. He wrote a standard prescription for twenty pills. Two months later, he would write another. Meanwhile, there was also discussion with a psychoanalyst my parents knew, whom I shall call Moses Grey. They had previously discussed the matter of euthanasia, and Dr. Grey had provided great emotional support. Now he obligingly prescribed Seconal in response to complaints of sleeplessness. The bottles took up residence in the back of my mother's medicine chest. In yet another euphemistic conversation, my mother asked a doctor how he would feel about signing a death certificate for someone who "died peacefully at home after a long illness," and he said, perhaps understanding her meaning, perhaps not, that he had done that before and would be willing to do it again. If a death certificate says suicide, or if an unprepared doctor suspects suicide, there is usually a police autopsy and anyone who was nearby when the suicide took place may be subject to questioning.

My parents had bought a book from the Hemlock Society, "Let Me Die Before I Wake," which was a less explicit precursor of the volume "Final Exit," and was written in a cautious vocabulary of ostensible fictions: "Alan and Ruth were planning a cruise of the Caribbean in a chartered yacht in April, but when Alan noticed traces of blood in his semen he went for a check-up with a urologist," one story went; it ended, "Dr. Browning gave Alan nearly two dozen injections each of a quarter of a grain of morphine solution." From this book my mother had worked out details, and my father, who is also given to careful planning, went over the whole thing with me, as though a dress rehearsal would exhaust in advance some of the pain of the event itself. We talked about how my brother and I would come to the house, how my mother would take the antiemetics, and what time of day would be best for this exercise; we agreed to hold the funeral two days after the death. We planned it together, much as we had on previous occasions planned parties, family vacations, Christmas.

My mother talked in that period about how much she loved us all, and unearthed the shape and structure of that love: she contrived in the course of a few months to resolve old family differences. She set aside a day with each of her friends—and she had many friends—to say goodbye; though very few of them knew her agenda, she made sure that each understood the large place he or she occupied in her affections. She recruited me one afternoon to help her buy my ninety-year-old great-aunt a handbag, and though the expedition left her exhausted to the point of collapse for three days, it also renewed us both. She set about having all our furniture reupholstered, so that she would leave the house in reasonable shape, and she selected a design for her tombstone. Perhaps you can talk about euthanasia in public after the fact, but you certainly cannot talk about it in advance, and so we fell into a sort of conspiracy that made us feel like a group of fifties Communists. In the context of my rather conservative and highly reputable family, this was a profoundly strange sensation: we were liberated by our newly clear emotions, but entombed in our collusion. No longer fully honest with friends, we became even sadder and more isolated and more dependent on one another than we had been.

I WENT this year to see Dr. Grey, and found him careful to distance himself from the technicalities. "I wrote a prescription for sleeping pills for someone who couldn't sleep," he said. But when I asked how he had arrived at the decision that he would support my family's plan he said, "She was in the late stages of an illness that was clearly terminal. She had voiced from the start her intention not to suffer. She had made it clear that she wanted to die with dignity, and that wish seemed to accord with the rest of her character." He paused. "I did it because it was clear to me, neurosis and complexity aside, that everybody loved everybody in your family." I was surprised and moved to discover that he had helped my mother for the same reason I had.

He also told me the story of a New York lawyer whose life had been dominated by his father. As the father grew weaker, his only interest was control over his son. The father decided that he wanted to kill himself; he was eighty-five and had a terminal condition. The son helped to make the arrangements but begged not to witness the death itself. The father insisted. "It was a final act of sadism, not out of keeping with the relationship they had always had," Dr. Grey said. "The father had made an authentic end-of-life decision, but he set up the details to punish his son. It was the opposite of your situation. Doctors and others rationalize their own need for control: you can kill someone out of cruelty or keep him alive out of cruelty."

After my lunch with my father and my lunch with my mother, we didn't discuss suicide very much. But, though we all wanted to believe in Chemotherapy No. 3 and Chemotherapy No. 4, we also understood that we were really playing for time. Bit by bit, the fact that my mother's suicide plans would become reality seemed to settle on us. Later, she said that she had considered doing the whole thing on her own but had thought that the shock would be worse than the memories of having been with her for this experience. As for us, we wanted to be there. My mother's life was in other people, and we all hated the idea of her dying alone. It was important that in my mother's last months on earth we all feel connected, that none of us be left with a sense of secrets kept and intentions hidden.

This curious tenderness of conspiracy, always particular in its details, is one that I have since heard described over and over again by people who have assisted in suicides. A woman from Missouri told me that her husband had been a reformed alcoholic who swore off the bottle the day he married her. "Forty years we were together every day, and he never touched a drop," she said. "And on his last day it said to take the pills with some alcohol. I went out and found the best bottle of wine I could buy for the occasion. He took a whole lot of it with the pills, and we drank those last two glasses together," she said. "It was the first drink we had ever had together, and a good one."

A registered nurse from Arkansas told me she had joined the Hemlock Society years ago. When her mother got sick, "we both knew how we felt on this subject. I knew my mom was getting pain medication that was strong enough for the end. When the day came, I put sublingual morphine under her tongue. A lot of it. After that, my mother closed her eyes for the last time, and I put my stethoscope to her heart and sat there straight through until she died. She'd heard my first heartbeat, and I wanted to hear her last. I waited more than an hour with that stethoscope, but I heard her last breath and her last heartbeat. I remember to this day how they sounded." She smiled suddenly. "I know some people have trouble with my saying this," she said, "but it was the most intimate time I've ever had with anyone. It was the most intimate thing I've ever done."

If you have never tried it or helped someone else through it, you cannot begin to imagine how difficult it is to kill yourself. If death were a passive thing, which occurred to those who couldn't be bothered to resist it, and if life were an active thing, which continued only by virtue of a daily commitment to it, then the world's problem would be depopulation, and not overpopulation. Having been through the whole business, I would put the infrequency of suicide down more to the difficulty of it than to the undesirability of its objective. The date my mother chose for killing herself was June 19, 1991, because if she had waited longer she would have been too weak to take her own life, and suicide requires strength and a kind of privacy that does not exist in hospitals. That afternoon, my mother had been to see a gastroenterologist, who told her that large tumors were blocking her intestine. Without immediate surgery, she would be unable to digest food. She said that she would be in touch to schedule the surgery, then rejoined my father in the waiting room. When they got home, she called my brother and me. "It was bad news," she said. I knew what that meant, but I couldn't quite bring myself to say it. "You'd better come up here," she said. It was all very much as we had planned it.

I headed uptown, stopping to collect my brother from his office on the way. It was pouring out, and the traffic was very slow. My mother's absolutely calm voice—she used as logical a tone as if we were coming uptown for dinner—had somehow made the whole thing seem very straightforward, and when we arrived at the apartment we found her lucid and relaxed, wearing a nightgown with pink roses on it and a long bathrobe. "Couldn't you wait a little longer?" my brother asked, but my mother said that once her digestive system got blocked she might be unable to take pills. "I'd thought," she said apologetically, "that I could make it through your birthday"—which was three weeks off—"and do this immediately afterward. But it's really going to have to be now." It was

BOYS IN THE SQUARE AT BOLOGNA

Across the courtyard of gold fountains at dusk
like water-walkers they strut. They smoke

where water lifts from a penis of stone.
The dark earth cools as each one

preens in the square's mouth, indolents, masks,
beringed fingers, pigeons crying for secrets

of the centuries oozed out like spilled milk.
When girls come in silky heel clicks,

the boys whistle the air's exotic cries. They bob
like fish white for the moon. Some disrobe,

chests pale as panties, big neck chains, amulets,
dancing, Marlboros, scooters' razz. The loudest

spout louder what fucking they will do tonight,
their hands *miming* the untouched and ripe.

—DAVE SMITH

too late to argue the logic of suicide; we had all agreed that it was a good logic. "So," my mother said, "if we've settled that, then we might as well get started."

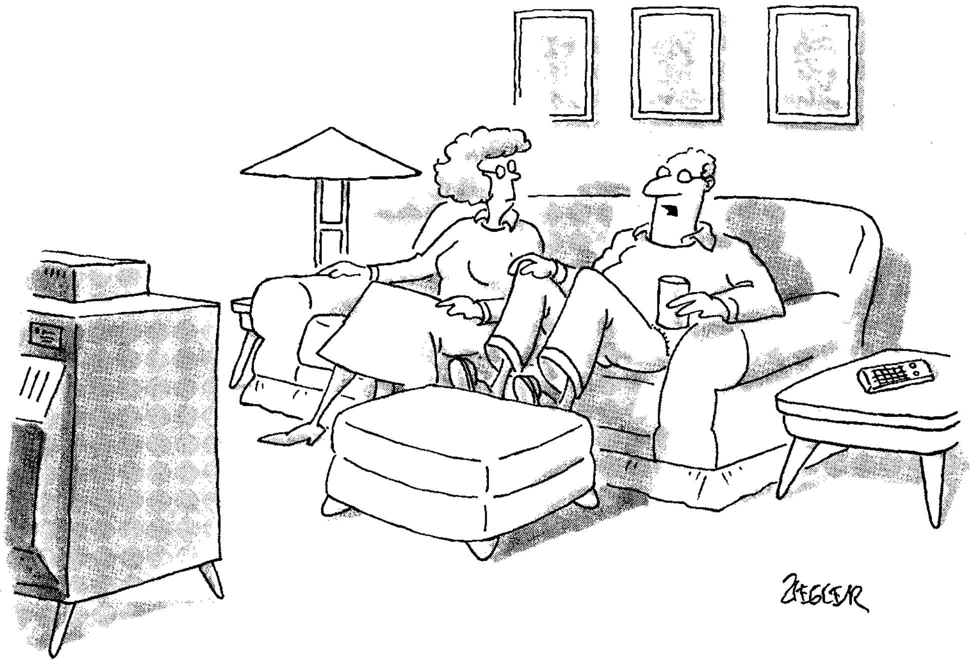
I will say only that it might have been illegal for my brother to get her the glass of water she used to take the pills. It might have been illegal for my father to get the pills out of the medicine chest. I would have been within the law in focussing instead on getting her an extra blanket, because she was cold. The euphemistic vocabulary of "Let Me Die Before I Wake" had never seemed more obnoxious: "After a long and thoughtful discussion, the two daughters agreed that it was only right to find some way to help their mother to die. She was, after all, gravely ill. Stella decided to use her status as a nurse to try to get a barbiturate from Mrs. Mercer's physician."

My father had pretty much memorized the book, but still we consulted it. "It says here that you have to take the antiemetics first," he said. His voice was broken, but my mother's was even. "I've been thinking about this for so long that it's a relief finally to be doing it," she said. "The only thing I still fear is this not going smoothly." She finished taking the antiemetics and put down her glass. "What next?" she asked. My father consulted the book again. "You're supposed to try to have a light snack," he said. "It helps to keep the pills down." So we all went into the kitchen, and my mother toasted some English muffins and made tea. At dinner a few nights earlier, my mother and my brother had pulled a wishbone, and my mother had won. "What did you wish?" my brother asked her now, and she smiled. "I wished for this to be over as quickly and as painlessly as possible," she said. "And I got my wish." She looked down at her English muffin. "I got my wishes so often," she remarked. My brother put out a box of cookies just then, and my mother, in the tone of fond irony that was so much her own, said, "David. For the last time. Would you put the cookies on a plate?" I think that there is a certain natural drama to death from natural causes: there are sudden symptoms and seizures or, in their absence, the shock of surprises—of interruption. What was so curious about this experience was that there was nothing sudden or unanticipated about it. The drama lay in the very absence of drama, in the choking experience of no one's acting out of character in any regard.

Back in her bedroom, my mother apologized again for involving us all. "But at least you three should be together afterward," she added. Although "Let Me Die Before I Wake" suggested a minimum of fifteen Seconal, it recommended forty to be safe. My mother—who always believed in inventory—actually had twice as much Seconal as she needed. She sat up in bed and dumped forty pills on the blanket in front of her. "I'm so tired of taking pills," she said wryly. "That's one thing I won't miss." And she began taking them with an expert's finesse, as though the thousands of pills she had had to take during two years of cancer had been practice for this moment. I hadn't seen a Seconal since then, but recently I looked at one long and hard, and it was amazing to me how evocative that Day-Glo orange oblong was. I remembered that pile of pills on the blanket, and how my mother scooped them up, virtuoso, swallowing two or three at a time. "I think that should do it," she said when the heap had vanished. She tried to down a glass of vodka, but said it was making her nauseated. "Surely this is better than your seeing me screaming in a hospital bed?" And, of course, it was better, except that that image was still only fantasy and this one had become reality, and reality in these instances is worse than anything.

Then we had about forty-five minutes, during which she said all the last things she had to say, and we said all the last things we had to say. Bit by bit, her voice slurred, and it was then that the drama of her death came, because as she became hazier she became also even clearer, and it seemed to me that the fact that she had long known what she wanted to say did not take away any of her words' immediacy, and that she was saying still more than she could have planned. "You were the most beloved children," she said, looking at us. "Until you were born, I had no idea that I could feel anything like what I felt then. Suddenly, there you were. I had read books all my life about mothers who bravely said that they would die for their children, and that was just how I felt. I would have died for you. I hated for you to be unhappy. I wanted to wrap you in my love, to protect you from all the terrible things in the world. I wanted my love to make the world a happy and joyful and safe place for you." She held my hand for a second, then my brother's. "I want you to feel that that love is always there, that it will go on wrapping you up even after I am gone. My greatest hope is that the love I've given you will stay with you for your whole life."

Her voice was steady at that point, as though time were not against her. She turned to my father. "I would gladly have given decades of my life to be the one



"Don't ask, don't tell, don't give a crap—that's my contract with America."

who went first," she said. "I can't imagine what I would have done if you had died before me, Howard. You are my life. For thirty years, you have been my life." She looked at me—I was crying, though she was not—and her voice took on a tone of gentle reprimand. "Don't think you're paying me some kind of great tribute if you let my death become the great event of your life," she said to me. "The best tribute you can pay to me as a mother is to go on and have a good and fulfilling life. Enjoy what you have."

Then her voice became dreamily torpid. "I'm sad today. I'm sad to be going," she said. "But even with this death, I wouldn't want to change my life for any other life in the world. I have loved completely, and I have been completely loved, and I've had such a good time." She closed her eyes for what we thought was the last time, and then opened them again and looked at each of us in turn, her eyes settling on my father. "I've looked for so many things in this life," she said, her voice as slow as a record played at the wrong speed. "So many things. And all the time Paradise was in this room with the three of you." My brother had been rubbing her shoulders. "Thanks for the backrub, David," she said, and then she closed her eyes for good. "Carolyn!" my father said, but she didn't move again. I have seen one other death—someone shot by a gun—and I remember feeling that that death did not belong to the person who died: it belonged to the gun and the moment. This death was my mother's own.

If you plan to try this at home, you should be aware that it can take a long time to die from an overdose of Seconal. It took my mother almost five hours to stop breathing. "Let Me Die Before I Wake" says that if the Seconal doesn't work you can smother the suicide victim. Waiting in the kitchen, my father and my brother and I had to discuss this possibility. I had begun to hate the air of secrecy, and wanted to call my mother's friends, or my friends, but my father said we had to wait until she was really dead. Every half hour, one of us would check to see how she was doing. Her breathing sometimes seemed slower, but it was hard to tell.

In his "Requiem" Rilke wrote, "We need, in love, to practice only this: / letting each other go. For holding on / comes easily; we do not need to learn it." The discipline of not doing is usually more difficult than the discipline of doing, and, of all the not doing I have confronted, the most painful was the not waking my mother as she slid by slow degrees from sleep to death. To speak to her seemed absurd and theatrical to me; I have never spoken aloud to a sleeping lover or to a child who has dozed on my shoulders, and I felt that it would be affected and sanctimonious to go blathering on to my mother once she had said goodbye. In that room with her, I maintained a kind of empty silence, and wondered what stage of dying she had reached—whether she had passed the point at which she could be fully revived. She had said that what she was most afraid of was waking up, and I didn't know whether I was most afraid of her waking or of her dying or of this uncanny, flat time of neither one.

Just after midnight, my brother, the most restrained and most reasonable of us, went to check and found that the breathing had stopped. An hour or so later, the doctor signed a death certificate saying she had died of ovarian cancer. Immediately after he left, we called the funeral home my mother had selected, and its staff came and collected her body. We were among the lucky ones: we did not have to resort to plastic bags, or to watch my mother vomit over herself. It was that ideal death which plays out in Hemlock Society publications: the gentle, easeful death.

The aftermaths of assisted deaths are always strange and particular. Stephanie Thomas, from Bloomington, said, "It is a relationship that is not natural, from which there is no recovery—you scar forever." I met an environmentalist who had grown up in an Ohio military family, and whose grandfather had taught him to hunt. "The first time I ever killed was with him," he told me. Afflicted with lung cancer, the grandfather called his family into his hospital room. "If I go under," he said, "do what you have to, but I don't want to come back up again." When the old man slipped into unconsciousness the following night, the environmentalist's father left his son to pull the plug. "It was just my grandfather and me in the room. I locked the door, blocked it, then unplugged the respirator and shut off his I.V.s. I talked to him about hunting and golf. At some point, the dip in his vital signs must have set off an alarm, and there was knocking on the door, but I didn't respond. I felt a real moment, a little later, when I thought he was really dead and knew he couldn't hear me anymore. I stopped talking." He paused. "The problems came afterward," he said. "I've never felt guilty or sorry about what I did for my grandfather. But it was kind of the end of my relationship with my dad. We'd never been very close anyway, but after he refused to pull that plug—well, I got to know myself and my grandfather and my father pretty well that day. I couldn't really love my father after that."

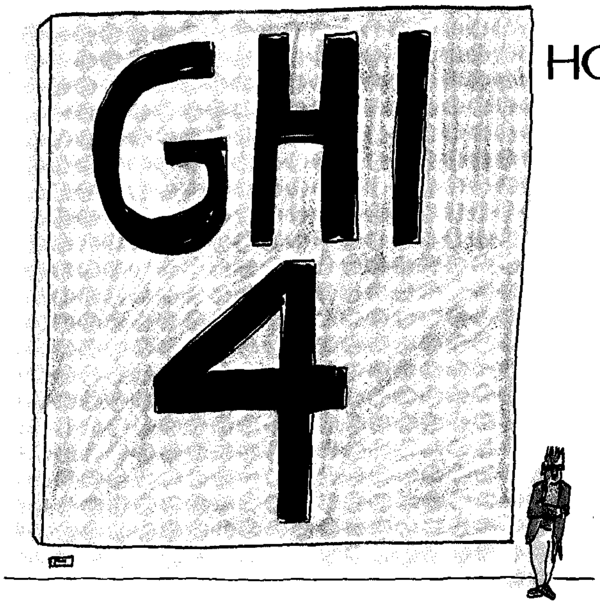
But if euthanasia has its aftermath so does the choice not to help someone to die, especially if that choice runs counter to your own deep philosophy. "Often, hearing of sick people undergoing a long martyrdom, I had felt indignant at the apathy of their relatives," Simone de Beauvoir writes in a description of her mother's final illness. " 'For my part, I should kill him.' At the first trial I had given in: beaten by the ethics of society, I had abjured my own. . . . One is caught up in the wheels and dragged along, powerless in the face of specialists' diagnoses, their forecasts, their decisions. . . . I was forced to yield. . . . A race had begun between death and torture. I asked myself how one manages to go on living when someone you love has called out to you 'Have pity on me' in vain."

BY now, most of my mother's friends know that she killed herself, and I think they will have gathered that the rest of us were there. It is a measure of the general discomfort that the matter is almost never mentioned. No one's gentle amateur psychologizing has taken note of the Freudian or Sophoclean underpinnings here. Almost no one has asked me how we made the practical arrangements. Nor has anyone asked whether I wanted to be involved in the whole thing. I should emphasize that this is not discomfort with the larger subject of death; I have of late been drawn into as many conversations about cancer as any member of New York Hospital's oncology unit. Euthanasia, which many people I know support, is in its details a subject nearly as taboo as incest. If you do it, no one really wants to hear about it; people don't even know how to ask about it. "I call people who have helped others to die 'the silent shunned,' " John Pridonoff said.

Ronald Dworkin's brilliant study "Life's Dominion" goes some way to explain this social discomfort. "Every creature has an urge to live—it's Darwinian," he told me. Dworkin sees the constant battle as taking place between activists who believe that the right to choose abortion or to control your own death is evidence of their belief in an intrinsic or sacred value to life, and those who think that such activists are demonstrating a callow disregard for the intrinsic or sacred value of life. Dworkin places great weight on how life and death connect. He suggests that intrinsic value is best served by a dignified end, because the end is the defining moment that gives meaning to the life. "Death has dominion," he writes, "because it is not only the start of nothing but the end of everything, and how we think and talk about dying—the emphasis we put on dying with 'dignity'—shows how important it is that life ends *appropriately*, that death keeps faith with the way we want to have lived." In his scheme of things, the finale is what makes sense of the symphony; get it wrong, and all the meaning of the earlier movements is fragmented, broken, lost.

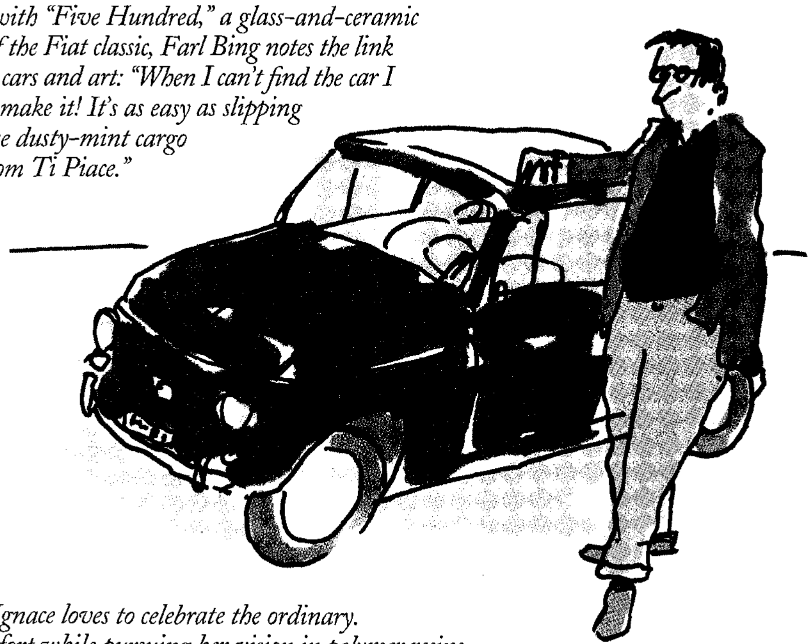
Dworkin is among many who draw parallels between euthanasia and abortion. "Euthanasia is the abortion debate of the next century," Lee LaTour, Hemlock's director of public relations, says. The legal issues are closely aligned: back-alley euthanasia appears to be almost as common as back-alley abortion used to be, and the emotional territory of the two subjects overlaps. Once, I impregnated a sexual partner; we agreed that she would terminate the pregnancy. There was no question, either in my mind or in hers, about whether an abortion was the appropriate way to proceed, but the experience was more painful for each of us than I had expected. It had some of the same overtones as my euthanasia experience with my mother, leaving a dangling "what if" in my orbit, a nostalgic recognition that life—mine and others'—could have been different. Having been through both experiences, I am more strongly than ever pro-choice and in favor of the right to die, but I regret both the lost mother and the lost child. The legal difficulties surrounding euthanasia,

CLOTHES-HORSES OF THE ART SCENE

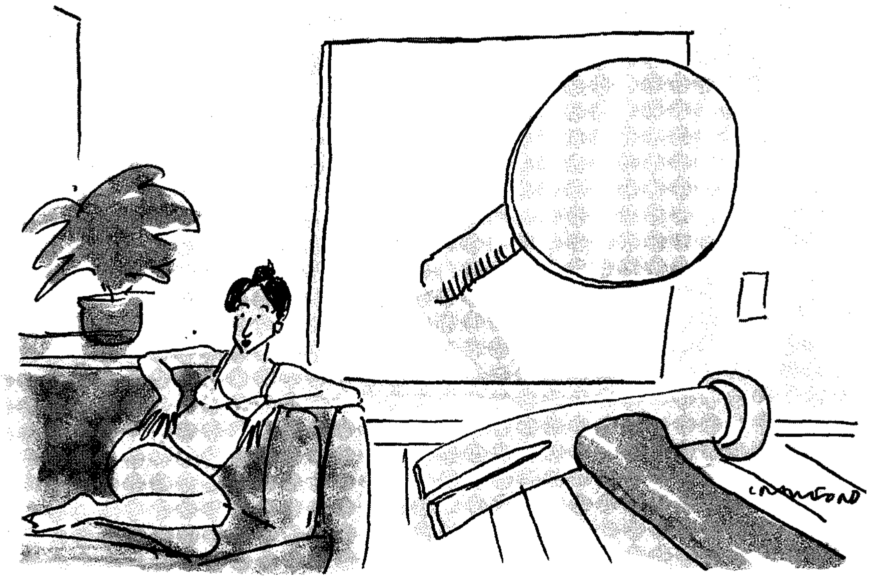


Spelman Brood is not a "natura morta" painter in the classical sense. His vision of contemporary culture (as reflected in 1994's "Touch the Princess") is strong, singular, and unremitting. As is the Bajan's taste in soft, luxurious silks by Massimo Fannullone. Shoes by Fogo.

Posing with "Five Hundred," a glass-and-ceramic replica of the Fiat classic, Farl Bing notes the link between cars and art: "When I can't find the car I want, I make it! It's as easy as slipping into these dusty-mint cargo pants from Ti Piace."



Marta Ignace loves to celebrate the ordinary. For comfort while pursuing her vision in polymer resins (the 1994 "Bang!"), she chooses printed stretch satin from A Macca!



however, are thrown into relief here: if the abortion had been cloaked in secrecy, it would have been nearly intolerable.

Doctors readily concede that they are deliberately helping their patients to die when they write prescriptions for lethal doses of Seconal, but then they ask not to be quoted by name. The subject is addressed openly at conferences, in books, and in articles such as this one; but precisely what you can acknowledge or do is always unclear. It is an American habit to turn complex moral problems into technical legal ones. The case against Quill was not dropped for humane reasons, and more alarming still is the case of William F. Meyer III, who told a journalist from *Connecticut Magazine* how he had helped in the death of his father, an advocate of assisted suicide who had advanced colon cancer. After the story was published, last August, the State's Attorney brought charges of second-degree manslaughter, and the case dragged on through mid-December, when Meyer was given two years of special probation but no prison sentence for his crime. The State's Attorney said at the trial, "Whether he did the right thing or the moral thing is going to be decided by a power higher than myself or Your Honor. What I can say in this case is there was a violation of the law." The moral implications of the case were sidestepped. "Doesn't exactly make you want to come out of the closet," said Virginia McLeod, an elderly Hemlock member.

One of the objections to euthanasia often brought forth is the optimistic credo of the imminent cure. What if you let people kill themselves in the early stages of AIDS when a cure might in fact be around the corner? There is a general assumption, born in this century, that disease is curable, and that those diseases which cannot be cured are treatable, and that treating diseases is as logical as eating when you are hungry. It was striking to hear over and over again, in the ACT UP demonstrations of the late nineteen-eighties, declarations that if only the White House would release the funds AIDS could be conquered. This creed is foolish and naïve: until the discoveries of the microbe hunters, everyone accepted the idea that lots of diseases were incurable—that people got them and died, and all you could do was watch and be sad. The arguments against euthanasia are inextricably bound up with our sense that if only you treat disease appropriately it will go away, or at least be mitigated. Euthanasia acknowledges not only the physical weakness of the individual but also the weakness of humanity in the face of disease, and that second admission is anathema to most of us. The doctors who resist euthanasia are in many instances people who entered medicine to conquer their own fear of disease or death: to them anything short of the most aggressive intervention seems like a betrayal.

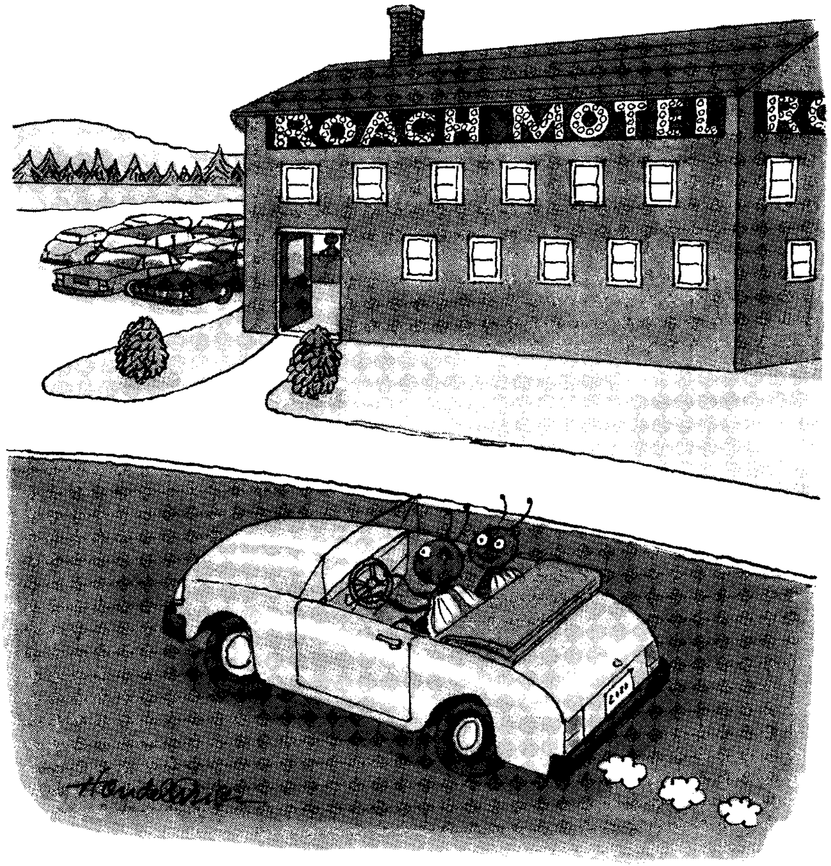
There is no question that if euthanasia is legalized it will be abused. Some people will kill themselves because of family pressure to do so. Some will kill themselves in depression. Some will kill themselves too soon, and lose precious time on earth. The question is whether these abuses represent a greater crime against life than does keeping alive people who want to die. Is denying people the chance to express love through their own deaths better than denying people the chance to express hatred through the same medium?

"Midnight already? Zounds! My wife will heap contumely upon my head!"

To assist in a suicide is to lose a fragile virginity; and the experience is the more enormous because it compromises an innocence of which you had never thought to take note. Euthanasia is a legitimate way to die, and, at its best, it is full of dignity. But it is still suicide, and suicide is the saddest thing in the world. Insofar as you assist in it, it is still a kind of murder, and murder is not easy to live with. It will out, and not always in savory ways. I have not come across anything about euthanasia by anyone who took part in it that was not at some profound level an apologia: the act of writing or speaking about your involvement is, inevitably, a plea for absolution.

It is a striking fact that two of the four founders of the Hemlock Society committed suicide. Derek Humphry and Gerald LaRue are alive and well, but Ann Humphry and Richard Scott are dead by their own hands. Nor did they die at the end stages of terminal illness. Ann Humphry had been suffering from cancer but was not terminal at the time she killed herself, and her suicide note and her behavior around the time of her death are ample evidence that this was a full-blown suicide, born of depression, despair, and rage. Richard Scott did not even have the "excuse" of cancer. Perhaps he had spent too much time dwelling on the subject of death, or perhaps he had dwelt on the subject because he himself yearned too strongly for death. On August 6, 1992, at the age of fifty-four, in a severe depression, he shot himself in the head.

When I stumbled on the stories of these two suicides—which had not been previously connected to each other—they did not surprise me. Euthanasia is a toxic subject: if you think about it too much, it will begin quietly to poison you. "All true believers in euthanasia believe in the right to suicide in general," Derek Humphry told me. After my mother's death, I was the one who took on the cleaning up of my parents' apartment, sorting through my mother's clothes, her personal papers, and so on. The bathroom was thick with the debris of terminal illness: instruments for the care of wigs; salves and lotions for allergic reactions; and bottles and bottles and bottles of pills. Back in their corner of the medicine chest, behind the vitamins, the painkillers, the drugs to calm her stomach, the ones to rebalance certain hormones, the various combinations of sleeping pills she had taken when disease and fear conspired to keep her awake—behind all of them I found, like the last gift out of Pandora's box, the rest of the Seconal. I was busy throwing away bottle after bottle, but when I got to those pills I stopped. Fearful myself of both illness and despair, I pocketed the bottles, took them home with me, and hid them in the farthest corner of my own medicine chest. I remembered the October day my mother had said to me, "I have the pills. When the time comes, I'll be able to do it." In my grieving empathy, I went for an H.I.V. test, half hoping that it would be positive and I might find in the result an excuse to take them.



"Let's try it. We won't tell them we're flies."

• •

Ten days after I finished clearing out my mother's bathroom, my father called in a rage. "What happened to the rest of the Seconal?" he asked, and I said that I had thrown away all my mother's pills. I added that he seemed very depressed and that it disturbed me to think of his having ready access to the drug. "Those pills," he said, his voice breaking, "you had no right to throw away." Then, after a long pause, he said, "I was saving them for myself, in case someday I was ill also. So I wouldn't have to go through that whole process to get them." I think that for each of us it was as though my mother lived on in those orange pills, as though whoever possessed the poison by which she had died retained also some strange access to her life. It was as though by planning to take the remaining pills we were somehow becoming reattached to my mother—as though we could join her by dying as she had died. Our one comfort in the face of her loss was to plan to repeat its details on ourselves.

After my father and I spoke, I threw away those pills, to obviate the lie I had told him: each of us will have to start anew if the time comes. He and David and I have never sat down to discuss our own deaths, but I know that we all assumed (more and less consciously), from the day my mother took those pills, that we would die as she had died. If we are not hit by cars or stray bullets, if we do not suffer heart failure or fatal strokes, then, in keeping with our last inheritance from my mother, we will certainly all kill ourselves. Not one of us plans to go through the final agonies of terminal illness, and not one of us plans to live out the isolation of terrible age beyond the death of friends. We are signatories to a sealed pact of the conscious soul, a pact I entered into when I was so distracted by a more immediate grief that I hardly noticed what I was doing. That unwitting agreement governs all other conditions of my life. The terms of my own suicide are entirely clear to me; it is not something I plan to undertake anytime soon, but it would surprise me to die any other way. When the time comes, I will not have to seek farther than to obtain the pills themselves, because in my mind and my heart I am more ready for this than for the unplanned daily tribulations that mark off the mornings and afternoons. Having seen the simple logic of euthanasia in action and witnessed the comfort of that control, what astonishes me is how many people die by other means.

This is the one thing that I seem to have in common with everyone of similar experience whom I've met. Maybe there are people who have reacted to their involvement in euthanasia differently, but, if so, they are well hidden, and I believe that they are few in number. Euthanasia breeds euthanasia. Now that so much has been written about the physiology of death, we can go on to the more interesting questions. How we die is, in fact, the least of it. Why we die, the question from which religion springs, we will never understand, and so we leave that matter in the capable hands of the philosophers. But *when* we die—this is a powerful business, and it is here that, at last, we are beginning to discover our heady dominion. ♦

LIFE AND LETTERS

NOTES FROM OFFSTAGE

Excerpts from the diaries of the British playwright, screenwriter, and author of "The Madness of George III."

BY ALAN BENNETT

I have kept a sporadic diary since the early seventies. I don't write it up every day and often not for weeks at a time; I am most conscientious about it when I'm busy writing something else, so that as a rule when work is going well (or at any rate going) the diary goes well too. If there are problems with rehearsals, say, or filming, the diary gets the complaints, but this querulous litany makes for dull and (on my part) somewhat shamefaced reading. So that side of things doesn't figure much in these extracts.

Where no place is given, the entry was written in Camden Town in London; "Yorkshire" is a village in Craven to which my parents retired and where I still have a house; "New York" is generally an apartment on Thompson Street in SoHo.

- SUNDAY 13 JANUARY, 1980. A cold, sunny morning, my room smelling nicely of wood and books. A nun passes. Nuns now dress like nurses; gone the voluminous black, the starched coif, the twinkling rosy face; these days it's a nanny's uniform in a nasty shade of gray—papal policewomen.

Struggle through the streaming flux of the Sunday papers before beginning the day: cultural events that are about to happen, talents that will shortly startle and never thereafter disappear, and of course money. Novelists who with their first novel stumble into a swamp of dollars; actors sitting down at their scrubbed-pine tables to find their income amounts to £70,000 a year; playwrights who cannot even calculate theirs.

And the last interview with Goronwy Rees (friend of Guy Burgess), in which he talks to Andrew Boyle and wastes some of his presumably precious breath on calling him frequently by name. "Yes, Andrew, Burgess did go to bed with Blunt, and in the process, Andrew, Blunt absorbed more of Burgess's Marxist principles." In what process, one wonders? In the process of Burgess putting his cock up Blunt's arse? To each according to ability ("Does that feel nice?"), from each according to his means. "Now if you did it to me would that help you to grasp the principle better?"

- 24 FEBRUARY, NEW YORK. Rose, the eighty-two-year-old lady in the apartment next door to K. [Keith McNally, a friend], is ill, maybe dying. Not much more than four feet tall, she has varicose ulcers on her legs, which are thick and stocky and generally bound in loose, telescopic bandages. Now she has taken off the bandages to let the ulcers heal, which they never will, two huge holes in her legs almost to the bone. "I'm sick," she shouts through the wall. "I'm a sick girl."

In this stronghold of private medicine, there is a nurse who comes every day, probably paid for by the church. The doctor from St. Vincent's brings his students, and most days she has a gentleman caller who announces his presence by crooning outside the door: "Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes."

"Aw, quit fooling around," shouts Rose through the door. "I'm a sick girl. I can't talk to you. I'm too sick to talk to myself."

- 6 MARCH, LONDON. I come through Heathrow and in the queue parallel to mine an Indian family is held up at Immigration, the father, thin, dark, with burning eyes, being questioned by a woman so stone-faced she could be at the East German border rather than at Heathrow. There are several sons, looking languid and beautiful, and the mother with a small child in her arms.

"Who are all these people?" says the official, jabbing at the passport. "I want to see all these people." Whereupon the father swiftly rounds up his family and marshals them in front of her. She does not even look up.

- 23 MARCH, BRISTOL. This evening Mam is convinced that there are people outside the house and that they are waiting to take me away. I get her off to bed but she keeps coming down, anxious to be taken away in my place. At one point she gets outside in the bitter cold, and eventually I go to bed in order to stop her coming downstairs. I drift off to sleep three or four times, but each time she wakes me, wanting to know if I am all right. I then put the camp bed up in her room and sleep at the foot of the bed so as to stop her getting up and wandering about. But my presence in her bedroom now transforms me into Dad, and she keeps saying, "Walt, why don't you come to bed?" The next day she vaguely remembers I spent the night in her room and thinks that something "went on," so that becomes another reason why there are people outside the house. And so we go on.

- 10 JULY, NEW YORK. Why American is a foreign language: we lunch in a café near Gramercy Park, sitting out on a heavy, overcast day. I order a Screwdriver and drink it quickly and ask for another.

"I guess it's kind of hot," the waiter says.

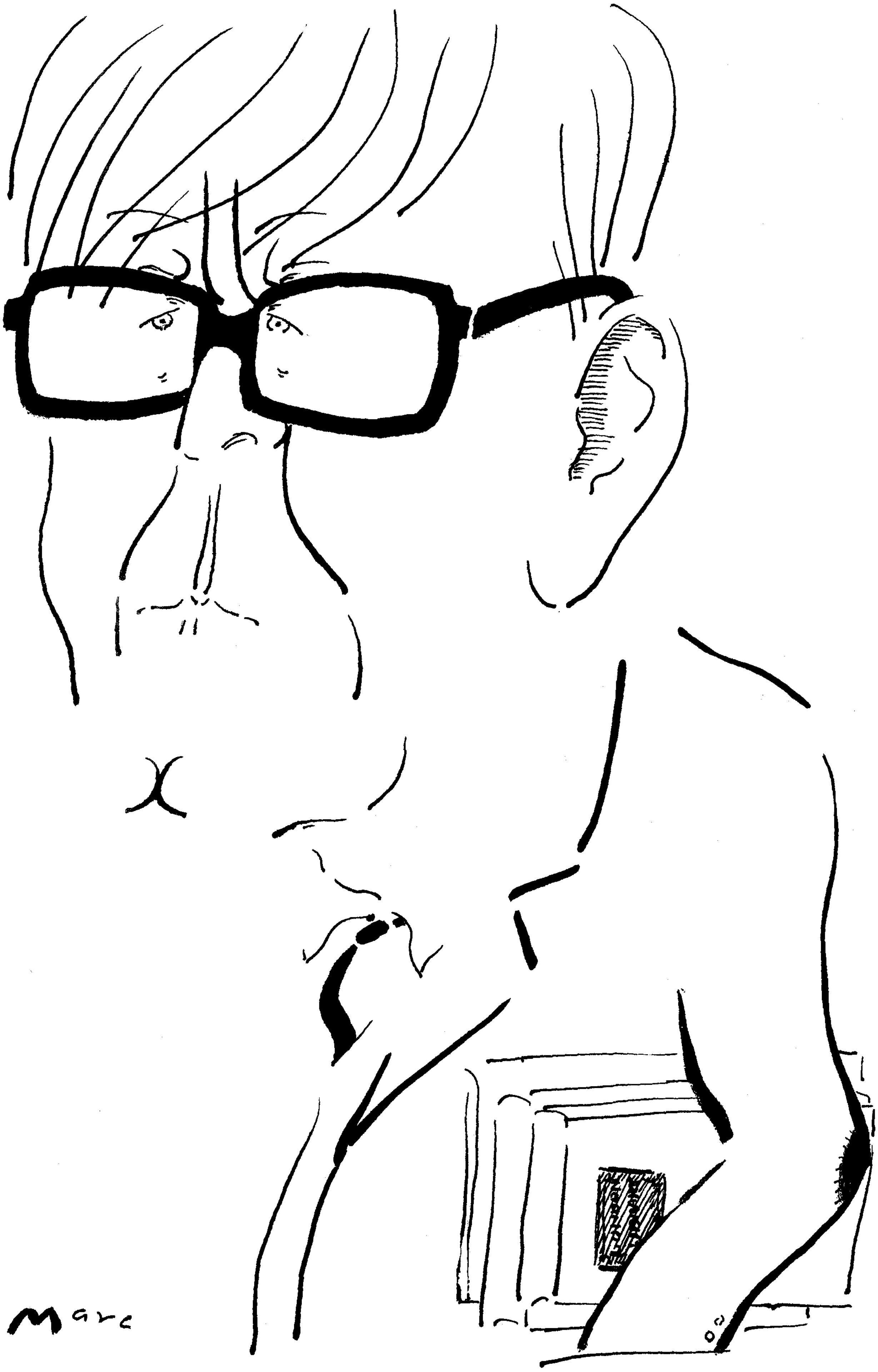
"Yes," says Lynn, "and the glasses are kind of small."

"Yes," says the waiter. "That's true also."

No Englishman would say "That's true also" (although it's a perfectly grammatical sentence), because it's written not spoken English. Only Ivy Compton-Burnett would write it as dialogue.

- 21 JULY. Mary-Kay rings from Geneva to tell (her) children their grandfather has died. Sam answers the phone, is told the news, and then immediately announces to the room in his gruff eight-year-old voice, "He's dead."

COURTESY ESTATE OF MARC BOXER



Alan Bennett: "They go on all the time, these disputes with myself."

William (six) now comes to the phone. "Can I pretend that I don't know and you tell me all over again?"

• 1 October. Telephoned by the *Evening News* to see if I have any comment to offer on the occasion of Harold Pinter's 50th birthday. I don't; it's only later I realize I could have suggested two minutes' silence.

• 10 October. "Enjoy" now in its second week at Richmond. See it tonight, after four days' absence, and find it has turned into "A Girl in My Soup," with the actors hopping from laugh to laugh with no thought for what's in between. Several people, including Tom Sutcliffe in the *Guardian*, describe the play as "courageous." Since the central character is in drag throughout, this presupposes that I spend my evenings idly running my fingers along a rack of strapless evening gowns and adjusting my slingbacks. Now it can be told.

Next week a bad week for the play to open, as there are new plays opening practically every night, including one at the National by Howard Brenton, "The Romans in Britain."

• 19 October. About the only person feeling more sorry for themselves than I am this Sunday morning must be Lady Barnett. She was convicted of shoplifting last Wednesday and I was convicted the same day, though of what? I don't quite know, since I haven't read the papers. But sentence was pronounced again today, this time unanimously; it will be carried out, and "Enjoy" close, in about three weeks' time. "You have cut the umbilical cord," says Lindsay Anderson.

A ring at the door yesterday. A telegram from *In Britain*, a magazine for tourists. "Feel you are the ideal person to interview Jonathan Miller. Reply prepaid." Reply: "Sorry, already interviewing him for Racing Pigeon Gazette."

• 17 November, New York. S.R., K.'s lawyer, calls and asks me if I would care for a theatrical experience around seven. Lynn prophesies it will be something to do with A.A., and so it proves. A church hall off Hudson Street, used by various community groups. Notices to do with the aged. The times of the crèche. A poster, "Blossom where you are planted." Three speakers at a table, miked: a drama teacher and part-time theatre critic; Alice, the chairperson; and Tom, a priest (although you would not guess it—actually, maybe God would not guess it either). The room fills up, sexes about equally divided, more whites than blacks, one of the blacks a policeman in uniform. The most noticeable factor is that everybody smokes (and smokes and smokes), each chair with its individual tin-can ashtray.

A cadaverous white-haired woman stands up. "My name is Barbara and I am an alcoholic." "Hi, Barbara," everyone says.

Then Barbara recounts her experiences (while smoking): the blackouts, the pneumonia, the sickness.

The priest tells his story: how he got so pie-eyed at the Eucharist the congregation were lucky they got the wafer in their mouth, because generally they got it in the ear or even the eye.

One by one the people from the floor stand up and identify themselves. "My name is Marvin and I am an alcoholic." "Hi, Marvin." "My name is Todd and I am an alcoholic." "Hi, Todd." S.R. speaks too, and now there are so few people who haven't testified that I begin to feel distinctly out of it and note some kind, encouraging smiles willing me to take the plunge. ("My name is Alan and I'm English and I don't do this sort of thing.")

I'm saved by Alice, who, whenever there is a pause, gets hold of the mike

POT NOMADS

Peripatetic, rooted nowhere really—
though lately mortgage-bound
to a plot of ground, a hideaway
in the conifers of the Berkshires,
a lilac bush by the mailbox
and, come April, a yardful, under
apple trees, of purple violets
I've not yet seen (will I
ever? half desperately
I sometimes wonder)—

for the nonce I'd been
tethered, between bus trips
here and there, to furnished
lodgings where the one thing
veritably flourishing
(I wasn't) was, on a coolly
sunny bedroom windowsill,
three potted primulas, royal-
blue corollas each engauded
yellow at the center,

brought by a kindly colleague
to cheer up the premises.
Left unwatered while I
gallivanted elsewhere,
they'd languish: the tough,
green, warty leaf-rosettes
would droop and then, repeatedly,
revive, put out new blooms,
bright nurslings of nothing but
the sun and more tap water.

Come March, when I travelled
to—hurray!—the Berkshires,

I took them with me, rashly
thinking there they might perhaps
be grounded. A two-foot snowfall
disposed of that. They wound up,
three potfuls of compacted rootlets,
stranded in hardnose Manhattan,
where yet again they showed
how tough they were.

Having missed the lilacs and
applebloom, the violets of April,
come June we belatedly put the
poor, sad, potbound nomads
into a flowerbed that now is
somehow ours; then, being
fickle as well as preoccupied,
forgot to think of them,
might not (who knows?) have
thought of them again, ever,

were it not that in October—windfalls
thick in the grass, a glory inhabiting
each of a thousand maples—a feeble
grubbing at late weeds uncovered
three stubborn leaf-rosettes, greenly
holding on. Hothouse origins behind
them, travels over, roofed under
by a thatch of mulch, a hood of snow,
out there, will they (I shiver, thinking)
make it through the winter?

—Amy Clampitt
(1920-1994)

and lets us in on her life. Alice's big problem is not that she's an alcoholic but that she's a bore. Maybe that's what drove her to drink, because as sure as hell it drives other people, a big guy in the front row falling fast asleep as she recounts her non-experiences when pissed. A lesson here, though, because whereas avowals of general degradation, such as Alice goes in for, are tedious, bad behavior that is specific (e.g., the wafer in the ear) is interesting and funny.

Still, as so often with Americans, one comes away thinking that they do this kind of thing so much better than we do, and that, wanting irony, they show each other more concern.

• 11 December, New York. I am having supper at the Odeon on Monday when word goes round the tables that John Lennon has been shot. "This country of ours," sighs my waiter. "May I tell you the specials for this evening?"

The Chinese cooks come and stand at the door of the kitchen as a radio is brought to one of the booths. At another table some diners call instantly for their check, hardly bothering to conceal their appetite for the tragedy (they are, after all, New Yorkers), and take a cab uptown to join what WNEW is already calling "a vigil." "Would you describe the crowd outside the Dakota apartments as a vigil?" asks Dan, our host. "I would describe it," says the woman reporter, whose name is Robin, "definitely as a vigil."

In England this will mark New York down yet again as a violent and dangerous place, but I walk back up West Broadway, the street deserted except for a few drunks in doorways ("The slayer thought to be male, white"), and feel perfectly safe. Already, though, there are candles burning in windows, and a girl weeps as she waits on this warm, windy night to cross Canal Street—"Sixty-four degrees here on WNEW, the wind from the southwest," the wind and the warmth making it possible for the male, white slayer to wait however long he had to wait this unseasonable December night for the return of his victim.

Back in my building all is normal, which is to say that Rose is shouting up the stairs at the top of her eighty-two-year-old voice. "My brain hurts," she is bellowing. "I'm a sick girl. Come on down here, you no-good four-eyed bastard. I'll kill you dead. Bouncing your goddamn ball—that ain't nice." This ball, which she has been complaining about for twenty years, does not exist except as a sound in her own head, and, so far from sending *her* mad, her shouting about it has put the woman upstairs in Bellevue, so there is nobody in the apartment to bounce a ball anyway.

In England, where eccentricity is more narrowly circumscribed, Rose would have been long ago in hospital herself; but here in New York, where everyone is mad, she is tolerated, looked after as maybe the male, white slayer has been tolerated and looked after. She stands at the door of her apartment:

"She's no good, my dear fellow. She stinks. Bring my clothes to the Bendix tomorrow. It's a bad world, my dear."

Meanwhile on WNEW, "We're kind of staying together, keeping each other company through the night and just charting impressions here." "I guess," says Dan, "that it's kind of futile to speculate on the motives of the screwball who committed this murder, or maybe I should say the alleged screwball who committed this alleged murder." The body is now no longer believed to be at the Roosevelt Hospital and Yoko is thought to be back at the Dakota in "what is believed to be a deeply distraught condition." "Which is," says Dan, "kind of surreal."

"Yeah," says another reporter (also charting impressions). "This night has much irony—irony that's added to if we remember that showing on TV this evening was 'The Glenn Miller Story.' "

"I'd like to say," says a caller, "that he had a zest for life. That's what I'd like to say as of this moment."

"I don't want to take away from the gravity of this situation," says another caller. "If anything I'd like to add to it, and what I would say is that it's going to be hard to walk the streets of this town, knowing he is not here with us. I once saw him on Madison Avenue."

"Hold on, people," says Dan. "We're here. Hold on."

• 2 July, 1981. McEnroe behaves badly at Wimbledon and in one particularly ludicrous moment shouts at a linesman, "You're a disgrace to the human race." Some group captain on the high chair then docks him a point and an argument ensues as to whether McEnroe was, as he insists, talking to himself and, if he was, whether it was in order to talk to oneself on court (or even breathe).

Of course, now that Wimbledon is all about money, behaving badly is exactly what is required, certainly of McEnroe, and all the claptrap about decency and fair play is just the English at their usual game of trying to have it both ways. Wimbledon is now a spectacle, just as a wrestling match, say, is a spectacle, and a spectacle needs a Hero and a Villain. It's a contest between Right and Wrong, not because McEnroe is particularly badly behaved but because the Wimbledon authorities have sold out to television and this kind of drama is just what viewers enjoy. So McEnroe doesn't really have a choice, only a role.

Many of McEnroe's critics point out how Connors has "reformed": how three or four years ago he was the rogue, disputing calls, not attending the line-up, and how much better behaved he is now. This misses the point. Connors has to be better behaved, not because his character has changed or his tennis manners have improved but because he has no part in the spectacle. Or if he had (if he had beaten Borg in the semi-final for instance) he would have had to be cast in the Hero's role.

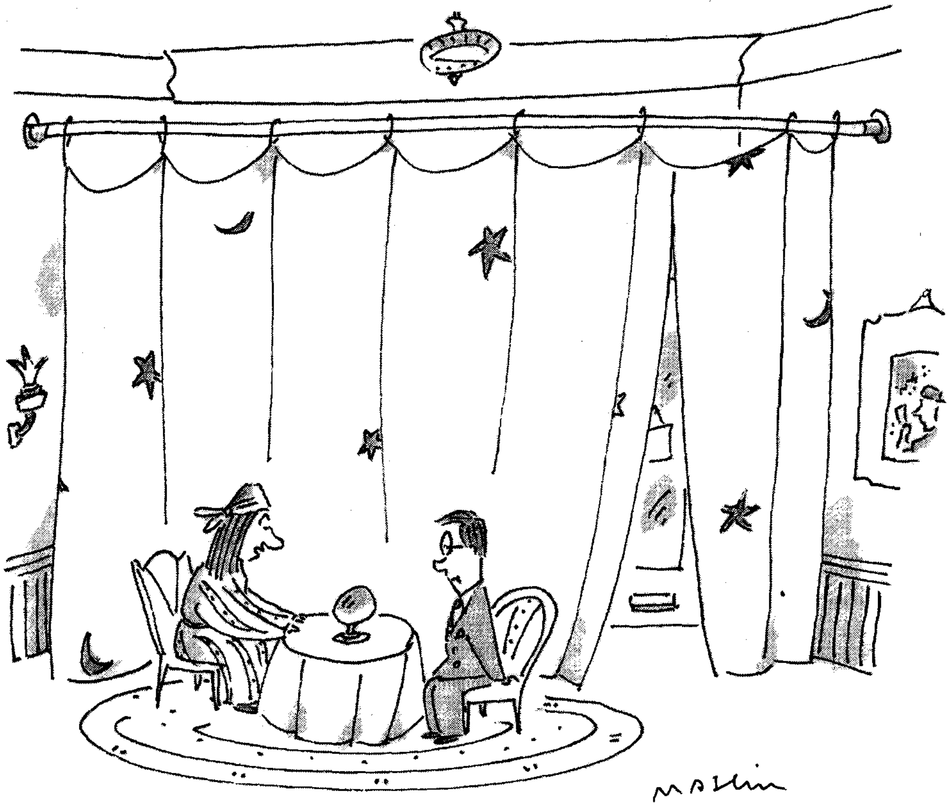
All this is written at five in the morning. I seem to get these impulses to argue first thing—another bout a few days ago being on English philosophy, a subject of which I know and care as little as I do about tennis. But it isn't just in the early morning. They go on all the time, these disputes with myself, and particularly when I'm cycling around. I catch passersby looking at me, and it's not out of recognition; seeing my frowning face and my jaw working away, they are thinking, "This is a lunatic."

• 7 July. When I say goodbye to Mam after taking her back to the home at Weston, she gets out of the car saying: "Thank you for all you've done for me, love." And she means this; it isn't a remark intended to induce guilt. But in a film the next shot would be me looking down at the shaft of a spear protruding from my belly with the head stuck out a foot behind me.

• 22 August, La Garde Freinet. I have just finished Robert Byron's "Road to Oxiana" in a new paperback edition with an introduction by Bruce Chatwin. It's a funny and enjoyable book, though I have reservations about both Byron and Chatwin—Byron contemptuous of other "worthier" travellers, a (possibly invented) schoolmaster, Thrush; Chatwin of the hippies who have made much of the journey to Afghanistan commonplace. Both, though writing forty years apart, are acceptable figures socially. Embassies abroad are invariably outposts of snobbery of one kind or another, where one is welcomed if one is "amusing" or a "celebrity" but not otherwise. Boredom is the enemy, and diplomats, like aristocrats, wish to be diverted.

Chatwin irritates on another level. "I can guess, too, what happened to Wali Jahn," he writes. "He took me to safety when I got blood-poisoning. He carried me on his back through the river, and bathed my head, and made me rest under the ilexes. But when we came back five years later he was coughing, deep retching coughs, and had the look of someone going down to the cold." This is sheer Buchan, the permitted degree of male camaraderie—men caring and crying for each other, both nobly—plus the bit of Sapper-Buchan lore in "the look of a man going down to the cold." What is this look? Does he mean the man has TB or bronchitis?

I am a mean-spirited reader, though. "One afternoon . . ." Chatwin writes, "I took 'The Road to Oxiana' into the mosque [of Sheikh Lutf'ullah, in Isfahan] and sat, cross-



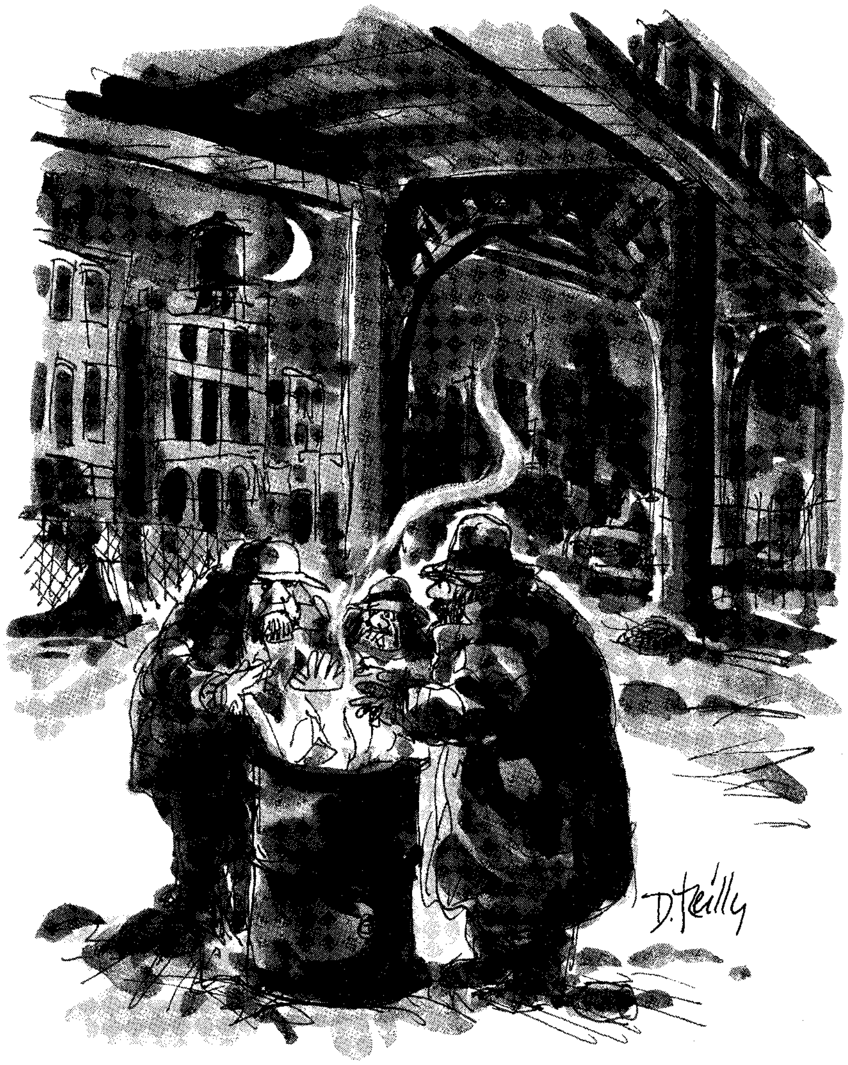
"You'll be immune to prosecution but increasingly susceptible to lies and innuendo."

legged, marvelling both at the tilework and Byron's description of it." It's the "cross-legged" I dislike, partly because five minutes of it and I'd be crippled. But why tell us?

• 28 AUGUST, LA GARDE FREINET. Ten years ago it was thought (or I thought it) quite daring for a girl to loosen her bikini top to brown her whole back. Nowadays girls bare their breasts and bake them openly just as a matter of course. Or girls with nice breasts do. Charlotte H., for instance, who sits across the swimming pool from me now, has huge unexpected breasts with large, snub nipples; they look like the noses of koala bears.

• 11 NOVEMBER. An article on playwrights in the *Daily Mail*, listed according to Hard Left, Soft Left, Hard Right, Soft Right and Centre. I am not listed. I should probably come under Soft Centre.

• 14 NOVEMBER, BRISTOL. Mam is now having difficulty putting names to objects, as much, I think, from disuse of her faculties as from actual decay. She was stood in front of the mantelpiece, trying to think of the name for the clock. "It's one of those things," she said, "with things going round, and then when they get there they've had it for a bit."



"Since when are you such a big authority on the flat tax?"

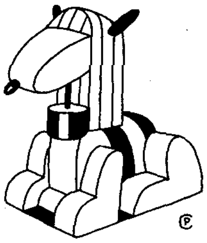
• •

• 27 APRIL, 1982. Gavin Millar rehearses Julie Walters and me in our two main scenes from my television film "Intensive Care." I play a shy schoolteacher, she a night nurse in the intensive-care unit where my father hovers between life and death. In the first scene, after a bit of palaver, I ask her to go to bed; in the second scene, we do so, and in this brief absence from duty and the paternal bedside my father, of course, dies. The scene was suggested by an incident in the life of Gandhi, whose father died while he was actually screwing. I had had some thoughts while writing the play that I might act the schoolmaster, but coming to the bedroom scene I sighed with relief, knowing this was something I wouldn't be prepared to tackle—an experience that occurs too frequently when I am writing for it to be just accidental; i.e. I deliberately write myself out of my own work. In this case, though, Gavin hasn't been able to find anyone else to play the part, so here I am. It is a hard job because I have written myself very few lines, something I regularly do with the central character. Supporting parts I don't find difficult, either to invent or to supply with dialogue; the central character is a blank, a puzzle, and one which I hope the actor will solve for me. But now the actor is me and I don't know what to do.

• 16 MAY, YORKSHIRE. A racing pigeon comes down in the garden. It has been plucking its breast as pelicans were once thought to do and now just stands there, amber eyes unwinking, its beak full of fluff. It cannot fly, not even to help itself over the threshold of the hut, and, though we feed it on Ryvita and milk, A. finds it lying on its back this morning, fluttering and unable to right itself. I get the axe and, shutting my eyes, hit it on the head. Bright blood suddenly flows over the dust, though I seem to have made no wound, and its sharp-ringed eye is still. Gingerly I turn it over and it flutters again, so I give it another blow and as I lift it up there is a sound like a sigh as life leaves it. I put it in the bin. I cannot have killed more than three creatures in my life.

• 4 JUNE. We (we!) drop leaflets on the Argentine troops besieged in Port Stanley, urging them to lay down their arms. Were such leaflets dropped on our troops we would consider them contemptible and ludicrous; our leaflets are represented as a great humanitarian gesture.

• 15 JUNE. Mrs. Thatcher announces the surrender of Port Stanley in wellmodulated tones. Film follows of the funeral of the commandos killed at Goose Green, the simple service and the youth of the wounded unbearable. A pilot of one of the Harriers talks about the effectiveness of the Sidewinder missiles. "A bit of an eye-opener" is how he puts it. A bit of an eye-closer too. Not English I feel now. This is just where I happen to have been put down. No country. No party. No Church. No voice.



And now they are singing "Britannia Rules the Waves" outside Downing Street. It's the Last Night of the Proms erected into a policy.

Alan (Son of "Civilisation") Clark MP wants the Argentinian prisoners paraded in front of the cameras with unlaced boots. I'm surprised he doesn't want them displayed in front of the cameras with no braces, like the July plotters.

• 16 June. A ceasefire with 250 of our forces dead, one for every 20 civilians of the Falkland Islands—the price, Madam says, of freedom. The ways the freedom of the Islanders seems to have been infringed before the outbreak of hostilities appear to be (i) they had to drive on the right, which, since their roads are mainly one-track, can scarcely have been a hardship; (ii) they were occasionally stood up against a wall, hands above their heads, and searched, a humiliation suffered nightly by many citizens of this country—chiefly black—any protest about which is treated by the Conservative Party as humbug. The only actual atrocity seems to have been the death of a dairy cow. The man who would have had a field day with this war is Sydney Smith.

• 19 June. Supper at A.G.'s with Evie Karloff, Boris Karloff's widow. "Tell me," I long to lean over and ask, "what was Bela Lugosi *really* like?" She's admirably plucky and lives in an isolated cottage near Liphook, where she's in the telephone book. On two occasions bricks have been thrown through her windows at night. "Well," she says, "I suppose they think: 'He frightened me, so now I'm jolly well going to frighten her.' "

• 20 June. The papers continue fatuous. Peregrine Worsthorne suggests that, having won this war, our troops emerging with so much credit, Mrs. Thatcher might consider using them at home to solve such problems as the forthcoming rail strike or indeed to break the power of the unions altogether, overlooking the fact that this is precisely what we are supposed to object to about the regime in Argentina.

Since the war (the last war should we now call it?) there has been a noticeable increase in the use of the military metaphor in public debate. Tebbit, the Employment Secretary, yesterday talked of campaigns, charges and wars of attrition. And the flag figures. The danger of such talk, of course, is that it presupposes an enemy.

• 8 July. A drunk comes round tonight shouting at Miss Shepherd [who lives in a van on Bennett's front drive], and trying to get her out of the van. I go to the door and scare him off, saying: "What sort of a man is it who torments old ladies of 75?" This morning I am passing the van when her hand comes out. "Mr. Bennett. I'm not 75. I'm 71."

• 6 September, Weston-super-Mare. To Weston to see Mam. We have lunch in the Cosy Café. Mam's teeth are loose, which blurs her speech, and she also talks quite loudly, as if she is deaf (and exactly the opposite of the hushed tones she and Dad would always use in cafés), so other diners are startled to hear "I do love you, chick" shouted across the small room. I notice her watching what I do with my knife and fork at the end of the meal, then imitating me.

I drive her back. "Have you got one of these of your own?" she asks as we are going along.

"What?"

"One of these things where you're in it by yourself."

"A car?"

"That's it."

• 24 September, Yorkshire. I blackberry up the lane that leads to Wharfe. A big heron in the beck takes wing and flies slowly away up to Crummock. My nightmare when blackberrying (or when I stop the car for a pee) is that I shall find the body of a child, that I will report it and be suspected of the crime. So I find myself running through in my mind the evidences of my legitimate occupation—where I started picking, who saw me park, and so on.

• 13 October. I am rehearsing "Merry Wives of Windsor" for TV, in which I play Justice Shallow. Today I go for a costume fitting to find I am dressed from head to foot in red brocade. I look like an animated tandoori restaurant.

• 4 December, New York. One change that has come over public manners was evident at the Falklands homecomings. Combatants (the only airman captured by the Argentinians, for instance), asked what is the first thing they are going to do when they get home, grin cheekily. One says, "Well, what do you think?" and doubtless others actually do say, "I'm going to fuck someone silly." Once upon a time they would have *said*, at any rate, "Have a nice cup of tea."

• 3 March, 1983. Yorkshire. I take a version of a script down to Settle to be photocopied. The man in charge of the machine watches the sheets come through. "Glancing at this," he says, "I see you dabble in playwriting." While this about sums it up, I find myself resenting him for noticing what goes through his machine at all. Photocopying is a job in which one is required to see and not see, the delicacy demanded not different from that in medicine. It's as if a nurse were to say: "I see, watching you undress, that your legs are nothing to write home about."

• 20 March, Weston-super-Mare. To see Mam at Weston. I sit in the dining room of the home while they locate her coat. Two old ladies are waiting for their lunch, which won't happen for at least another hour. "It went through my mind it was pineapple," says one, "but I wouldn't swear to it." "You have to watch her," says the other, pointing to an empty place. "She'll have all the bread." Mam's memory has almost gone, leaving her suffused with a general benevolence. "I've always liked you," she says to one of the other residents and plants a kiss on her slightly startled cheek.

It is a beautiful day and we walk on the sands. "Has Gordon been to see you?" I ask. "Oh yes," she says, happily. "Though I'm saying he has, I don't know who he is." "Do you know who I am?" She peers at me. "Oh yes, you're . . . you're my son, aren't you?" "And what's my name?" "Ah, now then." And she laughs, as if this is not information any reasonable person could expect her to have. But it doesn't distress her, so it doesn't distress me.

We have our sandwiches on a hill outside Weston with a vast view over Somerset. She wants to say, "What a grand view," but her words are going too. "Oh," she exclaims. "What a big lot of About." There are sheep in the field. "I know what they are," she says, "but I don't know what they are called." Thus Wittgenstein is routed by my mother.

• 6 MAY. A second session doing a voice-over for a commercial for Quartz washing machines. I spend half an hour trying to invest the words "This frog" with some singularity of tone that will distinguish this particular frog from the previous frog, with which it is otherwise identical. It defeats me, and the session is abandoned. Coming away, I feel just as badly as if I'd given a shoddy performance in a definitive recording of the Sonnets.

• 23 JUNE. As A. and I are walking in Regent's Park this evening we stop to watch a baseball game. A police car comes smoothly along the path, keeping parallel with a young black guy who is walking over the grass. The police keep calling to him from the car, but he ignores them and eventually stops right in the middle of the game. A policeman gets out and begins questioning him, but warily and from a distance. The baseball players, unfortunately for the suspect, are all white and they mostly pretend it isn't happening. Some laugh and look at their feet. Others break away and talk among themselves. Only a few unabashedly listen. Someone shouts, "What's he done?" "I want you to bear witness," the man shouts. "You all bear witness." For his part the policeman ignores the players, sensing that he is at a disadvantage and that the middle of a game is some kind of sanctuary and too public for the law's liking. It's the sort of refuge Cary Grant might choose in a Hitchcock movie. Meanwhile reinforcements are on the way, and, as a police van speeds over the grass, another policeman gets out of the car and the two of them tackle the suspect. Still one watched, nobody saying anything, those nearest the struggle moving away, their embarrassment now acute. Eventually the police bundle the man into a van and he is driven off. The game is re-started, a little shamefacedly at first, then gathering momentum as we walk on. But the players must have lost heart, because five minutes later the pitcher passes us with his baseball mitt and a young man in a funny hat.

• 20 DECEMBER, NEW YORK. A sign on Seventh Avenue at Sheridan Square: "Ears pierced, with or without pain."

I am reading a book on Kafka. It is a library book, and someone has marked a passage in the margin with a long, wavering line. I pay the passage special attention without finding it particularly rewarding. As I turn the page the line moves. It is a long, dark hair.

• 30 JUNE, 1984. Prince Charles at Betjeman's memorial service. Never read the Bible as if it means something. Or at any rate don't *try* and mean it. Nor prayers. The liturgy is best treated and

"Jennifer and I are slouching toward a June wedding."

read as if it's someone announcing the departure of trains.

• 9 JULY. After four days feeling under sentence of death, having found a small lump on my foot, I go to the doctor. "Not a nasty," says young Dr. Macgregor cheerfully—"just a thrombosed vein."

Reprieved, I bike back home thinking of the people who are not reprieved and do not bike back home, resolving to do better, work harder, behave. But it's such a precarious business, life's peaceful landscape suddenly transformed, what look like green fields suddenly a swamp of anxiety.

I had said this to the doctor.

"No. It's quite natural. Most people are the same, particularly when they get to . . ." and he looks down at my notes.

"My age?" I supply.

"Yes. No way of saying that in a complimentary way, is there?"

• 25 SEPTEMBER. Gore Vidal is being interviewed on "Start the Week" along with Richard ("Watership Down") Adams. Adams is asked what he thought of Vidal's new novel about Lincoln. "I thought it was meretricious." "Really?" says Gore. "Well, meretricious and a happy new year." That's the way to do it.

• 13 OCTOBER. Mrs. Thatcher is achieving mythic status. Scarcely does her step falter than the gods intervene with some terrible event like this bomb at Brighton from which she emerges with her reputation enhanced. There is the sad sight of the injured Tebbit trying to prevent the British public getting a glimpse of his balls; firemen arranging his dusty pajama trousers to foil the ever-present cameras, as ministers in varying states of undress wait on the front. If the I.R.A. had really wanted to succeed they should have left a sniper behind and he would have had an easy task. Much comment on Mrs. T.'s courage the next morning, when she arrives at the Conservative conference on the dot, but it's not difficult to appear calm and unruffled in such circumstances, as any actor could tell you. The majority of people perform well in a crisis and when the spotlight is on them; it's on the Sunday afternoons of this life, when nobody is looking, that the spirit falters. ♦

SHOWCASE

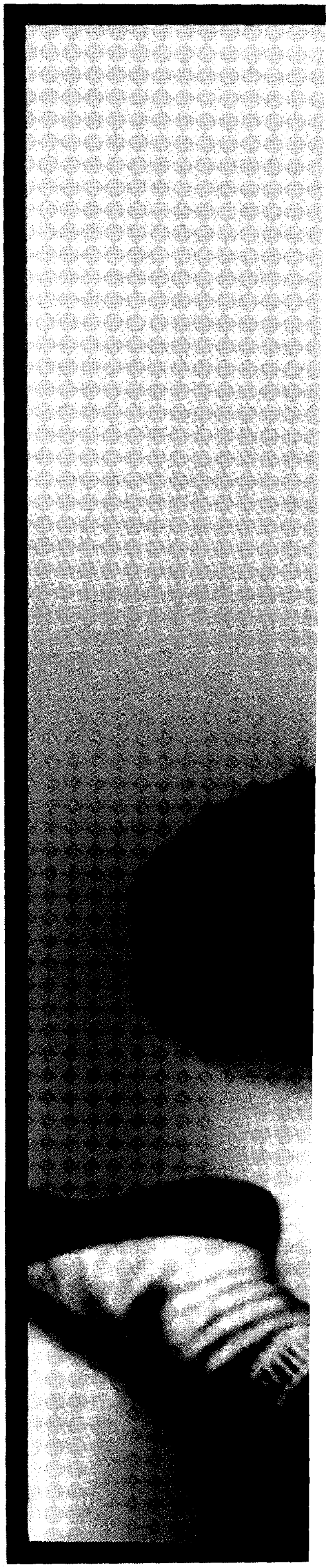
ROBBINSFEST

BY BRENDAN LEMON

"WEST SIDE STORY" is the quintessential guys musical, the one that has lured generations of jocks from the football field to the footlights. To the theatre's footlights, that is. The explosive Jerome Robbins choreography for this 1957 show long seemed unimaginable on a ballet stage; in the seventies, when Robbins consulted George Balanchine about making his work suitable for such a setting, Balanchine gave his blessing. But not for his own dancers, at New York City Ballet. "Our boys," he said, "don't fight."

The company's boys have long since acquired the choreography's requisite loosened technique and tightened physique, but it was only last year that Robbins, after a fifteen-year wooing by City Ballet's chief ballet master, Peter Martins, decided to adapt his work for the State Theatre. The resulting "West Side Story" Suite will have its première this Thursday at N.Y.C.B.'s all-Robbins spring gala, and will subsequently appear on five programs during the season's Robbins-heavy second half. The suite consists of six dances from the musical's original production—"Prologue," "Dance at the Gym," "Cool," "America," "The Rumble," and the "Somewhere" ballet—and "Something's Coming," which is a new solo for the quintessential Robbins interpreter, Robert LaFosse.

LaFosse, as Tony, has danced "West Side Story" before, in the 1989 musical "Jerome Robbins' Broadway." There Robbins used primarily show dancers; this time, he has had to impress his vision on a group of artists lacking both Broadway savvy and his firsthand experience of that now classic age—postwar New York. ♦



PHOTOGRAPH BY
RICHARD AVEDON

Jerome Robbins, New York City, January 28, 1947.

FICTION

JEALOUS HUSBAND RETURNS IN FORM OF PARROT

BY ROBERT OLEN BUTLER

I NEVER can quite say as much as I know. I look at other parrots and I wonder if it's the same for them, if somebody is trapped in each of them, paying some kind of price for living their life in a certain way. For instance, "Hello," I say, and I'm sitting on a perch in a pet store in Houston and what I'm really thinking is Holy shit. It's you. And what's happened is I'm looking at my wife.

"Hello," she says, and she comes over to me, and I can't believe how beautiful she is. Those great brown eyes, almost as dark as the center of mine. And her nose—I don't remember her for her nose, but its beauty is clear to me now. Her nose is a little too long, but it's redeemed by the faint hook to it.

She scratches the back of my neck.

Her touch makes my tail flare. I feel the stretch and rustle of me back there. I bend my head to her and she whispers, "Pretty bird."

For a moment, I think she knows it's me. But she doesn't, of course. I say "Hello" again and I will eventually pick up "pretty bird." I can tell that as soon as she says it, but for now I can only give her another "Hello." Her fingertips move through my feathers, and she seems to know about birds. She knows that to pet a bird you don't smooth his feathers down, you ruffle them.

But, of course, she did that in my human life, as well. It's all the same for her. Not that I was complaining, even to myself, at that moment in the pet shop when she found me like I presume she was supposed to. She said it again—"Pretty bird"—and this brain that works the way it does now could feel that tiny little voice of mine ready to shape itself around these sounds. But before I could get them out of my beak, there was this guy at my wife's shoulder, and all my feathers went slick-flat to make me small enough not to be seen, and I backed away. The pupils of my eyes pinned and dilated, and pinned again.

He circled around her. A guy that looked like a meat packer, big in the chest and thick with hair, the kind of guy that I always sensed her eyes moving to when I was alive. I had a bare chest, and I'd look for little black hairs on the sheets when I'd come home on a day with the whiff of somebody else in the air. She was still in the same goddam rut.

A "hello" wouldn't do, and I'd recently learned "good night," but it was the wrong suggestion altogether, so I said nothing and the guy circled her, and he was looking at me with a smug little smile, and I fluffed up all my feathers, made myself about twice as big, so big he'd see he couldn't mess with me. I waited for him to draw close enough for me to take off the tip of his finger.

But she intervened. Those nut-brown eyes were before me, and she said, "I want him."

And that's how I ended up in my own house once again. She bought me a large black wrought-iron cage, very large, convinced by some young guy who clerked in the bird department and who took her aside and made his voice go much too soft when he was doing the selling job. The meat packer didn't like it. I didn't, either. I'd missed a lot of chances to take a bite out of this clerk in my stay at the shop, and I regretted that suddenly.

But I got my giant cage, and I guess I'm happy enough about that. I can pace as much as I want. I can hang upside down. It's full of bird toys. That dangling thing over there with knots and strips of rawhide and a bell at the bottom needs a good thrashing a couple of times a day, and I'm the bird to do it. I look at the very dangle of it, and the thing is rough, the rawhide and the knotted rope, and I get this restlessness back in my tail, a burning, thrashing feeling, and it's like all the times when I was sure there was a man naked with my wife. Then I go to this thing that feels so familiar and I bite and bite, and it's very good.

I could have used the thing the last day I went out of this house as a man. I'd found the address of the new guy at my wife's office. He'd been there a month, in the shipping department, and three times she'd mentioned him. She didn't even have to work with him, and three times I heard about him, just dropped into the conversation. "Oh," she'd say when a car commercial came on the television, "that car there is like the one the new man in shipping owns. Just like it." Hey, I'm not stupid. She said another thing about him and then another, and right after the third one I locked myself in the bathroom, because I couldn't rage about this anymore. I felt like a damn fool whenever I actually said anything about this kind of feeling and she looked at me as though she could start hating me real easy, and so I was working on saying nothing, even if it meant locking myself up. My goal was to hold my tongue about half the time. That would be a good start.

But this guy from shipping. I found out his name and his address, and it was one of her typical Saturday afternoons of vague shopping. So I went to his house, and his car that was just like the commercial was outside. Nobody was around in the neighborhood, and there was this big tree in back of the house going up to a second-floor window that was making funny little sounds. I went up. The shade was drawn but not quite all the way. I was holding on to a limb with my arms and legs wrapped around it like it was her in those times when I could forget the others for a little while. But the crack in the shade was just out of view, and I crawled on till there was no limb left, and I fell on my head. When I think about that now, my wings flap and I feel myself lift up, and it all

ANDERS WENNGREN

seems so avoidable. Though I know I'm different now. I'm a bird.

Except I'm not. That's what's confusing. It's like those times when she would tell me she loved me and I actually believed her and maybe it was true and we clung to each other in bed and at times like that I was different. I was the man in her life. I was whole with her. Except even at that moment, as I held her sweetly, there was this other creature inside me who knew a lot more about it and couldn't quite put all the evidence together to speak.

My cage sits in the den. My pool table is gone, and the cage is sitting in that space, and if I come all the way down to one end of my perch I can see through the door and down the back hallway to the master bedroom. When she keeps the bedroom door open, I can see the space at the foot of the bed but not the bed itself. I can sense it to the left, just out of sight. I watch the men go in and I hear the sounds, but I can't quite see. And they drive me crazy.

I flap my wings and I squawk and I fluff up and I slick down and I throw seed and I attack that dangly toy as if it was the guy's balls, but it does no good. It never did any good in the other life, either, the thrashing around I did by myself. In that other life I'd have given anything to be standing in this den with her doing this thing with some other guy just down the hall, and all I had to do was walk down there and turn the corner and she couldn't deny it anymore.

But now all I can do is try to let it go. I sidestep down to the opposite end of the cage and I look out the big sliding glass doors to the back yard. It's a pretty yard. There are great, placid live oaks with good places to roost. There's a blue sky that plucks at the feathers on my chest. There are clouds. Other birds. Fly away. I could just fly away.

I tried once, and I learned a lesson. She forgot and left the door to my cage open, and I climbed beak and foot, beak and foot, along the bars and curled around to stretch sideways out the door, and the vast scene of peace was there, at the other end of the room. I flew.

And a pain flared through my head, and I fell straight down, and the room whirled around, and the only good thing was that she held me. She put her hands under my wings and lifted me and clutched me to her breast, and I wish there hadn't been bees in my head at the time, so I could have enjoyed that, but she put me back in the cage and wept awhile. That touched me, her tears. And I looked back to the wall of sky and trees. There was something invisible there between me and that dream of peace. I remembered, eventually, about glass, and I knew I'd been lucky; I knew that for the little, fragile-boned skull I was doing all this thinking in, it meant death.

She wept that day, but by the night she had another man. A guy with a thick Georgia-truck-stop accent and pale white skin and an Adam's apple big as my seed ball. This guy has been around for a few weeks, and he makes a whooping sound down the hallway, just out of my sight. At times like that, I want to fly against the bars of the cage, but I don't. I have to remember how the world has changed.

SHE'S single now, of course. Her husband, the man that I was, is dead to her. She does not understand all that is behind my "hello." I know many words, for a parrot. I am a yellow-nape Amazon, a handsome bird, I think, green with a splash of yellow at the back of my neck. I talk pretty well, but none of my words are adequate. I can't make her understand.

And what would I say if I could? I was jealous in life. I admit it. I would admit it to her. But it was because of my connection to her. I would explain that. When we held each other, I had no past at all, no present but her body, no future but to lie there and not let her go. I was an egg hatched beneath her crouching body, I entered as a chick into her wet sky of a body, and all that I wished was to sit on her shoulder and fluff my feathers and lay my head against her cheek, with my neck exposed to her hand. And so the glances that I could see in her troubled me deeply: the movement of her eyes in public to other men, the laughs sent across a room, the tracking of her mind behind her blank eyes, pursuing images of others, her distraction even in our bed, the ghosts that were there of men who'd touched her, perhaps even that very day. I was not part of all those other men who were part of her. I didn't want to connect to all that. It was only her that I would fluff for, but these others were there also, and I couldn't put them aside. I sensed them inside her, and so they were inside me. If I had the words, these are the things I would say.

But half an hour ago, there was a moment that thrilled me. A word, a word we all knew in the pet shop, was just the right word after all. This guy with his cowboy belt buckle and rattlesnake boots and his pasty face and his twanging words of love trailed after my wife through the den, past my cage, and I said, "Cracker." He even flipped his head back a little at this in surprise. He'd been called that before to his face, I realized. I said it again, "Cracker." But to him I was a bird, and he let it pass. "Cracker," I said. "Hello, cracker." That was even better. They were out of sight through the hall doorway, and I hustled along the perch and I caught a glimpse of them before they made the turn to the bed and I said, "Hello, cracker," and he shot me one last glance.

It made me hopeful. I eased away from that end of the cage, moved toward the scene of peace beyond the far wall. The sky is chalky-blue today, blue like the brow of the blue-front Amazon who was on the perch next to me for about a week at the store. She was very sweet, but I watched her carefully for a day or two when she first came in. And it wasn't long before she nuzzled up to a cockatoo named Willy, and I knew she'd break my heart. But her color now, in the sky, is sweet, really. I left all those feelings behind me when my wife showed up. I am a faithful man, for all my suspicions. Too faithful, maybe. I am ready to give too much, and maybe that's the problem.

The whooping began down the hall, and I focussed on a tree out there. A crow flapped down, his mouth open, his throat throbbing, though I could not hear his sound. I was feeling very odd. At least I'd made my point to the guy in the other room. "Pretty bird," I said, referring to myself. She called me "pretty bird," and I believed her and I told myself again, "Pretty bird."

But then something new happened, something very difficult for me. She appeared in the den naked. I have not seen her naked since I fell from the tree and had no wings to fly. She always had a certain tidiness in things. She was naked in the bedroom, clothed in the den. But now she appears from the hallway, and I look at her, and she is still slim and she is beautiful, I think—at least I clearly remember that as her husband I found her beautiful in this state. Now, though, she

Get the Most Out of London Theatre

Subscribe to **LONDON THEATRE NEWS**, the illustrated monthly newsletter, and enjoy complete up-to-the-minute coverage of London theatre.

- Complete West End Theatre Listings
- Timely Recommendations • Opening Night Reviews • Exclusive Interviews
- A Convenient Ticket-Booking Service
- Dining Tips • and much more!

$21 for 3 months • $49 annually
Call toll-free **1-800-779-0077.** Or send check to: London Theatre News, Suite 620, 12 East 86th Street, New York, NY 10028

CapeCod
MASSACHUSETTS

Sea, Sand, Sun and Fun!

Cape Cod is...miles of white, sandy beaches...picturesque harbors... charming villages...historic museums and sites...surfing...sailing... entertainment...shopping...fishing... golf...tennis...fresh native cuisine... scenic bike trails...and so much more. Come and discover all Cape Cod has to offer!

Write for our free Accommodations Directory or call (508) 362-3225
CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
P.O. Box 16, Hyannis 9, MA 02601-0016

The Educated Traveler®

The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept.-RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022
1-800-648-5168

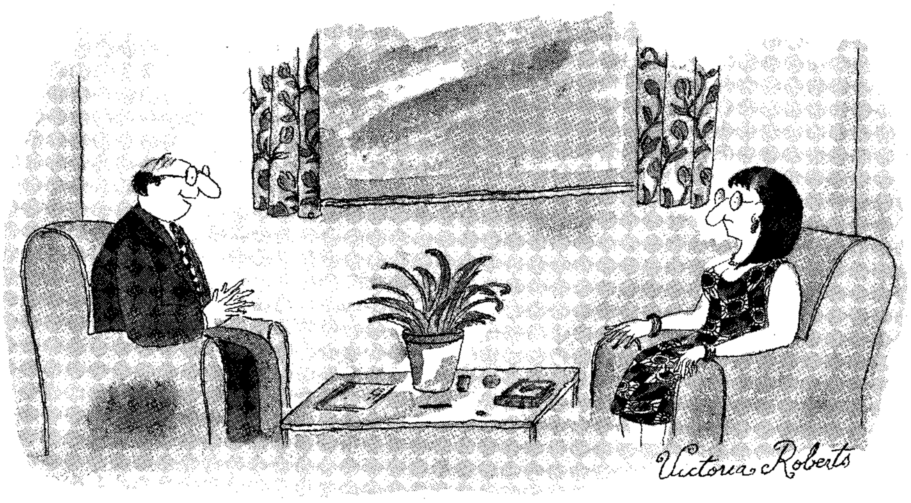
ARS FEMINA ENSEMBLE
Appearing at Boston Early Music Festival
Museum of Afro American History - June 14, 2 pm
New Release: Francesca Caccini's opera (1625)
"The Liberation of Ruggiero from the Isle of Alcina"
★★★★★ "Exemplary." - Charles Osborne in *BBC Music Magazine*
$18 - CD, $12 - Cassette + $2 shipping

For information about recordings, sheet music, and concerts of music by 17th and 18th century women composers on original instruments, write or call
ARS FEMINA•P.O. BOX *7692•LOUISVILLE•KENTUCKY•40257•(502) 897-5719*

DISCOVER SAILING!
IT'S EASY, SAFE AND GREAT FRESH AIR FUN!

Steve & Doris Colgate's
Offshore Sailing School.
Weekends, Weekdays, Evenings
Graduate Sailing Club ● Our 30th Year!
2 New York Area locations ● 5 Great Vacation Branches
800-221-4326

Camden, Maine
In a seacoast village *where the mountains meet the sea*, an authentic summer hotel has been preserving the traditions of Maine hospitality since 1901. 50 rooms, fine dining, wine & spirits
Whitehall Inn
Box 558, Camden, ME 04843 (800) 789-6565



"Astronomy did so start out as a guy thing."

• •

seems too naked. Plucked. I find that a sad thing. I am sorry for her, and she goes by me and she disappears into the kitchen. I want to pluck some of my own feathers, the feathers from my chest, and give them to her. I love her more in that moment, seeing her terrible nakedness, than I ever have before.

And since I've had success in the last few minutes with words, when she comes back I am moved to speak. "Hello," I say, meaning, You are still connected to me, I still want only you. "Hello," I say again. Please listen to this tiny heart that beats fast at all times for you.

And she does indeed stop, and she comes to me and bends to me. "Pretty bird," I say, and I am saying, You are beautiful, my wife, and your beauty cries out for protection. "Pretty." I want to cover you with my own nakedness. "Bad bird," I say. If there are others in your life, even in your mind, then there is nothing I can do. "Bad." Your nakedness is touched from inside by the others. "Open," I say. How can we be whole together if you are not empty in the place that I am to fill?

She smiles at this, and she opens the door to my cage. "Up," I say, meaning, Is there no place for me in this world where I can be free of this terrible sense of others?

She reaches in now and offers her hand, and I climb onto it and I tremble and she says, "Poor baby."

"Poor baby," I say. You have yearned for wholeness, too, and somehow I failed you. I was not enough. "Bad bird," I say. I'm sorry.

And then the cracker comes around the corner. He wears only his rattlesnake boots. I take one look at his miserable, featherless body and shake my head. We keep our sexual parts hidden, we parrots, and this man is a pitiful sight. "Peanut," I say. I presume that my wife simply has not noticed. But that's foolish, of course. This is, in fact, what she wants. Not me. And she scrapes me off her hand onto the open cage door and she turns her naked back to me and embraces this man, and they laugh and stagger in their embrace around the corner.

For a moment, I still think I've been eloquent. What I've said only needs repeating for it to have its transforming effect. "Hello," I say. "Hello. Pretty bird. Pretty. Bad bird. Bad. Open. Up. Poor baby. Bad bird." And I am beginning to hear myself as I really sound to her. "Peanut." I can never say what is in my heart to her. Never.

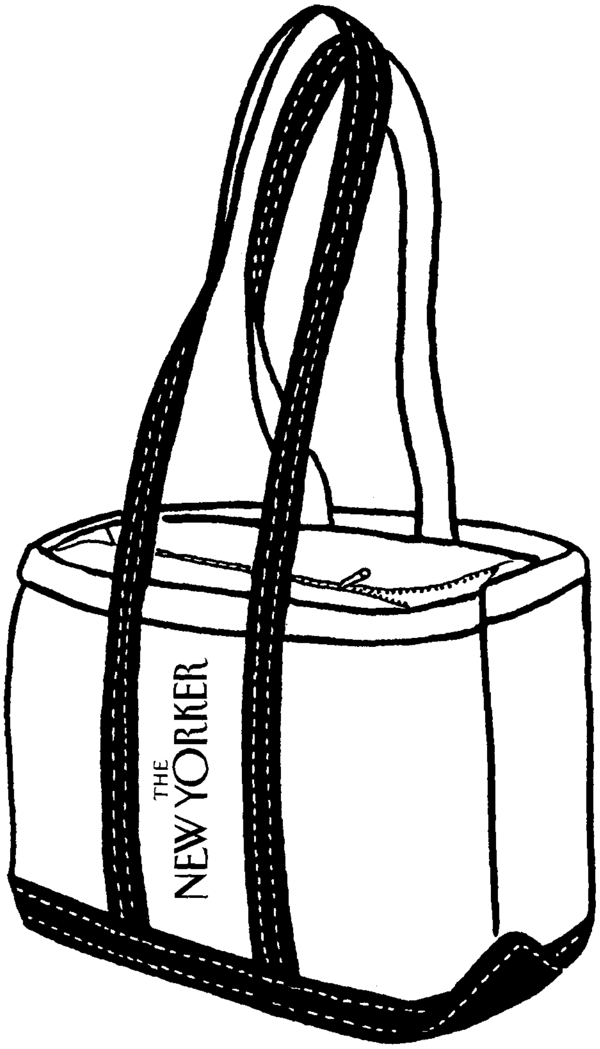
I stand on my cage door now, and my wings stir. I look at the corner to the hallway, and down at the end the whooping has begun again. I can fly there and think of things to do about all this.

But I do not. I turn instead, and I look at the trees moving just beyond the other end of the room. I look at the sky the color of the brow of a blue-front Amazon. A shadow of birds spanks across the lawn. And I spread my wings. I will fly now. Even though I know there is something between me and that place where I can be free of all these feelings, I will fly. I will throw myself there again and again. Pretty bird. Bad bird. Good night. ♦

SMART DUCK!

High. Wide. Handsome.
And zipper-topped for security.
The only bag you'll need for
everything from schlepping to
picnicking in the park.

Navy-trimmed heavy duty
canvas, double layered on the
bottom and triple stitched.
Approximately 15" by 11" by 6".
With extra long handles.



To order THE NEW YORKER *Tote Bag*, call toll-free:

1-800-336-5510

Or send check or money order for $32.00* plus $3 shipping and handling per bag.

THE NEW YORKER, Box 10214, Dept. 672121
Des Moines, IA 50336-0214

**Offer available only in the U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, & OH, please add applicable sales tax Canada, 7% G.S.T. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. © 1995 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS

The Reader Service Value Program features New Yorker *advertisers who want to offer additional information. You are invited to respond directly by telephone (just look for the* ✆ *symbol) or by checking the corresponding number(s) and mailing the attached postage-paid card.*

ART & ANTIQUES

1. **The Salvador Dali Gallery** is the leading dealer of Salvador Dali art. Exclusively available from us are prints, suites, and one-of-a-kind works by the master. All prints are authenticated by international Dali expert Albert Field. Call 1-800-ASK-DALI.

AUTOMOTIVE

2. **BMW of North America.** An informative brochure illustrates the 1995 BMW's many fun-to-drive performance, safety, luxury, value, and styling features. Please call 1-800-334-4BMW.

BOOK NEWS

✆ **Books on Tape, Inc.** World's largest selection of unabridged audio books. Best sellers on cassette. More than 3,000 current and classic favorites. 25 new titles monthly. All full-length. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call for color brochure. 1-800-626-3333.

✆ **Waterfields Press.** ***Waterfields Guide to Computer Terms*** quickly gives busy executives just the information they need to understand, manage, and buy computers. Available directly from the publisher for $12.95 plus $4 s/h. Call 1-800-318-9229.

COMMUNICATIONS

✆ **VTECH Communications.** VTECH's DIGITAL, 900 MHz, cordless telephones deliver maximum range, unparalleled security, and above all, clarity. You'll like what you hear. Call 1-800-624-5688.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

3. **Franklin Templeton Group.** For more information on the Franklin retirement planning guide, please call 1-800-342-FUND, ext. F181.

FOOD & SPIRITS

4. **Blenheim Bottlers.** Blenheim Ginger Ale: the hottest drink in town! Good for what "ales" you. Free brochure. Call 1-800-270-9344 or write Box 452, Hamer, SC 29547.

5. **National Pork Council.** Taste what's new with pork. The Other White Meat® recipes! Send a self-addressed stamped business-size envelope for a free recipe brochure to: National Pork Producers Council, P.O. Box 10383, Des Moines, IA 50306.

6. **Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.**

HEALTH CARE

7. **American College of Surgeons** offers a free brochure on patient choice and important information on surgical care.

✆ **Cancer Treatment Centers of America™.** "A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer." To speak to an oncology information specialist, or receive literature by mail, please call 1-800-234-2406.

8. **Structure House.** The world's leading long-term success rate for permanent weight control for men and women of any age, weight, and fitness level.

9. **Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.**

HOME FURNISHINGS

✆ **Country Casual Garden Furnishings.** A 64-page catalog of natural teak and painted mahogany furniture, modular trelliswork, and arbors. Immediate shipment from stock. Country Casual pays the freight. Call 1-301-540-0040.

MEDIA

✆ **International Herald Tribune.** Now the global village has its own hometown newspaper... and you can have it on your doorstep every morning in time for breakfast! For subscription information, call 1-800-882-2884.

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS

✆ **The Humane Society of the United States** protects animals across the globe. To join call 1-800-4-HUMANE. For information call 1-202-452-1100.

OFFICE EQUIPMENT

10. **Lanier Worldwide.** For award-winning copying, facsimile, imaging, multi-function and dictation solutions, backed by unparalleled service and support, call Lanier at 1-800-708-7088.

REAL ESTATE

11. **Craft Farms.** 5 minutes from Gulf of Mexico beaches, this golf community offers patio and garden homes, town homes, condominiums, and custom homes. Fairway homesites begin in the mid $40's. Enjoy 45 holes of signature golf, southern hospitality, and mild climate in a safe, friendly community with low property taxes and low cost of living. Call 1-800-327-2657.

12. **The Governor's Land at Two Rivers.** Governor's Land will have only 722 homes on 1,444 acres in Williamsburg, VA. With private, member-owned country club, Fazio course, harbor and marina.

13. **Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.**

RETAIL

14. **A.G.A. Correa Co.** Handwoven Turk's Head jewelry, including bracelets, rings, cuff links, dress studs, brooches, and necklaces. Diamond constellations and other nautical jewelry. Free catalog.

15. **BackSaver Products Co.** offers over 50 unique products designed to promote relaxation and comfort at home, productivity in the workplace, and back and neck relief wherever you go!

16. **Beverly Bremer Silver Shop.** Sterling silver specialist. Brochure of extensive collection available. Flatware, holloware, antiques, American/Continental. Call 1-404-261-4009 for your pattern information.

✆ **The Conestoga Company - Big-Bang® Cannons.** Celebrate America with the only safe substitute for fireworks. Cast iron and solid brass replica cannons available. Great for display. For a free catalog, call 1-800-987-2264.

17. **Edgecraft - Sharpen Your Knives Perfectly...Easily...with the Chef's Choice® Diamond Hone® Knife Sharpener Professional Model 110.** Puts a long-lasting, incredibly sharp edge on the entire blade length of cooking, hunting, fishing, and pocket knives. For a store near you, call 1-800-342-3255.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE ✆ LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5600.

18. **Edgecraft – The World's Best Kitchen Knives.** Fully forged from a unique stainless steel alloy. Chef's Choice® Trizor® Professional 10X® Cutlery is 2 to 3 times sharper and stays sharp up to 10 times longer than any other brand. Exquisitely handcrafted in the U.S.A. For a store near you, call 1-800-342-3255.

19. **Gibson Guitar.** You've always wanted to play guitar—Gibson will help with picking your guitar investment. Send for your free "How to Buy An Electric Guitar" today.

20. **Levenger.** Enhance your reading and writing environments with "Tools For Serious Readers." Levenger specializes in furniture, lighting, and gifts for readers and writers. Call 1-800-544-0880.

☎ **Loro Piana.** Discover the timeless elegance of Loro Piana Italian fabrics. Our Manhattan store at 46 East 61st Street features everything for the finest wardrobes. Please call 1-212-980-7961.

21. **Tilley Endurables.** Secret pockets, security pockets, and "give 'em hell" washing instructions. The best travel clothing in the world. The free 68-page catalog is a hoot! Call 1-800-746-0427.

22. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

SCHOOLS

23. **The New School.** For a free New School Bulletin providing information on more than 500 Summer adult education courses including distance instruction and B.A., M.A., and M.S.T. degree programs, call 1-800-319-4321, ext. 46.

☎ **Stewart Home School.** Situated on a 750-acre bluegrass estate, the school provides a year-round residential facility with an active and full lifestyle for mentally handicapped children and adults. Frankfort, KY. For more information please call 1-502-875-4664.

TELEVISION PROGRAMMING

Washington Week in Review. Now in its 28th season, WWR offers news, not noise. Join moderator Ken Bode and Washington's most savvy political reporters every Friday evening on PBS. Check your local listings for exact times.

TRAVEL

☎ **1-800-CALL-ATT.** No matter where you travel in the U.S., Know The Code and your calling card calls will always get through from any phone. Dial 1-800-CALL-ATT.

☎ **AT LARGE Travel Newsletter.** Produced by the Marketing Department of **THE NEW YORKER**, each issue includes the latest news about travel, special promotions and packages, and profiles on exciting destinations. Special introductory offer: 1 year subscription (3 issues) for just $10 plus a fourth issue free. Please call 1-800-759-9838.

AIRLINES

24. **Icelandair.** Come experience the land of fire and ice. On your next trip to Europe, come see Iceland. The island that is on the way, not out of the way. Call toll-free at 1-800-223-5500 for your Iceland Packet.

CRUISE LINES

25. **Crystal Cruises.** In 1996, a 96-day World Cruise aboard Crystal Symphony sets sail. Sail the entire voyage and visit 38 of the world's most extraordinary destinations. Or select from 5 cruise segments ranging from 15 to 23 days. Call 1-800-96-CRUISE.

26. **Orient Lines.** Experience the majestic beauty of Antarctica as you cruise aboard the elegant Marco Polo. 4 sailings beginning December 11, 1995. For free brochure, call 1-800-333-7300.

27. **Royal Caribbean Cruise Line.** A call to Royal Caribbean can be the start of the perfect vacation. For a free brochure about cruising, Royal Caribbean style, call 1-800-659-RCCL, ext. 204.

28. **Sun Line Cruises.** We'll make you feel at home cruising the Greek Islands, Egypt, Israel, and Turkey. Friendliest staff, top lecturers, comfortable luxury ships. For brochure, call 1-800-872-6400.

29. **Windjammer Barefoot Cruises.** Sail the exotic Caribbean on Windjammer Barefoot Cruises. Satisfy your pirate soul while enjoying our modern accommodations. 6- and 14-day cruises from $650. Call 1-800-327-2601, dept. 38.

30. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

HOTELS & ACCOMMODATIONS

31. **The Cloister.** Mobil 5-Star resort on Sea Island. 5 miles of private beach, championship golf, tennis, spa, horseback riding, dancing, skeet, swimming. Free brochure.

32. **Surrey Suite Hotel.** Exceptional Upper East Side value for sophisticated travelers in Manhattan. Spacious suites, fitness center, and acclaimed 4-star restaurant *Daniel.* Call 1-800-9-SURREY.

33. **Vermont's Basin Harbor Club.** Private country cottages and 2 main guest houses on 700 acres. On a secluded cove on Lake Champlain. Golf, tennis, and water sports. May through October. For more information please call 1-800-622-4000.

34. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

TOURISM BOARDS

35. **The Bahamas.** 700 islands filled with new experiences. Discover beautiful beaches, diving, fishing, jet-skiing, snorkeling, boating, golf, casinos, international shopping, and exciting nightlife. Call your travel agent.

36. **Baton Rouge.** From the state capital to the heart of Plantation Country, Baton Rouge has it all! Alligators, blues, crawfish, étoufée, fais-do-do, festivals, gaming, jambalaya, swamp tours, two stepping, and zydeco. Call 1-800-LA-ROUGE.

37. **Caribbean Coalition for Tourism.** The 200-page Caribbean Vacation Planner for 30 sun-filled, soul-soothing, spirit-lifting Caribbean destinations. Call 1-800-356-9999, ext. 225.

☎ **Cayman Islands.** An elegant British Caribbean Island trio with crystal-clear waters, relaxing beaches, safe world-famous diving, and fishing. For a free brochure call 1-800-346-3313.

☎ **Coastal Fairfield County.** Visit Connecticut's lively coast with unique shops, attractions, quaint villages, antiquing, dining, festivals, theatre, and nightlife. For free brochure and information on our $99 Weekend for 2, call 1-800-886-7925.

38. **Jamaica Tourist Board.** For more information send for a free Jamaica Vacation Kit, or call 1-800-JAMAICA.

39. **Newfoundland & Labrador Tourism.** Visit the place where icebergs and whales cross paths. To get up close, send for our free 240-page guide to the most easterly point in North America, or call Brendan at 1-800-563-NFLD.

40. **Portugal.** A modern country with all the comforts that Americans require, having, as a proud foundation, its glorious past! Ask for our free colorful brochure.

41. **Puerto Rico Tourism Company.** Only a continent could offer so many great vacation experiences. Call for brochure. 1-800-866-7827.

42. **South Carolina.** This is your day in the sun. Free travel guide and map. 136 pages of beautiful beaches, championship golf, scenic foothills, historic plantations, gracious gardens, and events. Call 1-800-346-3634.

43. **Spain.** See historic southern Spain while aboard Al Andalus Express, a 1920s train that is a traveling 5-Star hotel. Spring and Autumn departures. For reservations please call 1-800-223-1356.

☎ **Tourism Nova Scotia.** Send or call for your free Nova Scotia Lure Guide and Value Vacation Catalog featuring over 150 exciting packages. Call 1-800-565-0000, and ask for operator #672.

44. **Turkish Tourist Office.** Turkey, "the world's largest open-air museum," offers the glorious evidence of her 10,000 years of history, unsurpassed shopping, and exquisite cuisine. For free brochures and tour directory, please call 1-212-687-2194.

45. **Vail Valley Summer.** From mountain adventure to cultural enlightenment, you'll find it all in the scenic Vail Valley—and in our free 52-page visitor's guide.

46. **WALES FLY AAWAY VACATIONS.** Wales is a land of inspiration, rich in tradition and culture. Send for your free color Wales travel planner including exciting vacation packages. Call 1-800-557-2748.

47. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

TOURS

☎ **Alpine Trails, Ltd.** Hike the Swiss Alps with renowned author and mountaineer Fred Jacobson. Small groups of active outdoor enthusiasts who also appreciate high-level creature comforts. For a free brochure, please call 1-800-666-5161 or 1-914-238-5151.

48. **Cox & Kings.** Visit the fabled temple cities and fabulous palm-fringed beaches of southern India, the land of spices and traders. Please call 1-800-999-1758 for our 1995 India and Beyond brochure.

IF RESPONSE CARD IS MISSING, SEND YOUR REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER**, P.O. BOX 5347, PITTSFIELD, MA 01203-9892. OFFER VALID UNTIL AUGUST 14, 1995.

Field of dreams. Even as a youth in Tacoma, Washington, the spirit beckoned. *Build it.* But the hard truth awaited him on the craggy New England coast. Capital builds businesses. Not dreams. So he journeyed to the money center of the world. And worked his way up the Wall Street ladder to the top at Goldman Sachs. *Build it.* Then one day he walked away from it all. To create the country's largest minority controlled TV company, *Granite Broadcasting.* A business devoted to nourishing the entrepreneurial spirit of its employees. No surprise. **Don Cornwell started reading Forbes as a student at the Harvard Business School in 1970.**

Forbes
CAPITALIST TOOL®

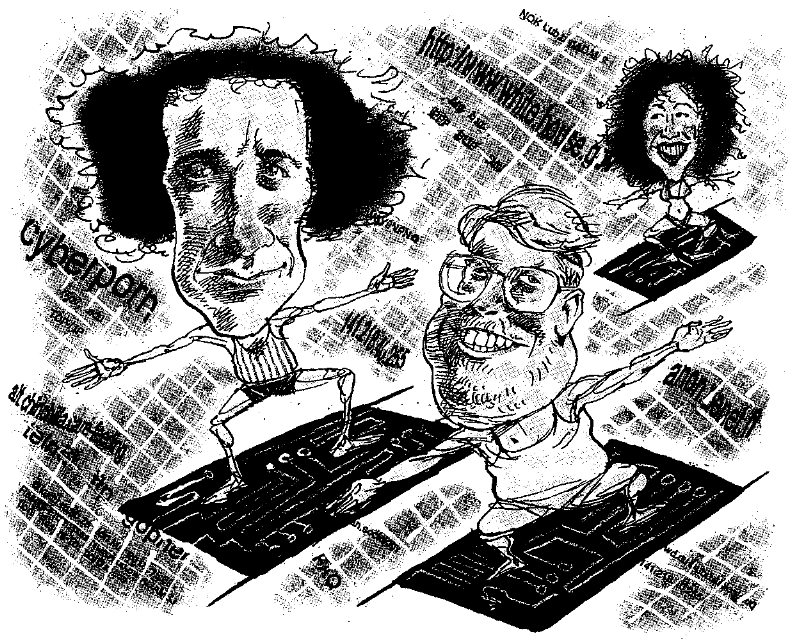
BOOKS

NET LOSSES

Cyberhype gives way to cybergripe in unexpected realms.

BY JAMES GLEICK

It's time for a countertrend. The Internet has grown overnight from one of bookselling's more obscure technical subtopics into one of its hottest categories, throwing even New Age into the shadows. According to the Library of Congress—queried on-line—more than a hundred new Internet titles have reached store shelves since the beginning of last year, and the flow is accelerating. All too many of these books present themselves as the complete reference: the ultimate road map, passport, or survival guide to the Internet. It is hard to envy the authors who are under contract to find a new angle.



The new wave: Clifford Stoll, Danny Goodman, and J. C. Herz.

DAVID SMALL

The Internet is making the painful transition, of course, from a haven for academics and teen hackers to a public utility embracing the general populace via commercial on-line services, the telephone, and cable networks. Until recently, the *Times* would not print the word Internet without propping it against a didactic reference phrase ("the global computer network"); now its correspondents generate copy more copiously than its London or Paris bureaus. The trend has grown so quickly that one can easily forget how few of us, still, have any working acquaintance with the on-line world, in any of its forms. Even so, it's a wave, and no wave is complete without its backwash.

So here comes J. C. Herz, fresh out of college, with "Surfing on the Internet: A Nethead's Adventures On-Line" (Little, Brown; $19.95), mixing her sense of wonder at the on-line community she discovered at the Harvard Science Center basement terminals ("It's like Narnia, or Magritte, or *Star Trek*, an entire goddamned world. Except it doesn't physically exist. It's just the collective consciousness of however many people are on it") with the realization that life online can be obsessive and junk-ridden—as can her prose: "Too many choices. Too many people. Too many posts stacked like an endless tube of Pringles. Too many threads that aren't worth the time but scream to be read all the same." With plenty of "cyberhype" and "cyberpatois," Herz often reads like a parody herself—not unlike, on occasion, the Internet, where people join discussion groups devoted to curing addiction to discussion groups.

And here comes Danny Goodman, a West Coast technology writer, with "Living at Light Speed: Your Survival Guide to Life on the Information Superhighway" (Random House; $21), in which he presents a series of "myths" to be exploded, such as "There will be one seamless information superhighway linking all the nation's (or the world's) people" (Myth No. 1) and "The information superhighway will create a world of hermits and loners" (Myth No. 9). You may not have yet fallen for any such myths, in which case you may sense an element of the straw man. But if you happen to need a sober and thorough introduction to the on-line world and would prefer to live without a new vocabulary of words beginning with "cyber" this book could be a good choice.

Most interestingly, here comes Clifford Stoll, a California-based astronomer, whose first book, "The Cuckoo's Egg," recounted his adventure of tracking down a West German spy who in 1986 broke into his laboratory network. It was a thrilling story, well told, and it gave many people their first vivid encounter with the agglomeration of academic and government networks which has grown into the Internet. "Networks aren't made of printed circuits, but of people," Stoll wrote then. "My terminal is a door to countless, intricate pathways, leading to untold numbers of neighbors." He made this sound like a good thing. To put it mildly, he has changed his mind.

Stoll has now assembled a polemic in "Silicon Snake Oil: Second Thoughts on the Information Highway" (Doubleday; $22). By examining his own life and talking to (or, it must be conceded, E-mailing) his friends about theirs, he has gathered as complete a list of arguments against computing as you can read anywhere. Computers are cold; they are addictive; they are unproductive; they draw you away from real life into a sterile and ersatz reality. He quotes Thoreau. "No birds sing," he points out. Computerized books are hard to read, and you cannot comfortably take them to the beach. Paintings look fuzzy and lifeless when reproduced on-screen—two hundred and fifty-six colors instead of a continuum—never mind that Bill Gates is trying to corner that market. Computer-enhanced photography can be a tool for deception. There is no real beauty in a CD-ROM. Another reservation that Stoll expresses about computing, and especially about navigating the on-line universe, emerges in Herz's and Goodman's books, too: he feels, he says, that he is being swallowed up by something scary and murky. That's all too believable. Yet I have never read a book that rang so fundamentally false—not just false to the reality, but false, I suspect, to its own author.

Even if you knew nothing about the Internet but what Stoll tells you, you would know enough to see through his polemic quite effectively—particularly since he states his ambivalence up front and cannot resist nudging you toward the counterexamples and counterarguments for all the building blocks of his diatribe. It feels as if there were a second book inside this one, wildly signalling to be let out. One senses that the author loves computers, breathes computers, would not wish to live in a world without computers, and prays secretly that you will not fall for the book you are reading—backlash be damned. "You don't need a keyboard to bake bread, play touch football, piece a quilt, build a stone wall, recite a poem, or say a prayer," Stoll says wistfully. No, you don't, and there must be people left in the world who genuinely prefer quilt-making or wall-building to playing with computers—but Cliff Stoll is surely not one of them. He owns five computers, checks into six networks on an average day, and his E-mail archive, at fifty megabytes, is ten times as large as the complete works of Shakespeare.

Turning to more pragmatic considerations, Stoll is skeptical that computing helps business productivity—despite overwhelming evidence that it does. He says that computer games teach skills that soon become obsolete: Pac-Man is gone, but good old Monopoly is here to stay. Give him a plain pack of playing cards, versatile and inexpensive: "If you get frustrated, throw the pack out the window. Try that with your Pentium." More seriously, he contends that computers teach specialized skills, not general ones. I think, in fact, that a generation of children is learning at least some of the art of programming, a mental discipline far richer and more useful than all the algorithms of traditional school arithmetic. When my six-year-old drifts away from the television set or from his Legos to contend with the forces arrayed against him by various computer games, he actively learns abstraction and logic no matter how silly or transient the game itself.

When Comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 crashed into Jupiter last summer, Stoll was eager for the images beaming down from the Hubble Space Telescope: he had been working for years on computer modelling of Jupiter's atmosphere. The data were available to anyone on the Internet almost as soon as they reached the major astronomical laboratories, and, indeed, many thousands of people around the world, professionals and sky lovers alike, marvelled at the spectacular pictures. Surely this, at least, scores as a point for the Internet? Well, no. Stoll, who complains elsewhere that the Internet can be closed and élitist, now complains that, because amateurs ("everyone and his pet Pekinese") were using the same network as his professional colleagues, the congestion forced him to wait minutes rather than seconds for his images.

One of the most persistent rhetorical weaknesses of Stoll's argument against computers is that he fails to distinguish transitory issues from fundamental ones. Growing networks do have traffic problems. Database software can be awkward and poorly designed, leaving researchers in a frustrating void. Computers do break down. But, for that matter, library books get misshelved and collections close for restoration; Stoll's miscellaneous objections notwithstanding, few researchers who have used well-designed and well-functioning library systems have any desire to return to the card catalogue, despite its nostalgic bibliophilic thrill.

Nowhere does "Silicon Snake Oil" seem less convincing than in its attack on private and public E-mail. Real mail, he says, ages poetically in shoeboxes. It has "pretty stamps and postmarks." He cites a study purporting to demonstrate that lots of mail arrives within a day or two of its being sent. He paints a Norman Rockwell portrait of your postal carrier, able to find you even if your name is misspelled and your address Zip Codeless. He complains that "electronic communication is an instantaneous and illusory contact that creates a sense of intimacy without the emotional investment that leads to close friendships." That's true—not many forms of communication can compete with, say, sex. You want to argue that your experience is different from Stoll's—that E-mail has vastly enriched your ability to communicate with people—but then you remember his sortable, searchable, fifty-megabyte archive and suspect that his experience is the same. How many handwritten letters does Stoll really sign, seal, stamp, and post in a typical day?

Meanwhile, the public E-mail that fills the "newsgroups" of the Internet constitutes a genuine modern miracle. Even now, Stoll cannot disguise his wonder at the global communities being born in front of him, though he tries. If he needed a casebook of horrors, he could turn to J. C. Herz, for her book seems to have compiled them all: the alien-abduction nuts, the Barney haters, the obsessive ideologies and manias that rise and fall within hours. Stoll knows that you will accuse him of sentimentality and Luddism. Disarmingly, he tells you that when he yearns for the good old days, the good old days for him are "back when computers squatted in glass rooms and mechanical teletypes clattered," and "you could see the bits in a punch card, you could smell the ozone when the printer jammed." *Nostalgie du télétype* is funny, and it's also funny that anyone feels compelled to warn us that the "real world" is richer and more important than the world on the computer screen. Have we really come that far?

We have. The interconnectedness that Stoll saw coming when he wrote his first book has advanced so rapidly that fear and withdrawal are understandable reactions. We have reached a time when the on-line world is more than just a mirror or an extension of the real world. (And how bizarre, by the way, that we still have to call this world the real one. Herz finds herself calling it "the offline world.") Cyberspace is as much a frontier as the New World was to seventeenth-century Europe. That's nothing to romanticize. Frontier worlds are known to be rude, ugly, and lawless. Too often, there is a degenerative "Lord of the Flies" mood. People lie shamelessly, and other people believe them. Angry teen-agers screech at one another from behind pseudonymous masks. I've had some shockingly unpleasant electronic encounters, having started and recently sold an Internet service-and-software company. Just the other day, a disgruntled young man whom I've never met posted a public message expressing the desire to see my hands blown off in an explosion. When Stoll complains that network postings are often "ungrammatical, misspelled, and poorly organized," and when Danny Goodman notes that "some people in the on-line world truly enjoy being royal pains," they have my sympathy. The valuable mesh of rules governing traditional discourse—rules of libel and slander, privacy, copyright, and ordinary etiquette—have yet to make the transition. As the messy on-line democracy sorts itself out, there will be a need for coolheaded souls like Stoll—assuming he has not retreated to bread-baking after all.

The Internet is a transformation of our world, and in the course of things it has been carelessly sanctified here and there. A newcomer to the Internet should be prepared for all the confusion, awkwardness, and intellectual violence catalogued in these books. Even on the sidelines, no one could argue with the first pillar of Goodman's proposed "Personal Action Plan": "Greet each new information superhighway technology preannouncement with both an open mind and a healthy dose of skepticism." ♦

MIDLIFE SUCCESS

A darkly comic novel of a writer's dubious fame.

BY HAL ESPEN

Scott Spencer

AGAINST all odds, novelists continue to write novels. Faced with competition from movies, television, pop music, and the on-line universes of the computer epoch, fiction writers have adopted any number of defensive marketing strategies, ranging from tailoring entertainments for specific genres to narrowcasting for various demographic niches. The middlebrow reading audience has increasingly looked elsewhere to encounter the sweeping dramatic urgency, the reportorial alertness, and the psychological acuity that were the novel's traditional virtues, and this tendency has had an especially strong impact on the once crowded ranks of male American authors. Few novelists of a certain age—writers like the forty-nine-year-old Scott Spencer, for instance—have managed to sustain a serious, determinedly conventional career in literary fiction. The broad middle ground has become a lonely place.

After mixed success with a political theme ("Waking the Dead," in 1986) and a sprawling historical novel ("Secret Anniversaries," in 1990), Spencer has returned to a more congenial domestic-anxiety mode. Sam Holland, the main narrator of Spencer's sixth novel, "Men in Black" (Knopf; $23), is a serious novelist who has never managed to find the kind of uplifting success that Spencer himself had with "Endless Love" (1979), his third novel. ("Endless Love" was made into an unfortunate movie starring Brooke Shields, a fact that has harmed the book's reputation, which should be very high.) Having left Manhattan for a semirural town to the north, Sam barely supports his family and his fiction habit by writing pseudonymous nonfiction books like "Traveling with Your Pet" and "Crystal Death," which is about the nutritional terrors of salt. His latest clip job, "Visitors from Above," is

REWRITING THE SOUL
Multiple Personality and the Sciences of Memory
Ian Hacking

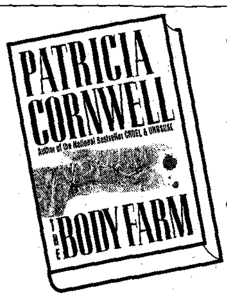
Why has "multiple personality disorder" suddenly become the psychological disorder of our times? Is there something about life in the 90s that causes personal identities to shatter into fragments? These are the questions that the distinguished philosopher Ian Hacking sets out to answer in this intriguing new book.
Cloth: $24.95 ISBN 0-691-03642-X
AVAILABLE AT FINE BOOKSTORES
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

Sales & Purchase. Yacht Charter. Management.
The experts–Worldwide.
CALL 1-800-626-0019 FOR FULL COLOUR CHARTER BROCHURE AND COMPANY PROFILE.
Yachting Partners International
28/29 Richmond Place, Brighton BN2 2NA, England
Telephone: (44)1273 571722 Fax: (44)1273 571720
YACHTING PARTNERS International

Sarah Gillen Design
226 E. Canon Perdido
Santa Barbara, CA 93101
805•963•0998
Call for Brochure
Sculpture with Function
Coffee Table: Iron, Glass, Copper Patina • Limited Edition

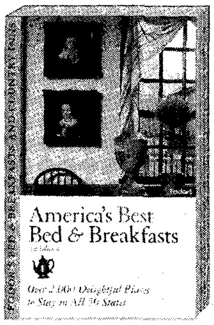
Gay Travelers: Stay Put !!!
Until you get the inside scoop from OUT & ABOUT, the award-winning newsletter for gay and lesbian travelers. Called "Savvy" (NY Times), "Smart" (OUT), "Thorough" (LA Times) and "Piquant" (CN Traveler). If you travel, you'll use it. No ads. No compromises. Just the truth in gay travel. $49 for 10 issues. Call 1-800-929-2268 to subscribe.

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection Unabridged Audio Books
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.



• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
(800) 626-3333

The Best B&Bs for R&R
America's Best Bed & Breakfasts
New Edition
Over 2000 Delightful Places to Stay in All 50 States
To order this guide call 1-800-533-6478
Fodor's The name that means smart travel™



CELTIC CROSS
Simple beauty and superb workmanship shine in this classic cross on 18" chain. From Newport silversmith James Breakell in sterling silver $30., 14k gold $174. Lapel pin or tie tac available. Add $3.50 handling. Major credit cards. Catalog on request. 1-800-767-6411
J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYCC Newport, RI 02840

WEATHERVANES
Hand-carved by R. B. Logan
Unique selection, each hand-finished in ageless 23K gold leaf over solid mahogany. Made to order; individually numbered and signed.
"Weathervane Wisdom"– Send $3.00 for informative, 16-page booklet on weathervane lore. Includes useful tips on how to select the ideal weathervane for serious windwatching or for collecting — plus color photos of our original and traditional designs, details on sizing, construction and installation. Phone 207-499-2486 or write:
R. B. Logan / 270 Route 35 / Dayton, Maine 04005

IRRESISTIBLE RHYTHMS, INC.™
World's Hottest Sounds!
AFRICAN POP LATIN
CARIBBEAN CAJUN & ZYDECO
Free 64-page Catalog of CDs/Cassettes
1-800-969-5269

a solemn, paranoid tome, written under the pen name John Retcliffe, about U.F.O.s and sinister "men in black," who may be emissaries from distant galaxies or may be government agents intent on a coverup. In a fog of midlife despair, Sam finds himself having a brief affair with the photographic researcher who assisted him with the book.

Suddenly, Sam's life goes from ordinary misery to tabloid extremes. His adolescent son, Michael, learns of his father's infidelity in a particularly sordid way and abruptly disappears, and Sam's embittered ex-lover becomes a threat to his marriage. At the same time, the U.F.O. book turns into a runaway bestseller, and Sam's publisher pulls him away from his disintegrating family to go on an extended book tour, during which he must impersonate the nonexistent John Retcliffe. The ironies multiply as the royalties pile up. When Sam tells his feckless father, a failed actor, about his masquerade, the old man volunteers to play the part, but Sam has already agreed to do it. As "Visitors from Above" becomes a publishing phenomenon, Sam starts to lose track of his own personality and to take psychic refuge behind the Retcliffe façade, even as the consequences of his big and little lies begin to horrify him. (Sam becomes convinced that in adopting the pen name John Retcliffe he has taken on the pseudonym of the author of the anti-Semitic "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," who Sam believes wrote trash for money—just as he did.)

Spencer, whose previous novels have not given him much room to be wickedly humorous, brings a lot of sheer satirical zip to his rendition of Sam's book tour. There's nothing literary about the talk-radio shows and the chain bookstores that feed what a publicist calls the "wanna-see-wanna-hear" appetite for a piece of the "real" John Retcliffe. In the republic's proliferating greenrooms, Sam runs into Robert Redford (a hilarious exchange of insults ensues), Tony Randall, and the author of "Loving an Addicted Gambler," whose book is featured on the cover of *Publishers Weekly*. A wisecracking three-hundred-pound talk-show host named Jerry Hopper is a suitably bizarre conduit for the free-associating id that is now rampant in AM-radio culture: Hopper's on-the-air interview with Sam is punctuated with sound effects (the howling of the wind, a bloodcurdling scream), shtick ("I got a stomach that just can't be turned"), and call-ins from creepy true believers.

But Spencer's true métier is the fervent exploration of the erotic and the Oedipal, and Sam's torturous experience of success becomes subsumed by the drama of his hearth and home. It's a territory that Spencer covers with a lyrical intensity and a taste for the queasy particulars of lust and resentment. Yet his style is so precise and well controlled that his characters' passions and transports never get in the way of their collisions with American reality and American manners. There is certainly no better chronicler of the folklore of contemporary middle-class heterosexuality, as in this passage in which Sam contemplates the marriage of his brother, an overweight dentist:

> Whatever had once been between Allen and Natalie was probably long gone. His immensity, her unhappiness, the children, the way time, even in the best of circumstances, can erode the erotic, until the libido is so smoothed down it becomes just like a wall of glass—I was certain all of this had befallen my brother and his wife. . . . Sex, if it is not regular, becomes a little ludicrous; your sexuality becomes a special guest star on some long-running sitcom, your very sex organ becomes some old, safe, vaguely revered has-been, trotted out in a tux on Oscar night to receive his Lifetime Achievement Award.

As befits a lyrical talent, Spencer has more luck with the first-person adventures of Sam than with the third-person episodes involving Sam's wife, Olivia, and their runaway son, who falls in with a minor-league Manson type in the exurban woods. But this atomized family comes back together in a surprisingly quiet and moving dénouement, and the novel knits together its acrid media-world interludes and the private lives of one damaged family into a remarkable whole. ♦

James Hubert Blake was born on February 7, 1883 in Baltimore, Maryland, the son of former slaves. He died one hundred and five days later. During the interim, he penned 2000 compositions covering three genres—ragtime, Broadway stage ("I'm just wild about Harry"), and "semi-classical."

—*Musical Heritage Review.*

Move over, Mozart.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Distinguished Guest
by Sue Miller
(HarperCollins; $24)

The guest of the title is a woman who in her seventies wrote a celebrated memoir about being the wife of the radical minister of an integrated church in Chicago, and who eventually split with her husband over issues of black separatism and militancy. Now in her Parkinson's-afflicted eighties, she is visiting her architect son, whose view of his mother is necessarily different from her public image. This novel, as full of rich domestic detail as Miller's previous books, is, like them, a work of consolation informed by a psychotherapeutic perspective—very literal, yet also highly readable.

Marie Curie: A Life
by Susan Quinn
(Simon & Schuster; $30)

This absorbing biography recounts the contributions of a brilliant scientist while also recalling the hostility evoked by her gender. In 1903, the French Academy of Sciences tried to suppress Curie's nomination for her first Nobel Prize; eight years later, when she was awarded her second Nobel, she was vilified in the press for having had an affair after her husband died. Quinn knows exactly how much to tell about Polish nationalism (Marie was born in Warsaw in 1867), French radicalism (Pierre Curie, whom she married in 1895, was the son of a Communard), daily life (the Curies were devotees of the bicycle), and relations with contemporaries (Rutherford, Einstein).

Excellent Cadavers
by Alexander Stille
(Pantheon; $27.50)

The heroes of this story, Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino, led the successful prosecutions of Cosa Nostra in Sicily from the nineteen-eighties until 1992, when both were assassinated by Mafia bombs. Stille reconstructs their investigations, following the trail of ever-larger revelations until a vast mosaic of violence and political corruption stands revealed. He also portrays vividly what no one can fully explain—the profound courage of these two men.

Landscapes of the Civil War
edited by Constance Sullivan
(Knopf; $40)

In 1990, over five thousand Civil War photographs were discovered at the Medford Historical Society, in Massachusetts. The sampling offered here shows blasted landscapes—denuded as much by encampment as by the ravages of battle—filled with astonishing images: Yankee militiamen posing with rifles while a black attendant holds his broom; the ruins of Richmond and Atlanta; bloated corpses in sniper pits and sunken lanes.

The alumni, faculty, students and friends
of Trinity College
proudly congratulate

Joan Doran Hedrick

Professor of History,
Director of Women's Studies
1995 recipient of the coveted Pulitzer Prize
for her outstanding biography
Harriet Beecher Stowe: A Life
(Oxford University Press, 1994).

Professor Hedrick joins a distinguished group of Pulitzer Prize-winning Trinity alumni and professors:
Edward Albee '50, playwright and producer, recipient in 1967, 1975, 1994; **Charles M. Andrews '1884**, recipient in 1943; **William K. Marimow '69**, associate managing editor of *The Baltimore Sun*, recipient in 1978 and 1985; **James P. Murray Jr. '43**, sports writer for *The Los Angeles Times*, recipient in 1990; **Odell Shepard**, professor of English, recipient in 1938; **George F. Will '62**, syndicated political columnist and news commentator, recipient in 1977.

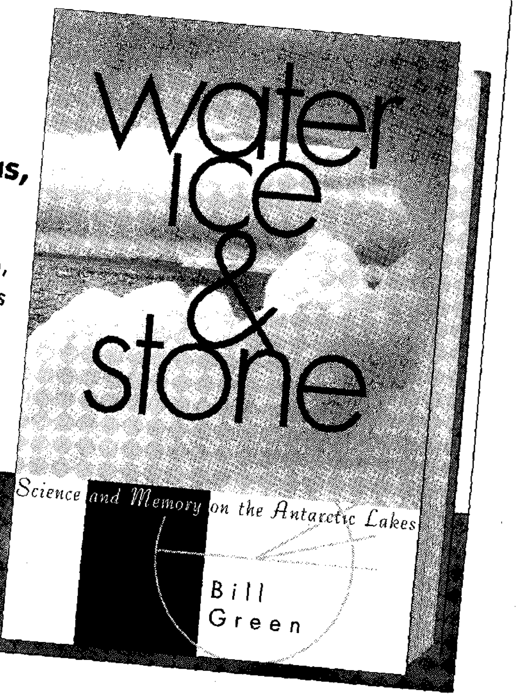
Trinity College
Hartford, Connecticut

"Here, science is intimately human."
—Michael Parfit, author of Southlight and Chasing the Glory

On the mysterious, remote lakes of Antarctica, field scientist Bill Green explores the science of nature, the nature of science, and the fascinating origins of life.

"Chemistry, or rather geochemistry, has found its Lewis Thomas, its Loren Eiseley."
—Edwin Dobb,
former editor, *The Sciences*

"A wonderful book."
—*Publishers Weekly*



At bookstores everywhere
or to order call 1-800-793-BOOK
Harmony Books

What the World Reads

Clear, Concise, Smart. News of Europe, Asia, the Americas, plus Finance, Travel, Fashion, and the Arts.

FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS
1-800-882-2884
Herald INTERNATIONAL Tribune
THE WORLD'S DAILY NEWSPAPER

Recorded Books™
"best on audiocassette"
The Hot Zone
by Richard Preston
Not a word is missing! Over 1,200 titles to choose from—histories, mysteries, classics, sci-fi and more! Professionally performed by Broadway actors! Ask about our easy rentals by mail. Call now for a free brochure.
1-(800)-638-1304
270 Skipjack Road • Prince Frederick, MD 20678-3410

CORPORATE or INDIVIDUAL
Sponsorship Needed for
Major Marine Art Project
For more information write to:
David Warther II
2561 Crestview Dr. NW
Dover, Ohio 44622

Penguins Brooch
Five happy penguins to wear on your lapel.
Crafted in sterling silver by Hand & Hammer Silversmiths. 1.75" $34.00 PPd. Catalog $2.00
Williamsburg Merchants • (800) 545-4556
223 Parkway Drive • Williamsburg, VA 23185
HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

DANCING

CHOREOGRAPHERS WE

New works by Twyla Tharp, Iréne Hultman, Jimmy Gamonet, and Doug Elkins.

BY ARLENE CROCE

TWYLA THARP'S imagination is purely kinetic. It is notably not literary (the more she toys with story lines and notional inspirations, the more she proves herself unsuited to them), but neither is it visual. I'm not questioning the visual attractiveness of her work. She was an art-history major and at one time the wife of a painter; and she has visual taste. But not visual imagination. The absence of a visualizing capacity creates the odd rift between feeling and form that makes some of her work, despite the devouringly kinetic energy, enigmatic in the wrong way. One simply does not see what she sees. A choreographer's visual imagination is more like a sculptor's than like a painter's. Even Tharp's best work denies or is sublimely innocent of the Renaissance perspective that informs the proscenium stage. Tharp moves across, around, and in between stage areas, setting up clouds of bee-like activity in the interstices of the Renaissance grid or channelling her dancers through it like a traffic cop. She comes straight at you and flies off—not on a tangent but on a tangent's tangent. It can be breathtaking. The great fault line in Tharp can promote ingenious effects on its own, and the bursting kineticism has often concealed it completely. But the center cannot always hold. Sometimes it's only velocity that stands between Tharp and disaster.

Tharp has just made three ballets for American Ballet Theatre. The best is a jazz panorama, a collaboration with Wynton Marsalis called "Jump Start." "Americans We" is about the nineteenth century in scenes and anecdotes—the things Tharp is least good at—alternating with the fully revved-up bravura dances she does well but overdoes here. "How Near Heaven," the only one of the three pieces that enters the repertory this season, is almost totally opaque. I've seen it three times, twice at the Kennedy Center, where it had its world première, and again at the Met, where the new works were presented together on an all-Tharp evening, and I am no nearer Heaven than I was the first time. "How Near Heaven"—the title comes from Emily Dickinson—has two women dancing nearly identical roles in what appears to be a metaphysical drama. The forces in play are represented by male partners, male groups, female groups, and mixed couples, all of whom come and go in different combinations, wearing flowing silk costumes by Gianni Versace. As you sit through the piece trying to decipher its meaning, your attention fastens on little incidents embedded in the flow—a pot-smoking party, a funeral. But they don't add up. What adds up is the lingerie—the silk costumes changing from white to black and back again, the men appearing without their tops, and the one couple in sky-blue silk who keep coming and going without changing. When the Eternal Ones make an exit in silence as the lights fade, you think the piece must be over, but the lights fade to dark, stars come out on the backcloth, and it starts all over again. "How Near Heaven" is Tharp at her mushiest—it even has a mushy consistency. The music is Benjamin Britten's "Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge." Britten has his own scaffolding, and his surface is tense and glossy. Tharp translates none of this to the stage. His taffeta strings and her macramé are from separate worlds; never for one moment do music and choreography get together in this ballet.

For choreographers who were brought up in ballet, as Tharp was not, a formal capacity for visualization is not really a gift; it is an asset built into their training. When literariness or picturesqueness is getting Tharp into trouble, when she's aiming at major effects and misfiring, there's no big picture clearly in motion and carrying us through the difficulty, so that we feel we are seeing something even though we don't know what it is. And yet which would you rather go to—a new ballet by an academician like Peter Martins or Richard Tanner or one by the upstart Tharp? In "Americans We" you can see that Tharp has been watching Jerome Robbins' work, particularly the ballet called "Ives, Songs." The score of "Americans We" is derived from nineteenth-century popular favorites, such as the songs of Stephen Foster and the marches of Henry Fillmore (one of which is entitled "Americans We"). Unfortunately, Tharp has taken from Robbins only some ideas about evoking history and staging songs. When Robbins emerged as a choreographer, in the forties, Edwin Denby hailed him by saying, "Robbins alone of our native choreographers has grasped at one stroke that the basis of ballet logic is a view of time and space as a closed entity." The last of our choreographers to grasp this principle was Paul Taylor, and he remained solidly in the camp of modern dance. After Taylor came Tharp's generation of choreographers, who considered the rules of opera-house staging a profanation of dance. Tharp made a serious effort to rethink her approach to stage space, but she seems to have assumed that, like Taylor, she could simply apply "ballet logic" to her own style. It took me years to realize that the visual evocativeness of Tharp's work was not the result of her musicality (time) kinetically projected (space). I think that when we do see what she sees, or when we see images in her work, we're seeing the kinetic gift, which all good choreographers have to have but which Tharp has in almost unnatural abundance, bundling everything else she has—sharp technique, colloquial manners, musicianship—into one big assault. An extremist by nature, she works best in contained forms. Last winter at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, we saw what she could do with only seven dancers and some well-chosen "discipline" music—Bartók's violin duos and dance music from Gluck's "Don Juan." But when her extremist nature gets the better of her, look out. In "Americans We" she sacrifices musicianship to a stunt: the ballerina's solo is staged to the sound of two trumpeters playing a gruelling concert number made up of sixteenth notes. Far from recognizing the containment principle of the proscenium stage, she works against it, requiring her women to be carried in huge overhead lifts with their legs splayed. "How Near Heaven" is full of these lifts. We all know how dauntingly deep and high the Met stage is, but such tactics only draw our eye to the multilevel vacuity of the choreography.

Gil Boggs and Andrei Dokukin in Tharp's "Jump Start": a jazz panorama with dizzy star turns.

In "Jump Start," working to the classical jazz of the Marsalis band, Tharp is liberated. Jazz dancing is implicitly spatially dysfunctional. If anyone can do it at the Met, she can, with her Broadway-style lineups and dizzy star turns. Those gargantuan lifts are balanced by long floor slides, so they seem comically gargantuan. "Jump Start" is too long and too loud, and both the choreography and the music are tainted by megalomania, but it is a perfectly valid show—no symbolism, no Smithsonianism, no false balletics, just infectious big-beat dancing done by a horde of Ballet Theatre dancers who have been superbly rehearsed. Keith Roberts, Gil Boggs, and Shawn Black were among the standouts.

The gulf between the way most modern-dance choreographers work and the demands ballet makes on them was amply demonstrated in the eighties, when, led by Tharp, the moderns were crossing over to ballet in droves. The lessons of that era have left no trace on most of the work being done today. Mark Morris operates successfully on opera-house scale ("L'Allegro . . . ") but not invincibly ("The Hard Nut," Act II). Trisha Brown has made some interesting spatial explorations. But the difference between choreographing for the Met stage and choreographing for Dance Theatre Workshop or Danspace isn't worth discussing; it's like the difference between football and chess. A big downtown event, such as Iréne Hultman's "Tango-Babe" proved to be last month, belongs to another order of sensation, even though its parts cohere in ways comparable to ballet. You feel an absolute correspondence between the choreographic design and the dance technique, and between those two elements and the musical pulse—the same correspondence you feel in ballet when it's properly done. Iréne Hultman is one of several downtowners who are regaining an interest in music. But the scale on which she works lets her take liberties, especially with music, that wouldn't make sense uptown. The score for "Tango-Babe," forty-five minutes long, was commissioned from and is played by New York–Buenos Aires Connection, a local group that adds jazz riffs to classic tango rhythms. The jazz is submerged for the most part, just as the irregularities in Hultman's conception of the tango are submerged, forming an insinuating subtext.

Hultman's tango is very much her own—a deconstruction of the tango. She uses an unbalanced cast, of three women and two men. She choreographs, as many of her peers do, by blending preset material with improvisation, but she also lets the dancers collaborate in important decisions—how to move, where to place the accent. In "Tango-Babe," the accent is almost always on a weak beat. It creates a sense of suspension and of unease that in any other setting would probably have driven me crazy. At Danspace, on the open floor of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, with the audience sitting on three sides and a live orchestra playing, "Tango-Babe" drove me only a little crazy. Mostly, I found it irresistible.

Hultman's choreography has the same virtues as her dancing: a strong center (in the quality of the movement), robust and concise expression. It is unhistrionic and untendentious. The dramatic force of "Tango-Babe" is all from the inside out; the choreographer imposes no programs. The imbalance between the sexes and the emphasis on the offbeat are, one might say, a program of sorts, and what happens in "Tango-Babe" is consequentially related to those two factors. But not politically related. What happens happens; what is supposed to happen—gender warfare, with a feminist bias—doesn't. Hultman, who is in the cast, surrounds herself with formidable dancers; the other women are Jodi Melnick and Chrysa Parkinson, and the men are Phillip Adams and David Thomson. All are capable of investing movement with personality, and within the bounds of tango deconstruction Hultman lets them do it as individually as possible. If she is playing gender politics, it's only to divest the tango of *its* gender politics and the way they are usually interpreted, with men mastering women by force. She doesn't show women mastering men. As I understand it, this dance of Hultman's, this Not-the-Tango, is neither traditional nor polemical. It's the tango from a woman's point of view—"Tango-Babe" is not "Tango-Brute"—but also from a dancer's point of view.

Tango drama is inescapably sexual. In "Gotta Dance," a ballroom documentary that is being shown this month on the AMC cable-television channel, one man says, "You can't be an innocent person and do a good tango. You have to have that attitude." "Tango-Babe" has the heated atmosphere of a story by D. H. Lawrence or Paul Bowles. Without following a scenario, it builds up sexual tension, an erotic-exotic fascination. Thomson, as the only black in the cast, complicates the relationships among the dancers just by being there. All austerity and relaxed power, he is the ballast to Adams, whose theatricality colors his whole performance. An Australian dancer new to me, Adams gives the impression of being deep inside a tango fantasy all his own—he's like a big cat licking his pelt. The way these two men play off the women and off each other drives the action. When a dancer exits, he or she (since Danspace has no wings) sits on the sidelines and watches, and the watching becomes part of the action. It also pulls the audience even closer in than we already are.

JIMMY GAMONET DE LOS HEROS began choreographing for Miami City Ballet in 1986 and has never left it. Doug Elkins has had his own company since 1987. The two men are aesthetically as far apart as two choreographers can get, but the good work they both did this spring is a reminder that, whatever their school, intelligent choreographers are intelligent in the same way. As Elkins writes, "Rather than start with ideas that lead to movement, I generate movement and let it evolve gradually into dances."

Gamonet's ballets are light, musical, and well constructed (he began choreographing for Peruvian ballet companies when he was seventeen). In his whimsical use of dance conventions, he's a Hispanic-American Roland Petit. Gamonet has even done a "Carmen"—a Spanish-soap-opera-style "Carmen," for Ballet Concierto de Puerto Rico. A pas de deux full of long, enveloping phrases set to the Flower Song was one of the high points. Its climax—Carmen revolving upside down in the kind of overhead split-lift that Twyla Tharp loves—had a tacky truthfulness. And the charming ponygirl chorus, quite without the baleful sexiness that is a staple of other "Carmen" ballets, was a genuine delight. After seeing "Carmen" done by the Puerto Rican company (in April, at the Joyce), I went to Washington for Miami City Ballet's run at Kennedy Center, which opened with Gamonet's "D Symphonies." This was a new, cerebral Gamonet, one closer to Merce Cunningham than to Roland Petit. The movement for "D Symphonies" was generated with the help of a computer software program called LifeForms. Set to music by two Bachs (Carl Philipp Emanuel and Johann Christian), the movement was then developed into sequences in which the isolated elements of ballet were reassembled as if in fun-house mirrors. A big female corps behaves like a contingent of Bach Coppélias: they do robot turns, fall down flat on a single count, drum their points in place, snap their heads, and wigwag through the five positions with marked stops in between. A bit of "Agon" goes into the mix, along with some Paul Taylor; Coppélia herself, the prototypical LifeForms ballerina, is there. Gamonet fractures ballet syntax, ruptures ballet anatomy. The one thing he doesn't touch is Denby's ballet logic; the piece is impeccably architectonic (as a Bach ballet might well be). The Washington audiences loved the eccentricity of "D Symphonies," but downtown New Yorkers would probably consider it no more than a novelty. And yet Elkins—whom they

Bernard Schoenbaum

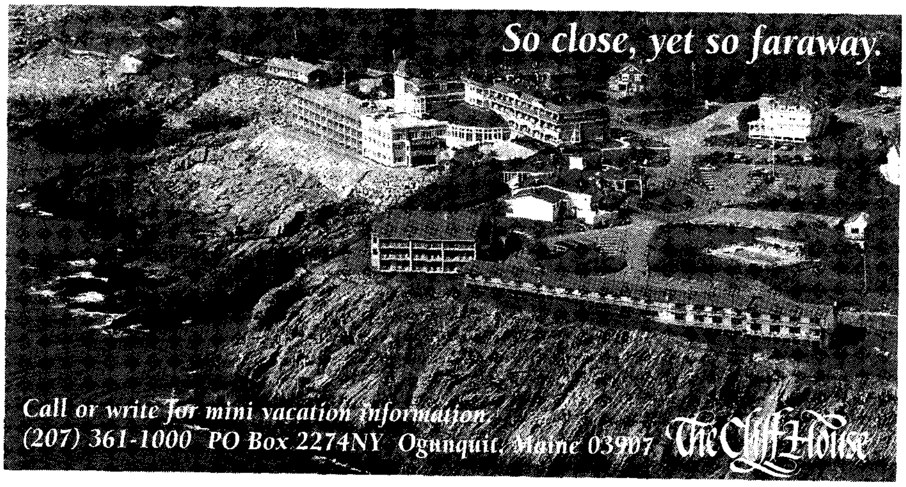
"I come from a long line of divorcées."

take seriously, and should—is really not so different from Jimmy Gamonet. Both men spin contrapuntal webs. Both keep an eclectic cupboard. Both love to be frivolous. But because Gamonet is "uptown," and his work is housed in that tradition, he barely seems to be Elkins' contemporary.

In Elkins' dances, the stage space often appears to be a slow-moving vortex. He uses cursive, scrolling movement spread out horizontally or heading into a general drift downward. One typical Elkins move is a wheeling squat evolving through grand rond de jambe into a split, with the body meanwhile changing levels. In a duet, one dancer will roll over the other's back and end in a headstand or a split on the floor. Elkins likes lots of leg—something you don't often see in modern dance. He is often lighthearted, which is also rare. I'm talking about the good Elkins. The bad Elkins is capable of throwing over dance values in favor of pranks and monologues. Because Elkins' movement style is so pithy, he is sometimes tempted to pad it with gestural commentary and craziness. In his last concert, at Dance Theatre Workshop, he flipped from one striking fragment to another, jamming in filler to keep us interested. This was in a piece called "Narcoleptic Lovers," in which there appeared one of the most remarkable dance images I have seen anyone recently create—that of a man and a woman interlocked but in conflict. In another duet, to a rap score, the way the dancing changed speeds within the 4/4 rap beat showed a surprising musical wit.

Elkins is all short-winded virtuosity, and he's aware of it. In a program note, he uses an unattributed quote: "No style is as natural to me and as easy as that of the fragment. . . . A fragment, like a miniature work of art, has to be isolated from the surrounding world and be complete in itself like a porcupine." That sounds like Novalis, but it's a good description of what Elkins actually does. The trouble is that the porcupines cancel each other out. In "Narcoleptic Lovers," the lack of unity, like the anything-goes soundtrack (rap, rock, folk songs, Mozart, Lenny Bruce, Lenny Bruce distorted), was ultimately tiring, and the spiralling, spineless movement looked woozy. There's nothing wrong with being a miniaturist, but Elkins' nuggets need a more considerate setting. ◆

FROM THE AUTHOR OF
PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK
COMES A UNIQUE NEW POETRY COLLECTION
MORNINGS LIKE THIS
FOUND POEMS
ANNIE DILLARD
Extracting and rearranging sentences from old or odd books, Pulitzer prize-winning author Annie Dillard has composed "found poems" on poetry's most heartfelt themes of love, nature, nostalgia and death in this witty and moving collection.
HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd*

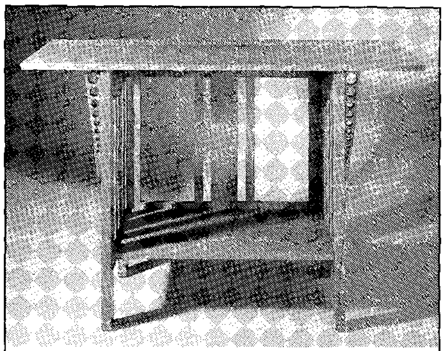

So close, yet so faraway.
Call or write for mini vacation information.
(207) 361-1000 PO Box 2274NY Ogunquit, Maine 03907
The Cliff House

CRUISE NY & NEW ENGLAND
Set sail from College Point, NYC,
to Sag Harbor, Block Island, Newport,
Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard & Hyannis.
American Canadian Caribbean Line
Call 800-556-7450 for Free Brochure.

call 1-800-789-1001 for our catalogue of
ANTIQUE CLOCKS
Gordon S. Converse & Co.
Antiquarian Horologists
Spread Eagle Village, Strafford, Pa. 19087

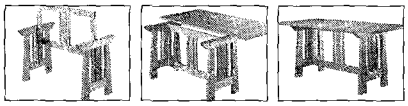
MANAGE YOUR WEIGHT
The Thinking Woman's Weight Loss Program
Eating, Exercise & Behavioral Management Programs
800-448-8106
GREEN MOUNTAIN AT·FOX·RUN
Since 1973
In Beautiful Vermont
AH Wayler, PhD, Dir.

EUROPE by CAR
One Rockefeller Plaza, NY 10020
☐ RENTAL ☐ PURCHASE
☐ LEASE Tax Free
212 581-3040 • 800 223-1516



Hall Table, Corbubble, $750

GREEN DESIGN
FURNITURE Co
267 COMMERCIAL STREET
PORTLAND, MAINE 04101
(207)775-4234 FAX (207)773-3320
Call for a brochure or visit our showroom



The New Architecture of Furniture Design®

SOFTWARE
for
BAR CODE TRACKING

. Customized Systems
. Add Bar Code to existing systems
CASS SYSTEMS
since 1979
800/874-6491

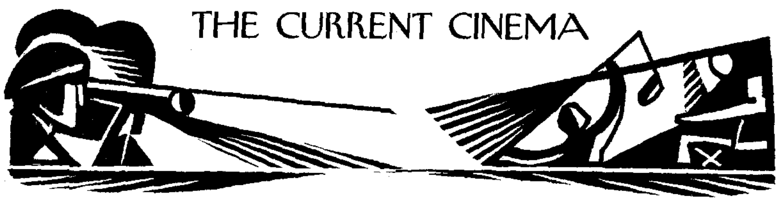
PARIS – LONDON

Are you planning a trip to London or Paris? Our audio-guided walking tours lead you step by step through the city and tell you about the sites, the history and the culture. Just slip one of our cassettes in your walkman and off you go! Eight half-day walks through London or Paris. Easier to use than a guide book and less expensive than a private guide.

Immediate refund if not satisfied
FOUR CASSETTES & EIGHT MAPS FOR EACH CITY
$39.95 plus s/h $3.50 Visa / MC / MO / CK (800) 769-8015
Audio-Tours, 1320 Route 9, P.O. Box 158, Champlain, N.Y. 12919

OK MOZART FESTIVAL
June 8-18
Ransom Wilson, *Artistic Director*
918/336-9900
Bartlesville
Oklahoma

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295



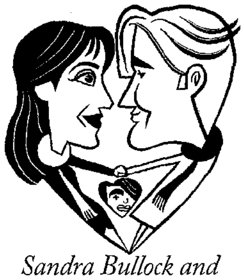
THE CURRENT CINEMA

ROMANTIC TRIANGLE

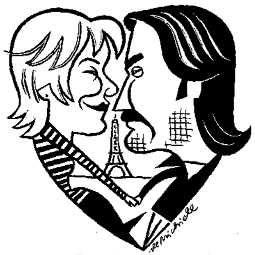
"While You Were Sleeping," "French Kiss," and "Forget Paris."

BY ANTHONY LANE

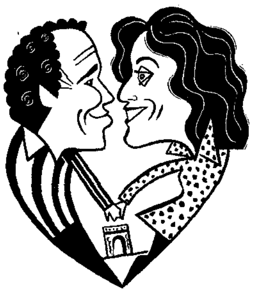
"WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING" is a pack of lies. First, it asks us to believe that not one man in the whole of Chicago would be interested in spending time with Sandra Bullock. This is not true. Bullock plays the lonely Lucy, whose job involves dispensing subway tokens—the least credible career allotted to a movie character since Michelle Pfeiffer dished out the fried eggs in "Frankie and Johnny." Every day, an anonymous smoothie passes by Lucy's booth; she gazes out, but he never gazes back. In the evening, she goes home to her cat and her baggy sweaters, both of which appear to be made from the same kind of hair. "I'm not that photogenic," Lucy says. Yeah, Gary Cooper had the same problem. He used to wear a bag over his head.



Sandra Bullock and Bill Pullman.



Meg Ryan and Kevin Kline.



Billy Crystal and Debra Winger.

ROBERT DE MICHIELL

The reason that none of this matters—that the picture disarms you with so little fuss—is that implausibility is not a barrier to romantic comedy but a boost. The whole farrago of misunderstanding and desire should unfold in what philosophers would call a possible world: an alternative, slightly skewed universe that obeys most but not all of the rules that determine our own. One Christmas Day, therefore, Lucy, who has dead parents and a weak will, is persuaded to turn up for work, and of course the smoothie (Peter Gallagher) turns up, too. He gets mugged, falls onto the tracks, and Lucy pulls him clear. Later, at the hospital, she discovers that his name is Peter Callaghan and that he is deep in a coma. Enter the rest of the Callaghan family, who, thanks to a mixup, believe that Lucy is engaged to Peter; she is too demure and too confused (or too flattered) to set them right. So, with Peter lying there like a lump until the final reel, they make her one of their own. Everyone loves Lucy. I love Lucy.

Then there is Peter's brother Jack (Bill Pullman). He *really* loves Lucy. He senses that she isn't all she pretends to be, and starts to probe around in her life. This is quite sufficient to make their two hearts beat as one, but the thought of a third heart, pumping away in the hospital, keeps them frozen with frustration at the handshake stage. Pullman is just right for the role; he still looks a little terrified after his experiences in "The Last Seduction," and you can understand his need to run a check on any woman he comes up against, just in case she rolls on her stockings, packs a can of Mace, and turns into Linda Fiorentino. Apart from this thin streak of wariness, "While You Were Sleeping," directed by Jon Turteltaub, is pretty plain fare. It is simple, slight, and corny; it is flat to look at, and sticky with an excess of family values; it prefers to prod you with niceties rather than lay you out with laughs. But it works. Its charm is entirely reactionary—none of the swiping, emotionally radical edge that we are tested by in screwball—but it would be dishonest to deny the comforts of such charm. You relax into the picture, into the sway and pitch of it. The fact that Turteltaub doesn't try to nudge the limits of cinema is something of a relief (if he ever had a Godard period, I'm glad I missed it); it matters far less than his eagerness to push us along in the tracks of his characters. We just want to know—with the kind of intensity that is uncool to admit to but impossible to tamp down—what happens to these people. No genre is more grindingly predictable in its climaxes, or more freaky and double-jointed in its progress toward them, than romantic comedy. We know that Jack and Lucy (check out the nursery-rhyme neatness of those names) will be O.K. in the end, but we still need to register the highs and lows that they hit along the way.

This can get tricky when Sandra Bullock is around. You try sorting out her highs from her lows; they all look high to me. Only a few comediennes have this gift, and it tends to be completely disabling—Mace without tears. Bullock's miseries are a lot more fun than most people's sprees: when she stands in an elevator, wiggling her jaw with anxiety, or tosses her head back and forth to steel her nerves before opening the door to her apartment, you don't think, What a kook. You think, Can I come in? Can I stay? Some of her line readings, like Judy Holliday's, fly out of nowhere. When Lucy first meets Jack, she squirms with unease, desperate for the taxi to come and take her away. "Ooh! Cab!" she cries at last, and it doesn't sound like much, but her delivery sings both with relief and with the perpetual wish to put on a brave face, to keep other people happy—exactly the good intentions that got her into such a pickle to begin with. That is why Bullock's career is so promising: her wit, like her beauty, isn't laid on—it's naturally bound up with her ability to cause trouble. No wonder Dennis Hopper strapped her into a corset of high explosives at the end of "Speed": she had already blown Keanu Reeves away, and Hopper was feeling left out. The director of "While You Were Sleeping" knows how adorable this actress is, and he films her accordingly, crowding her with closeups that she doesn't need. Are there directors who can make her anything other than adorable? Will anyone let her snap back at men, run a few rings around them, and win their affection not with soft apologies but in heart-to-heart combat? Sandra Bullock is more than cute, but whether she can find the scripts to prove it is another matter. She should pour herself a drink, say a quick prayer to Ginger Rogers, and start looking.

THERE are two other romantic comedies kicking around: "French Kiss" and "Forget Paris." The keen-eyed reader will have already spotted a common theme here. In a flurry of prevacation enthusiasm, Hollywood has decided that it is time to get hung up on France all over again. Not much has changed since "An American in Paris" and "Gigi"; we're still stuck with the same old love-glazed, nonexistent city in which Gene Kelly played a painter with a red bandanna and Maurice Chevalier smirked at pubescents in the park. Since then, of course, the French and American film industries have tangled, at the GATT negotiations, over the quota of American products allowed into an artistically defensive France; I wonder whether we are seeing a subtle American counterattack going on here, in which Paris will be bombarded with the most insulting weapon of all—the Intercontinental Ballistic Cliché. The new movies make great play, for example, with the Eiffel Tower. In "French Kiss," Meg Ryan keeps missing the tower by a second, looking around just when it has vanished from her sight; in "Forget Paris," Billy Crystal asks Debra Winger what there is to see in town. "Would you like to see the Eiffel Tower?" she asks. "That's *here*?" he exclaims. It's a neat jab at dumb tourism, but the movie is poking itself in the eye: it turns out to be dumber than any tourist you have ever known, rarely bothering to stray more than a hundred yards from the major sights. Both films depend on a kind of cultural back-projection: an entire nation is flattened out and run past us like wallpaper. Implausibility, as I said, has its delights, but this is something else; this is indifference, and it's lethal.

Neither picture is, shall we say, strong on pace. Both flow about as fast as a wedge of Brie on a hot day. "French Kiss" even includes a long conversation about visa applications that takes place in the Canadian Embassy. Whoa! Hold that movie! Yet it does have something rough and reckless that "Forget Paris" lacks. In other words, it has Kevin Kline. He's the most poorly used actor in movies today, buzzing with skills and high humor, and bereft of anywhere to put them. He is bold enough to take on lurid, near-impossible parts and unlucky enough to work with

A SPECIAL GIFT
YOUR THOUGHTS IN VERSE

Limerick Lane

POETRYWORKS®

Poems to honor and entertain

There comes a time when only rhyme
Best conveys what's in your heart,
Original verse, lengthy or terse,
To be treasured from the start.

To provide a lift, enhance a gift,
Or honor a special occasion,
To entertain, or, without strain,
Gain memorable persuasion.

Now, you can find, if that's your mind,
Shops for most needs, and you know it,
But where, oh where, when the need is there,
Can you find the shop of a poet?

You have a godsend, if a writer friend
Has the penchant and talent to rhyme,
But even that friend may prove hard to bend
When you want verse in so little time.

To answer your need, provide word and deed,
There's our workshop on Limerick Lane,
Selling verse rated best, tailored to your request,
FAXed to you when time is a strain.

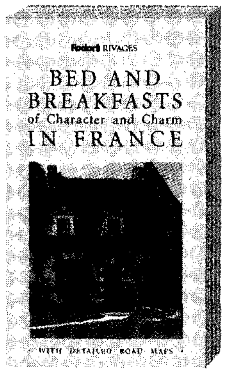
The work that we do, all original, too,
Is not weighty or likely to pall,
We keep our verse light, and feel that is right
For the greatest enjoyment of all.

So, call us next time there's occasion for rhyme,
We'll work out an arrangement and heed it,
Give us thoughts and facts, sit back and relax,
You'll have quality verse when you need it.

Al Kracht
President

Phone (914) 238-0352
5 Birch Lane, Chappaqua, NY 10514

SEE A PART OF FRANCE
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE...



The most charming, unique, and quintessentially French vacation of your life!

Rivages guides have been revealing the very heart of France to Europeans for over a decade.

To order call
1-800-533-6478

Fodor's RIVAGES

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

THE BOW TIE CLUB

BOW TIE CATALOG

Call today for our free full color catalog which offers over 70 bow ties made of the finest silks.

1•800•BOW•KNOT

DIFFERENT

I may have a disease
but I'm not any different
I feel on fire
I can do what anyone can do
and I can't do anything
I don't have a chance
My blood is different
I'm supposed to be different.

—FRANKIE KELLER
(Age 9)

•

This poem is from an anthology of poetry by young people about AIDS, compiled by Sandra Isham Vreeland and sponsored by the Poetry Society of America. Selections will appear on the Sony JumboTron in Times Square on May 21st, the day of the tenth annual AIDS Walk.

---

directors who cramp his style, who won't give him room to make his daring pay off; think of his Douglas Fairbanks in "Chaplin"—sporty and smiling, a genuine immersion in the rich air of twenties stardom, but betrayed by the sluggishness and downright absurdity that prevailed elsewhere in Richard Attenborough's movie. And now, in "French Kiss," he plays a big, semi-shaved lout named Luc who pilfers booze, jewels, cars, and (so he says) his brother's wife in the same spirit of garrulous abandon with which Kline himself likes to steal scenes.

It's a silly part, in a very silly picture, but Kline takes the bullshit by the horns and steers it toward comic outrage. He has never been embarrassed about making a fool of himself—or a spectacle, which may be the same thing. And so he leers, puffs out his jokes, and gets his tongue around a low-rent Inspector Clouseau accent; he's not really pretending to be French, and he certainly doesn't have the actorly hubris to convince himself that he has *become* French. No, he just dashes off an artist's impression of Frenchness—not to be taken seriously, and very hard not to enjoy. In the early scenes, when he's slouching around Paris and slam-parking his car on the sidewalk, he raises your hopes for the movie; but as it wanders on, and asks him to drop the pugnacity in favor of compassion, you lose sight of what made him funny in the first place. The street thug emerges as a rather posh son of the soil (two stereotypes for the price of one), who is welcomed back home with the kind of summer lunch where M. le Curé is caught by the camera taking a cheeky slug of wine. As Meg Ryan says, "*Donnez-moi un break.*"

Ryan, who also produced "French Kiss," is the source of its encroaching sweetness. She plays Kate, who follows her fiancé (Timothy Hutton) to France, where he has taken up with a French girl; the casting of Hutton as a flesh-hungry sophisticate is one of the more curious decisions in recent movies. Ryan sticks to the usual: she's frothy, forgetful, quick to deny that she is easily shocked. The plot—no surprises here—requires that she should open out into worldliness, and that the brutish Luc, whom she meets on a plane, should mellow in the other direction. There is a subplot about a necklace, and a subjoke about dairy products, and Meg Ryan taking a pratfall into a dessert trolley—just the sort of nonsense that needs to be whipped along at top speed. But the director, Lawrence Kasdan, gets all gooey over his lovers, and over the land where their love comes true; if anyone ends up covered in thick cream, it's him. What has happened to Kasdan, who was once smart and sneaky enough to stoke "Body Heat"? He seems to have been converted to Soul Warmth. His need for a benign overview calmed the potential for chaos in "Grand Canyon," and now he seems content to let what could have been a sexually aggravated farce doze down into what looks like a commercial for Air France.

"French Kiss" and "While You Were Sleeping" share a traditional romantic twist: A wants B, but C keeps getting in the way, because B is paired up with C—or, at least, remains under the illusion that C is a good thing. You get this in "Holiday" (girl wants sister's intended), in "My Favorite Wife" (missing woman returns to find husband remarried), and, best of all, in "The Philadelphia Story" (too messy to explain). The great comedies of the late thirties and early forties spoiled us forever: they sharpened our taste for complication, for the high of barely averted disaster, and they made the basic recipe of boy meets girl look stodgy. They turned domestic bliss into a bore and divorce into a lark, something to keep you busy while you girded your strength for the hectic pleasures of remarriage. Nothing since has come close to that sense of light-fingered erotic guile; now and then, if you're lucky, you get a glimpse of the old technique. Hence the muddled joy of those moments when Bill Pullman is fighting to convince Sandra Bullock, and himself, that she is perfect for Peter Gallagher; or when Kevin Kline suggests to Meg Ryan that she may, over time, forget the minutiae of Timothy Hutton—"his chin, his nose . . . the exact color of his eyes." So he says, casually drowning in *her* eyes. What we are watching, in both cases, is a displaced declaration of love, and it makes the direct, face-to-face version sound as subtle as a drill sergeant.

So plug your ears, please, for "Forget Paris," the last in our trio of romantic comedies. The picture was produced by Billy Crystal and directed by Billy Crystal. It stars Billy Crystal. He plays Mickey, a basketball referee whose feelings are so shrivelled that he is forced to date a succession of pneumatic cheerleaders. I couldn't quite see the problem here, but Mickey is obviously waiting for the real thing. His heart finally busts open when he flies to France—I'm surprised there was room on the plane, what with all these other romantic leads bundling off to get their lives changed—and meets Ellen (Debra Winger), who works in airline customer relations or something equally sexy. They get on well, they stroll by the Seine, they go to bed (no cameras, please), and then he flies home. And then he comes back, they stroll by the Seine, he goes home again, and so on. You get the picture. The picture, unfortunately, doesn't get you. Halfway through, my main concern was not the emotional welfare of the characters; my main concern was that, between them, they were piling up such a heap of frequent-flier miles that the movie could logically go on forever.

Crystal is trapped in the quandary that confronts all standup talents who go into movies: he gets the best gags, and reels them off in style, and doesn't always ask himself how they're supposed to fit the weave of the drama. It's as if he couldn't quite acknowledge that he no longer has a live audience; Debra Winger sometimes has to sit there and laugh at his lines. Surely that's our job, not hers? Some of the jokes are pretty funny, it's true, but in a properly civilized comedy she would fire back with lines of her own: Ellen would be breathing the same atmosphere as her lover, not standing outside his comic bubble, looking in. I felt sorry for Winger, who even gets a bum deal from costume design; most of the time, she has to wear flat shoes (to stay shorter than her leading man, I guess) and little swingy skirts, and it's not a look that suits her. She clomps around looking strained and distant, and her natural intelligence has been stashed away; heaven knows how she plucked up the courage to deliver a line like "I can hear myself screaming from a distance." That's nothing, honey. You should try it from the twelfth row.

The humor simply falls away from "Forget Paris"; the movie makes fun of marriage counselling, but that is exactly what it turns into. Mickey and Ellen get hitched, and then they try to make it work, or work it out, or whatever it is you do with marriages these days. Being a film critic and thus, by definition, one of the *misérables* of the movie world, I went to "Forget Paris" by myself, as I did to "French Kiss" and "While You Were Sleeping." Real people go to romantic comedies with a date, sit in the back row, and kiss; critics sit on the aisle with a box of chocolate raisins and write down things like "They kiss." Whether any of these three movies would make your evening swing is therefore hard for me to call, but I suspect that "Forget Paris" could make you break up with your loved one before you reach the exit. After "French Kiss," you might go out and book a plane ticket, but that's all. I do wish that I had taken someone to see the Sandra Bullock movie, but then, that someone is Sandra Bullock. ♦

WRITERS' CONFERENCE AT IU IS SCHEDULED FOR JUNE 25-30

Indiana University's 55th annual Writers' Conference is slated for June 25-30 on the Bloomington campus. Staff members include authors Raymond Carver, William Stafford and Katherine Anne Porter.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Must be a conference in ghost-writing.

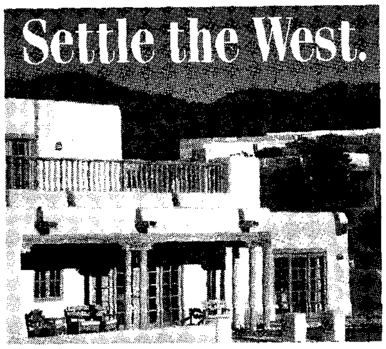
HOMES & ESTATES

GULF SHORES

Arnold Palmer Golf . . . in your back yard. Five minutes from Gulf of Mexico beaches, Craft Farms golf community offers patio and garden homes, townhomes, condominiums, and custom homes. Fairway homesites begin in the mid '40s. Enjoy 45 holes of signature golf, southern hospitality, and mild climate. Gulf Shores, Ala., is a safe, friendly community with low property taxes and low cost of living.

For a Tee Time or a Lifetime, Call today. Craft Farms

800-327-2657



And settle for the best.

Enjoy country club living with golf, tennis, swimming & dining in a luxurious gated community just 3 miles south of the historic Santa Fe Plaza. Two-, three- & four-bedroom, award-winning homes feature complete exterior maintenance & 24-hour security. From the high $300,000s to the mid-$900,000s.

1-800-548-6990

This is not an offering to CA, NY, NJ or IL residents. Sales can only be made in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

QUAIL RUN SANTA FE

3101 Old Pecos Trail
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87505

LONDON FLATS

COTSWOLD COTTAGES

FINEST STANDARD

MR. THOMAS MOORE

THE LONDON CONNECTION

801-393-9120 FAX: 801-393-3024

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence

Kiawah Island

Rentals and Sales

Pam Harrington Exclusives

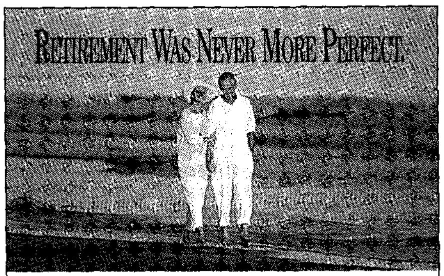
803-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

HOMES & ESTATES

is a biweekly advertising feature in

THE NEW YORKER

Please call Cristina Thais at (212) 536-5883 for information on advertising in this section.


RETIREMENT WAS NEVER MORE PERFECT.

Golf. Tennis. Gracious Coastal Living.

OCEAN RIDGE
PLANTATION

351 Ocean Ridge Parkway • Dept. NY
Sunset Beach, North Carolina 28469

For more information, call
1-800-556-6570

Void where prohibited by law including NY and NJ.

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

Charlottesville, Virginia

BLUE RUN, c. 1855, 15 room English Country House with 250 acres. Pool, Guest house, stables, $1,300,000.

JOS. T. SAMUELS, INC.

Three Generations of Virginia Real Estate Service

Office: (804) 295-8540 Fax: (804) 295-9255

HOME FROM HOME

Privately owned London Flats and Houses for Short Term Lets. Centrally located. Competitive prices.

TEL: 1-800 748 9783

FAX: 011-44 71 823 8433

SHOUTS & MURMURS

DOING THE McNAMARA

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Fluoridation Reconsidered

General Jack D. Ripper
Whoops Publishers, $18.95 (192p)

General Ripper is probably best known for destroying the world. In 1964, he ordered a wing of B-52 bombers to attack the Soviet Union, triggering the Soviets' Doomsday Machine, which blanketed the world with fallout. His decision to start the Third World War was prompted by what he now candidly calls his "paranoia" in thinking that fluoridation of drinking water was a Communist plot to make him impotent. Ripper now reveals that he's spent the last thirty-one years undergoing "some pretty hairy counselling," and that the therapy has allowed him to do something he never could before—cry. "I now realize that tears are the most precious bodily fluid of all." *First printing 250,000. Film rights to Stanley Kubrick. Author tour.*

Kuwait Until Dark

Saddam Hussein
Hussein & Hussein, $20.95 (384p)

On the one hand, Saddam says he feels "immense woefulness" for the families of the thousands of Iraqi soldiers killed during Desert Storm. But then there he is in the next sentence railing against "U.S. devils" doing the "filthy work" of the "International Zionist Cabal." However, he sounds sincere when he says, "I was wrong, terribly wrong, not to have used the chemical-biological weapons. What's the point of hiring all those expensive German consultants if you're just going to sit on your hands while the Satanic Dog Bush fires Tomahawk missiles up your ass?" Crying helps, he writes, but he doesn't like to do it in front of the women. *First serial,* Modern Dictator *magazine. Satellite author tour.*

Bei Nochmaliger Uberlegung (On Second Thought)

Erich Honecker
Schadenfreude, $16.95 (288p)

Whatever your feelings about the man who supervised the construction of the Berlin Wall, and who for thirty years made life miserable and terrifying for everyone in East Germany, it's hard not to feel at least a twinge of sympathy for Erich Honecker when he writes in this posthumously published memoir that "It's a little ironic to find myself in South America, like some Nazi war criminal. I made mistakes. So I'm human. But to devote your entire life to fighting fascism only to end up in mañanaland like Mengele or Eichmann is not my idea of *wunderbar.*" Honecker says he sometimes starts crying while watching his favorite Katarina Witt "Huns of Steel" exercise video, and at one point admits to being, as he puts it, "a total wiener." *First serial,* Der Weltschmerz.

Sauce for Uganda

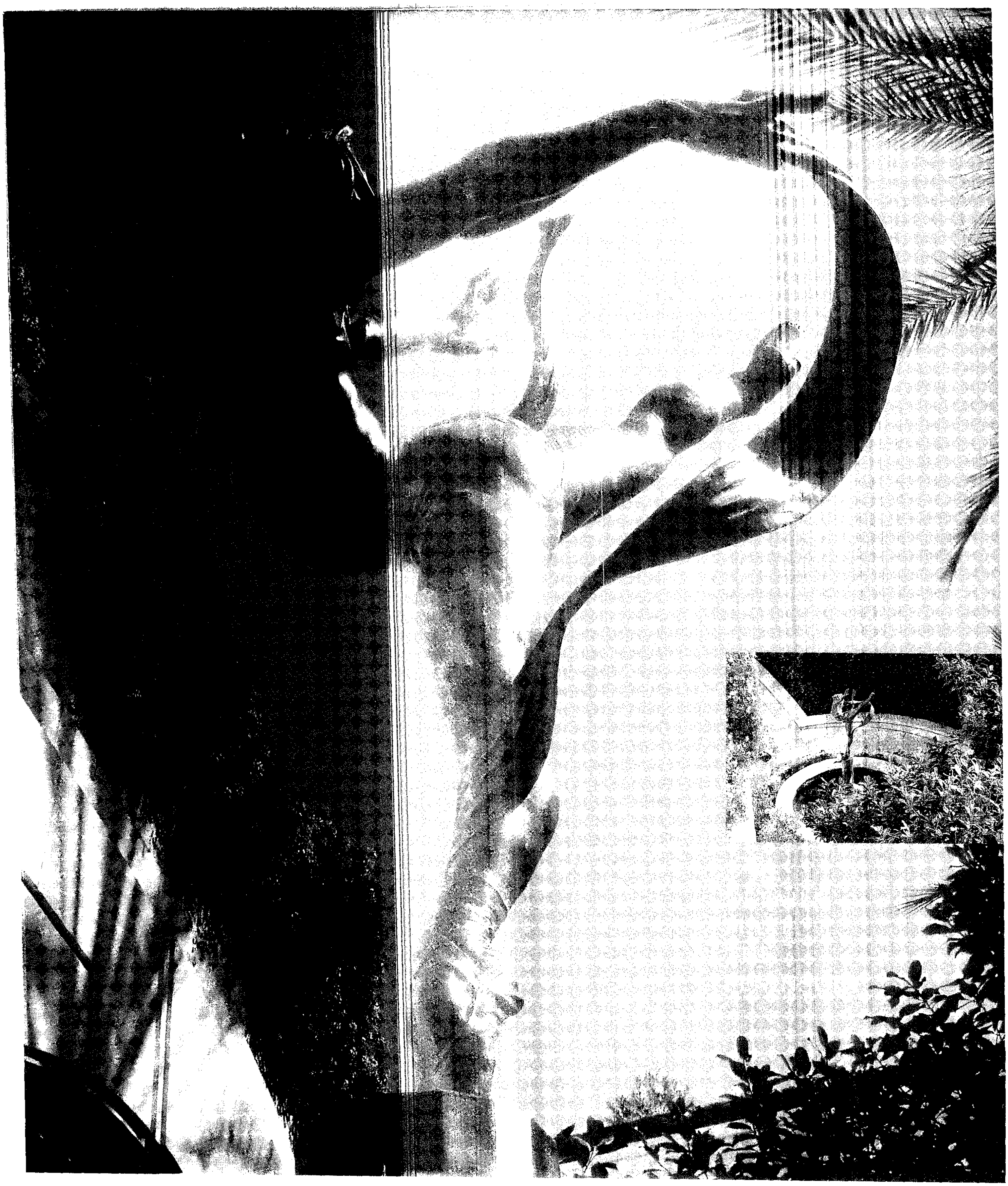
Idi Amin Dada
Fatto & Windus, $22.95 (224p)

After years of "prayerful reflection" and "copious weeping" while living in asylum in Saudi Arabia, former self-proclaimed Ugandan President-for-Life Idi Amin writes in this peculiar autobiography that he "may have got a little carried away at times." While he admits that he killed three hundred thousand people and "pulled some stunts that might even have given [his role model Adolf] Hitler the willies," what appears to bother him most is "the canard" about his having sent Richard Nixon a telegram saying, "If you were a woman I would marry you." He writes, "It is true that I wanted to bear his children, but I never asked him to marry me." Doubtless, historians will be grateful for the clarification. *First printing 250. Print advertising. Radio interviews.*

Sometimes a Revolution Is Just a Revolution

Fidel Castro
Sierra Maestra, $30 (624p)

One of the most enduring, if not endearing, twentieth-century dictators, Fidel Castro seems finally willing to admit a measure of defeat. "My doctor won't let me smoke, the Russians won't take my phone calls, and our engineers have to ride to work on donkeys," he writes. "This morning I asked for sugar in my coffee and the steward said, '*No hay*' ('There is none'). The Minister of Defense says even if we had fuel we wouldn't want to put it in the fighter planes, because the pilots would only defect in them. And now I must freely admit," he adds with a *suspiro* (a sigh), "there are times when I myself feel like defecting." He says he cries a lot, even when ordering his close friends and associates to be shot by the firing squad, "which I *nunca* (never) used to do." Clearly, he finds this troubling. "Maybe I'm getting *flojo* (soft)," he writes, "and a good leader must be *duro* (hard)." The Commandante may not be *duro*, but he's still feisty: "Life in Cuba is no frozen Daiquiri, but at least I'm still around, which is more than I can say for the Kennedys." *First serial,* Hola. ♦

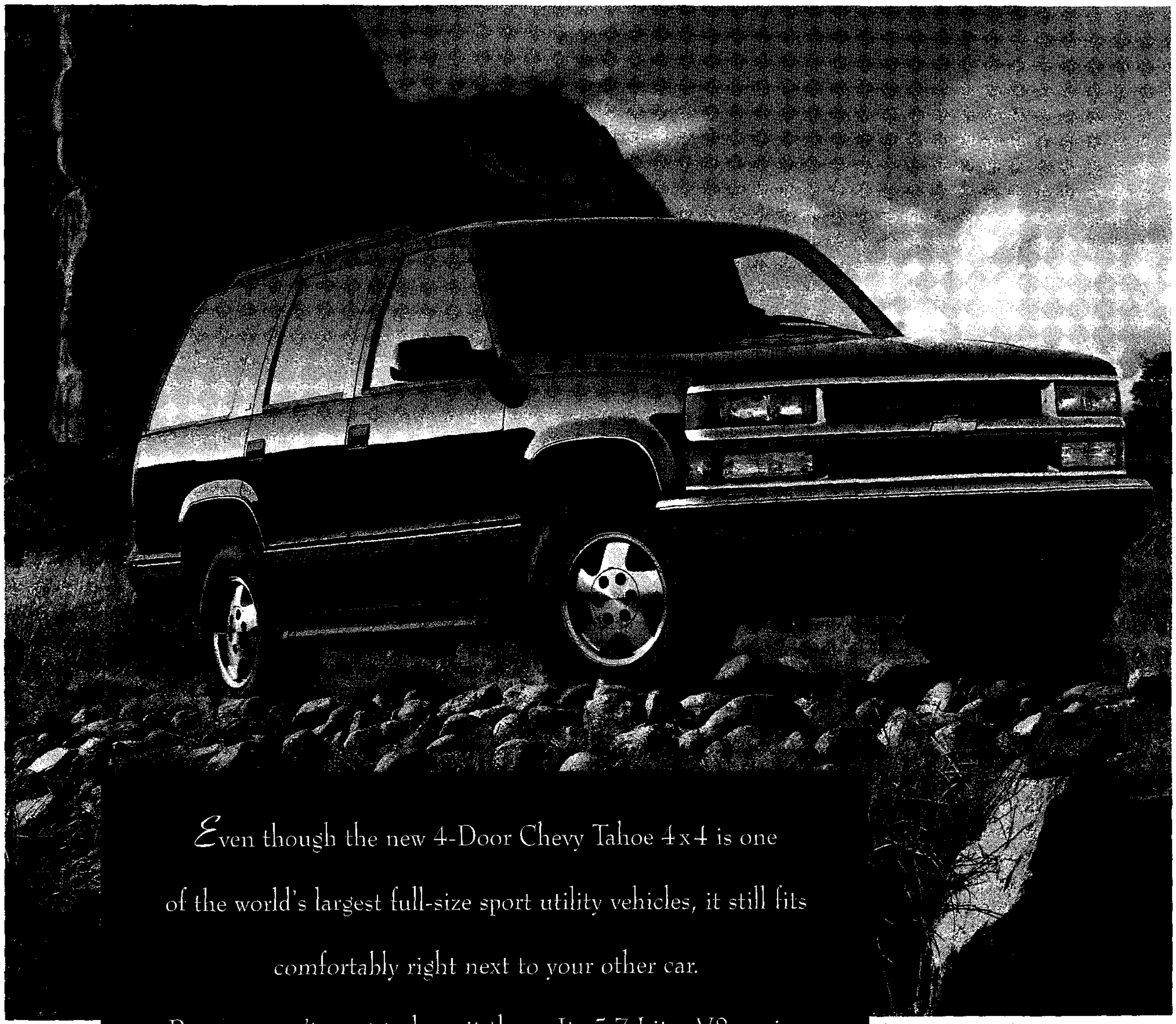


THE PENINSULA
BEVERLY HILLS

9882 Little Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212 Tollfree: (800) 462 7899 Tel: (310) 551 2888 Fax: (310) 788 2319
The Peninsula: Hong Kong • Manila • New York • Beverly Hills • The Palace Hotel Beijing • The Kowloon Hotel Hong Kong

Preferred Hotels & Resorts Worldwide one of The Leading Hotels of the World UTELL International

YES, IT FITS IN YOUR GARAGE.
NO, IT DOESN'T ENJOY BEING COOPED UP.



Even though the new 4-Door Chevy Tahoe 4x4 is one of the world's largest full-size sport utility vehicles, it still fits comfortably right next to your other car.

But you won't want to keep it there. Its 5.7 Liter V8 engine and Insta-Trac 4-wheel-drive system practically beg for a challenge. But Tahoe knows that not every driveway leads to a cabin in the woods. So as much as it enjoys the view from a scenic vista, there is something to be said for covered parking.

For a free Tahoe brochure or video, please call 1-800-950-TAHOE.

TAHOE
LIKE A ROCK

The Chevrolet Emblem and Insta-Trac are registered trademarks and Chevy and Tahoe are trademarks of the GM Corp. ©1995 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Buckle up, America!